

THE *J. B. Roberts.*
WORKS
Of the REVEREND
Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT,

DEAN of *St. Patrick's,* DUBLIN.

CONTAINING,
The PUBLICK SPIRIT of the
WHIGS; and other Pieces of
Political Writings; with POLITE
CONVERSATION, &c.

VOLUME VI.



DUBLIN:
Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER.
M DCC LXXII.

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THE
Publisher's P R E F A C E.

MOST of the following Pieces have been printed in both Kingdoms with great Success: But as we were willing to comply with the earnest Request of our supposed Author's Friends, who assisted us in the Correcting, we thought proper to collect them in a Volume. We shall not say much of them here, as there are Advertisements prefixed to most of them. The Letters inserted in this Volume, shew the high Esteem our Author is held in by the greatest Persons in England, both for Learning and Quality.

The Remarks on the Barrier-Treaty, which should have followed the Conduct of the Allies, did not come to our Hands until we had printed Polite Conversation. These Remarks conclude this Volume: It was published at London in the Time of her late Majesty Queen ANNE, when that Treaty was universally disliked by those who were then at the Helm. The Author shews the ill Consequences it had upon the Trade and Dignity of England, which he proves from most of the Articles. Her Majesty's Ambassador was highly censured for his Partiality to the Dutch, by suffering the States to extend their Barrier, against the true Interest of his own Country.

T H E

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THE	

T H E
P U B L I C K S P I R I T

O F T H E
A D V E R T I S E M E N T.
W H I G S:

U P O N the first Publication of this
Pamphlet, all the Great Lords, then
Set forth in their

in London, went in a Body, and complained
on
Generous Encouragement

to
them and their Nation, by the Author of
this Treatise. **O F T H E**

was published by Act Majesty, offering a
PROCLAMATION
AUTHOR of the CRISIS.

cover him. The Reason for offering to
publish a second was, that the Queen and Mi-
W I T H

Some OBSERVATIONS on the Seasonable-
ableness, Candour, Erudition, and Style
of that Treatise.

Written in the Year 1712.

ADVERTISEMENT.

UPON the first Publication of this Pamphlet, all the *Scotch* Lords, then in *London*, went in a Body, and complained to *Queen ANNE*, of the Affront put on them and their Nation, by the Author of this Treatise. Whereupon a Proclamation was published by her Majesty, offering a Reward of Three Hundred Pounds to discover him. The Reason for offering so small a Sum was, that the Queen and Ministry had no Desire to have our supposed Author taken into Custody.

PUBLICK SPIRIT

OF THE

WHIGS, &c.

I CANNOT without some Envy, and a just Resentment against the opposite Conduct of others, reflect upon that Generosity and Tenderneſs, wherewith the Heads and principal Members of a ſtruggling Faction, treat thoſe who will undertake to hold a Pen in their Defence. And the Behaviour of theſe Patrons is yet the more laudable, becauſe the Benefits they confer are almoſt *gratis*: If any of their Labourers can ſcratch out a Pamphlet, they deſire no more; there is no Queſtion offered about the Wit, the Style, the Argument. Let a Pamphlet come out upon Demand in a proper Juncture, you ſhall be well and certainly paid; you ſhall be paid before-hand; every one of the Party who is able

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to read, and can spare a Shilling, shall be a Subscriber: Several Thousands of each Production shall be sent among their Friends through the Kingdom: The Work shall be reported admirable, sublime, unanswerable; shall serve to raise the sinking Clamours, and confirm the Scandal of introducing Popery and the Pretender, upon the QUEEN and her Ministers.

Among the present Writers on that Side, I can recollect but three of any great Distinction, which are, the *Flying Post*, Mr. *Dunton*, and the Author of the *Crisis*: The first of these seems to have been much sunk in Reputation since the sudden Retreat of the *only true genuine original Author*, Mr. Ridpath, who is celebrated by the *Dutch Gazetteer*, as *one of the best Pens in England*. Mr. *Dunton* hath been longer and more conversant in Books than any of the three, as well as more voluminous in his Productions: However, having employed his Studies to so great a Variety of other Subjects, he hath, I think, but lately turned his Genius to Politicks. His famous Tract, intitled, *Neck or Nothing*, must be allowed to be the shrewdest Piece, and written with the most Spirit of any which hath appeared from that Side since the Change of the Ministry: It is indeed a
most

most cutting Satire upon the Lord Treasurer and Lord *Bolingbroke*, and I wonder none of our Friends ever undertook to answer it. I confess I was at first of the same Opinion with several good Judges, who, from the Style and Manner, suppose it to have issued from the sharp Pen of the Earl of *Nottingham*; and I am still apt to think it might receive his Lordship's last Hand. The Third and Principal of this Triumvirate is the Author of the *Crisis*; who, although he must yield to the *Flying Post* in Knowledge of the World, and Skill in Politicks, and to Mr. *Dunton* in Keeness of Satire, and Variety of Reading; hath yet other Qualities enough to denominate him a Writer of a superior Class to either; provided he would a little regard the Propriety and Disposition of his Words, consult the Grammatical Part, and get some Information in the Subject he intends to handle.

Omitting the generous Countenance and Encouragement that have been shewn to the Persons and Productions of the two former Authors, I shall here only consider the great Favour conferred upon the last. It hath been advertised for several Months in *The Englishman*, and other Papers, that a Pamphlet, called, *The Crisis*, should be published at a proper Time, in order to

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open the Eyes of the Nation. It was proposed to be printed by Subscription, Price a Shilling. This was a little out of Form; because Subscriptions are usually begged only for Books of great Price, and such as are not likely to have a general Sale. Notice was likewise given of what this Pamphlet should contain; only an Extract from certain Acts of Parliament relating to the Succession, which at least must sink Ninepence in the Shilling, and leave but Threepence for the Author's political Reflections; so that nothing very wonderful or decisive could be reasonably expected from this Performance. But, a Work was to be done, a hearty Writer to be encouraged, and accordingly many Thousand Copies were bespoke: Neither could this be sufficient; for when we expected to have our Bundles delivered us, all was stopt; the Friends to the Cause sprung a new Project, and it was advertised that the *Crisis* could not appear till the Ladies had shewn their Zeal against the Pretender, as well as the Men; against the Pretender in the Bloom of his Youth, reported to be handsome, and endued with an Understanding exactly of a Size to please the Sex. I should be glad to have seen a printed List of the fair Subscribers prefixed to this Pamphlet; by which the Chevalier might know he was so far

far from pretending to a Monarchy here, that he could not so much as pretend to a Mistress.

At the destined Period, the first News we hear, is of a huge Train of Dukes, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, Knights, Esquires, Gentlemen, and others, going to *Sam. Buckley's*, the Publisher of the *Crisis*, to fetch home their Cargoes, in order to transmit them by Dozens, Scores, and Hundreds, into the several Counties, and thereby to prepare the Wills and Understandings of their Friends against the approaching Sessions. Ask any of them whether they have read it? They will answer, No; but they have sent it every where, and it will do a World of Good; It is a Pamphlet, and a Pamphlet they hear against the Ministry; talks of Slavery, *France*, and the Pretender; they desire no more; it will settle the Wavering, confirm the Doubtful, instruct the Ignorant, inflame the Clamorous, although it be never once looked into. I am told by those who are expert in the Trade, that the Author and Bookseller of this Twelvepenny Treatise, will be greater Gainers, than from one Edition of any Folio that hath been published these Twenty Years. What needy Writer would not solicit to work under

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such Masters, who will pay us before-hand, take off as much of our Ware as we please at our own Rates, and trouble not themselves either before or after they have bought it, whether it be staple or no?

But, in order to illustrate the implicit Munificence of these noble Patrons, I cannot take a more effectual Method than by examining the Production itself; by which we shall easily find that it was never intended, further than from the Noise, the Bulk, and the Title of *Crisis*, to do any Service to the factious Cause. The entire Piece consists of a Title Page, a Dedication to the Clergy, a Preface, an Extract from certain Acts of Parliament, and about ten Pages of dry Reflections on the Proceedings of the QUEEN and her Servants; which his Co-adjutors, the Earl of Nottingham, Mr. Dunton, and the *Flying Post*, had long ago set before us in a much clearer Light.

In Popish Countries, when some Impostor cries out, *A Miracle! A Miracle!* it is not done with a Hope or Intention of converting Hereticks, but confirming the deluded Vulgar in their Errors; and so the Cry goes round without examining into the Cheat. Thus the Whigs among us give about the Cry, *A Pamphlet! A Pamphlet!*
The

The *Crisis*! The *Crisis*! not with a View of convincing their Adversaries, but to raise the Spirits of their Friends, recall their Stragglers, and unite their Numbers by Sound and Impudence; as Bees assemble and cling together by the Noise of Brags.

That, no other Effect could be imagined or hoped for, by the Publication of this timely Treatise, will be manifest, from some obvious Reflections upon the several Parts of it; wherein the Follies, the Falshoods, or the Absurdities, appear so frequent, that they may boldly contend for Number with the Lines.

When the Hawker holds this Pamphlet towards you, the first Words you perceive are, The *Crisis*: Or, *A Discourse*, &c. The Interpreter of *Suidas* gives four Translations of the Word *Crisis*; any of which may be as properly applied to this Author's Letter to the Bailiff of *Stockbridge*. Next, what he calls A Discourse, consists only of two Pages, prefixed to twenty two more, which contains Extracts from Acts of Parliament; for as to the twelve last Pages, they are provided for by themselves in the Title, under the Name of *Some Seasonable Remarks on the Danger of a Popish Successor*. Another Circumstance worthy of our Information

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formation in the Title Page, is, That the Crown hath been settled by previous Acts. I never heard of any Act of Parliament that was not previous to what it enacted, unless those two by which the Earl of *Stratford* and Sir *John Fenwick* lost their Heads, may pass for Exceptions. A Discourse, representing from the most authentic Records. He hath borrowed this Expression from some Writer, who probably understood the Words, but this Gentleman hath altogether misapplied them; and under Favour, he is wholly mistaken; for a Heap of Extracts, from several Acts of Parliament, cannot be called a Discourse; neither do I believe, he copied them from the most authentick Records, which as I take it are lodged in the Tower, but out of some common printed Copy. I grant there is nothing material in all this, further than to shew the Generosity of our Adversaries in encouraging a Writer, who cannot furnish out so much as a Title Page with Propriety or common Sense.

Next follows the Dedication to the Clergy of the Church of *England*, where in the Modesty and the Meaning of the first Paragraphs are hardly to be matched. He tells them, he hath made a Comment upon the Acts of *Settlement*, which he lays before

fore them, and conjures them to recommend in their Writings and Discourses to their Fellow Subjects; and he doth all this, out of a just Deference to their great Power and Influence. This is the right Whig Scheme of directing the Clergy what to preach. The Archbishop of Canterbury's Jurisdiction extends no further than over his own Province; but the Author of the *Crisis*, constitutes himself Vicar General over the whole Clergy of the Church of England. The Bishops, in their Letters or Speeches to their own Clergy, proceed no further than to Exhortation; but this Writer conjures the whole Clergy of the Church to recommend his Comment upon the Laws of the Land, in their Writings and Discourses. I would fain know, who made him a Commentator upon the Laws of the Land; after which it will be Time enough to ask him, by what Authority he directs the Clergy to recommend his Comments from the Pulpit or the Press?

He tells the Clergy there are two Circumstances which place the Minds of the People under their Direction; the first Circumstance is their Education; the second Circumstance is the Tenths of our Lands. This last, according to the *Latin Phrase*, is spoken *ad invidiam*; for he knows well enough

enough, they have not a Twentieth: But if you take it in his own Way, the Landlord has Nine Parts in Ten of the People's Minds under his Direction. Upon this Rock the Author before us is perpetually splitting, as often as he ventures out beyond the narrow Bounds of his Literature. He hath a confused Remembrance of Words since he left the University, but hath lost half their Meaning, and puts them together with no Regard, except to their Cadence; as I remember a Fellow nailed up Maps in a Gentleman's Closet, some side-ling, others upside down, the better to adjust them to the Pannels.

I am sensible it is of little Consequence to their Cause, whether this Defender of it understand Grammar or no; and if what he would fain say, discovered him to be a Well-wisher to Reason or Truth, I would be ready to make large Allowances. But when with great Difficulty I discover a Composition of Rancour and Falshood, intermixed with plausible Nonsense; I feel a Struggle between Contempt and Indignation, at seeing the Character of a *Censor*, a *Guardian*, an *Englishman*, a *Commentator* on the *Laws*, an *Instructor* of the *Clergy*, assumed by a Child of Obscurity, without one single Qualification to support them.

This

This Writer, who either affects, or is commanded of late to copy after the Bishop of *Sarum*, hath, out of the Pregnancy of his Invention, found out an old Way of insinuating the grossest Reflections under the Appearance of Admonitions; and is so judicious a Follower of the Prelate, that he taxes the Clergy for inflaming the People with Apprehensions of Danger to them and THEIR Constitution, from Men who are innocent of such Designs. When he must needs confess, the whole Design of his Pamphlet is, to inflame the People with Apprehensions of Danger from the present Ministry, whom we believe to be at least as innocent Men as the last.

What shall I say to a Pamphlet, where the Malice and Falshood of every Line would require an Answer, and where the Dulness and Absurdities will not deserve one?

By his pretending to have always maintained an inviolable Respect to the Clergy, he would insinuate, that those Papers among the *Tatlers* and *Spectators*, where the whole Order is abused, were not his own: I will appeal to all who know the Flatness of his Style, and the Barrenness of his

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his Invention, whether he doth not grossly prevaricate? Was he ever able to walk without Leading Strings, or swim without Bladders, without being discovered by his hobbling and his sinking? Hath he adhered to his Character in his Paper called the *Englishman*, whereof he is allowed to be sole Author, without any Competition? What does he think of the Letter signed by himself, which relates to *Molesworth*, in whose Defence, he affronts the whole Convocation of *Ireland*?

It is a wise Maxim, that because the Clergy are no Civil Lawyers, they ought not to preach Obedience to Governors; and therefore they ought not to preach Temperance, because they are no Physicians: Examine all this Author's Writings, and then point me out a Divine who knows less of the Constitution of *England* than he; witness those many egregious Blunders in his late Papers, where he pretended to dabble in the Subject?

But the Clergy have it seems imbibed their Notions of Power and Obedience abhorrent from our Laws, from the pompous Ideas of Imperial Greatness, and the Submission to absolute Emperors. This is gross Ignorance, below a Schoolboy in his

Lucius

Lucius Florus : The *Roman* History where-
in Lads are instructed, reacheth little above
eight hundred Years, and the Authors do
every where instil Republican Principles ;
and from the Account of Nine in Twelve
of the first Emperors, we learn to have a
Detestation against Tyranny. The *Greeks*
carry this Point yet a great deal higher,
which none can be ignorant of, who hath
read or heard them quoted. This gave
Hobbes the Occasion of advancing a Position
directly contrary, That the Youth of *Eng-
land* was corrupted in their political Prin-
ciples, by reading the Histories of *Rome* and
Greece, which having been writ under Re-
publicks, taught the Readers to have ill
Notions of Monarchy : In this Assertion
there was something specious, but that ad-
vanced by the *Crisis* could only issue from
the profoundest Ignorance.

But, would you know his Scheme of
Education for young Gentlemen at the
Univerfity ? It is, that they should spend
their Time in perusing those Acts of Par-
liament, whereof his Pamphlet is an Ex-
tract, which, if it had been done, the
Kingdom would not be in its present Con-
dition, but every Member sent into the
World thus instructed since the Revolution,
would have been an Advocate for our
Rights and Liberties.

Here

Here now is a Project for getting more Money by the *Crisis*, to have it read by Tutors in the Universities. I thoroughly agree with him, that if our Students had been thus employed for twenty Years past, the Kingdom had not been in its present Condition. But, we have too many of such Proficients already among the young Nobility and Gentry, who have gathered up their Politicks from Chocolate Houses, and factious Clubs, and who, if they had spent their Time in hard Study at *Oxford* or *Cambridge*, we might indeed have said, that the factious Part of this Kingdom had not been in its present Condition, or have suffered themselves to be taught, that a few Acts of Parliament relating to the Succession, are preferable to all other *Civil Institutions* whatsoever: Neither did I ever before hear, that an Act of Parliament relating to one particular Point, could be called a Civil Institution.

He spends almost a Quarto Page in telling the Clergy, that they will be certainly perjured if they bring in the *Pretender* whom they have abjured; and he wisely reminds them, that they have sworn without Equivocation or Mental Reservation; otherwise the Clergy might think, that as

soon

soon as they received the *Pretender*, and turned *Papists*, they would be free from their Oath.

This honest, civil, ingenious Gentleman, knows in his Conscience, that there are not ten Clergymen in *England* (except Non-jurors) who do not abhor the Thoughts of the Pretender reigning over us much more than himself. But this is the Spittle of the Bishop of *Sarum*, which our Author licks up, and swallows, and then coughs out again, with an Addition of his own Phlegm. I would fain suppose the Body of the Clergy were to return an Answer by one of their Members to these worthy Counsellors: I conceive it might be in the following Terms.

My Lord and Gentleman,

• The Clergy command me to give you
• Thanks for your Advice; and if they
• knew any Crimes from which either of
• you were as free, as they are from those
• which you so earnestly exhort them to
• avoid, they would return your Favour as
• near as possible in the same Style and
• Manner. However, that your Advice
• may not be wholly lost, particularly that
• Part of it which relates to the Pretender,
• they desire you would apply it to more

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proper Persons. Look among your own Leaders: Examine which of them engaged in a Plot to restore the late King James, and received Pardons under his Seal; examine which of them have been since tampering with his pretended Son, and to gratify their Ambition, their Avarice, their Malice and Revenge, are now willing to restore him at the Expence of the Religion and Liberty of their Country. Retire, good my Lord, with your Pupil, and let us hear no more of these hypocritical Insinuations, lest the QUEEN and Ministers, who have been hitherto content with only disappointing the lurking Villainies of your Faction, may be at last provoked to expose them.

But his Respect for the Clergy is such, that he does not insinuate as if they really had these evil Dispositions; he only insinuates, that they give too much Cause for such Insinuations.

I will upon Occasion, strip some of his Insinuations from their Generality and Solecism, and drag them into the Light. This Dedication to the Clergy is full of them, because here he endeavours to mold up his Rancour and Civility together; by which Constraint, he is obliged to shorten his Paragraphs,

ragraphs, and to place them in such a Light, that they obscure one another. Supposing therefore, that I have scraped off his good Manners, in order to come at his Meaning which lies under; he tells the Clergy, that the Favour of the QUEEN and her Ministers, is but a Colour of Zeal towards them: That, the People were deluded by a groundless Cry of the Church's Danger at *Sacheverell's* Tryal; that the Clergy, as they are Men of Sense and Honour, ought to preach this Truth to their several Congregations; and let them know, that the true Design of the present Men in Power, in that and all their Proceedings since, in Favour of the Church, was to bring in Popery, *France*, and the Pretender, and to enslave all *Europe*, contrary to the Laws of our Country, the Power of the Legislature, the Faith of Nations, and the Honour of God.

I cannot see, why the Clergy, as Men of Sense, and Men of Honour (for he appeals not to them as Men of Religion) should not be allowed to know when they are in Danger, and be able to guess whence it comes, and who are their Protectors. The Design of their Destruction indeed may have been projected in the dark; but when all was ripe, their Enemies proceed-

ed to so many Overt-Acts in the Face of the Nation, that it was obvious to the meanest People, who wanted no other Motives to rouse them. On the other Side, can this Author, or the wisest of his Faction, assign one single Act of the present Ministry, any Way tending towards bringing in the Pretender, or to weaken the Succession of the House of *Hanover*? Observe then the Reasonableness of this Gentleman's Advice: The Clergy, the Gentry, and the common People had the utmost Apprehensions of Danger to the Church under the late Ministry; yet then it was the greatest Impiety to inflame the People with any such Apprehensions. His Danger of a *Papish* Successor from any Steps of the present Ministry, is an artificial Calumny raised and spread against the Conviction of the Inventors; pretended to be believed only by those who abhor the Constitution in Church and State; an obdurate Faction, who compass Heaven and Earth to restore themselves upon the Ruin of their Country; yet here our Author exhorts the Clergy to preach up this imaginary Danger to their People, and disturb the publick Peace with his strained seditious Comments.

But, how comes this gracious Licence to the Clergy from the Whigs, to concern them-

themselves with Politicks of any Sort, although it be only the Glosses and Comments of Mr. *Steele*? The Speeches of the Managers at *Sacheverell's* Tryal, particularly those of *Stanhope*, *Leckmere*, *King*, *Parker*, and some others, seem to have delivered a different Doctrine. Nay, this very Dedication complains of some in Holy Orders who have made the Constitution of their Country, (in which and the *Coptick* Mr. *Steele* is equally skilled) a very little Part of their Study, and yet made Obedience and Government the frequent Subjects of their Discourses. This Difficulty is easily solved; for, by Politicks, they mean Obedience. Mr. *Hoadley*, who is a Champion for Resistance, was never charged as meddling out of his Function: *Hugh Peters*, and his Brethren, in the Times of Usurpation, had full Liberty to preach up Sedition and Rebellion; and-so here Mr. *Steele* issues out his Licence to the Clergy to preach up the Danger of a Popish Pretender, in Defiance of the QUEEN and her Administration.

Every Whiffler in a laced Coat, who frequents the Chocolate House, and is able to spell the Title of a Pamphlet, shall talk of the Constitution with as much Plausibility as this very solemn Writer; and with as good a Grace blame the Clergy for meddling

with Politicks which they do not understand. I have known many of these able Politicians, furnished before they were of Age, with all the necessary Topicks of their Faction, and by the Help of about twenty Polysyllables, capable of maintaining an Argument that would shine in the *Crisis*; whose Author gathered up his little Stock from the same Schools, and hath writ from no other Fund.

But, after all, it is not clear to me, whether this Gentleman addresseth himself to the Clergy of *England* in general, or only to those very few, (hardly enough in Case of a Change to supply the Mortality of those self denying Prelates he celebrates) who are in his Principles, and among these, only such as live in and about *London*, which probably will reduce the Number to about half a dozen at most. I should incline to guess the latter; because he tells them they are surrounded by a learned, wealthy, knowing Gentry, who know with what Firmness, Self-denial, and Charity, the Bishops adhered to the publick Cause, and what Contumelies these Clergymen have undergone, &c. who adhered to the Cause of Truth: By those Terms, the publick Cause, and the Cause of Truth, he understands the Cause of the Whigs in Opposition

fition to the QUEEN and her Servants: Therefore by the learned, wealthy, and knowing Gentry, he must understand the *Bank* and *East-India* Company, and those other Merchants or Citizens within the Bills of Mortality, who have been strenuous against the Church and Crown, and whose Spirit of Faction hath lately got the better of their Interest. For, let him search all the rest of the Kingdom, he will find the surrounded Clergy and the surrounding Gentry, wholly Strangers to the Merits of those Prelates; and adhering to a very different Cause of Truth, as will soon, I hope, be manifest by a fair Appeal to the Representatives of both.

It was very unnecessary in this Writer to bespeak the Treatment of Contempt and Derision, which the Clergy are to expect from his Faction whenever they come into Power. I believe, that venerable Body is in very little Concern after what Manner their most mortal Enemies intend to treat them, whenever it shall please GOD for our Sins to visit us with so fatal an Event, which I hope it will be the united Endeavours both of Clergy and Laity to hinder. It would be some Support to this Hope, if I could have any Opinion of his predicting Talent, (which some have ascribed to

C 4

People

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People of this Author's Character) where he tells us, that Noise and Wrath will not always pass for Zeal. What other Instances of Zeal has this Gentleman or the rest of his Party been able to produce? If Clamour be Noise, it is but opening our Ears to know from what Side it comes: And if Sedition, Scurrility, Slander and Calumny, be the Fruits of Wrath, read the Pamphlets and Papers issuing from the Zealots of that Faction, or visit their Clubs and Coffee-Houses in order to form a Judgment of the Tree.

When Mr. *Steele* tells us, We have a Religion that wants no Support from the Enlargement of the Secular Power, but is well supported by the Wisdom and Piety of its Preachers, and its own native Truth; it would be good to know what Religion he professeth: For the Clergy to whom he speaks, will never allow him a Member of the Church of *England*; they cannot agree that the Truth of the Gospel, and the Piety and Wisdom of its Preachers, are a sufficient Support in an evil Age, against Infidelity, Faction, and Vice, without the Assistance of Secular Power; unless God would please to confer the Gift of Miracles on those who wait at the Altar. I believe, they venture to go a little further,
and

and think, That upon some Occasions they want a little Enlargement of Assistance from the Secular Power, against Atheists, Deists, Socinians, and other Hereticks. Every first Sunday in *Lent*, a Part of the Liturgy is read to the People; in the Preface to which, the Church declares her Wishes for the Restoring of that Discipline she formerly had, and which for some Years past hath been more wanted than ever. But of this no more, lest it might insinuate Jealousies between the Clergy and Laity, which, the Author tells us, is the Policy of vain ambitious Men among the former, in Hopes to derive from their Order, a Veneration they cannot deserve from their Virtue. If this be their Method for procuring Veneration, it is the most singular that ever was thought on; and the Clergy should then indeed have no more to do with Politicks of any Sort than Mr. *Steele* or his Faction will allow them.

Having thus toiled through his Dedication, I proceed to consider his Preface, which half consisting of Quotation, will be so much the sooner got through. It is a very unfair Thing in any Writer to employ his Ignorance and Malice together, because it gives his Answerer double Work: It is like the Sort of Sophistry that the Logicians call

call two Mediums, which are never allowed in the same Syllogism. A Writer with a weak Head, and a corrupted Heart, is an overmatch for any single Pen; like a hireling Jade, dull and vicious, hardly able to stir, yet offering at every Turn to kick.

He begins his Preface with such an Account of the Original of Power, and the Nature of Civil Institutions, as I am confident was never once imagined by any Writer from *Plato* to *Mr. Locke*. Give me Leave to transcribe his first Paragraph. I never saw an unruly Crowd of People cool by Degrees into Temper, but it gave me an Idea of the Original of Power, and the Nature of Civil Institution. One particular Man, has usually in those Cases, from the Dignity of his Appearance, or other Qualities known or imagined by the Multitude, been received into sudden Favour and Authority, the Occasion of their Difference has been represented to him, and the Matter referred to his Decision.

I have known a Poet, who never was out of *England*, introduce a Fact by Way of Simile, which could probably no where happen nearer than in the Plains of *Libia*; and begin with, So have I seen. Such a Fiction I suppose may be justified by Poetical

tical Licence; yet *Virgil* is much more modest: This Paragraph of Mr. *Steele's*, which he sets down as an Observation of his own, is a miserable mangled Translation of six Verses out of that famous Poet, who speaks after this Manner: As when a Sedition arises in a great Multitude, &c. Then if they see a wise grave Man, &c. *Virgil*, who lived but a little after the Ruin of the *Roman* Republick, where Seditions often happened, and the Force of Oratory was great among the People, made Use of a Simile, which Mr. *Steele* turns into a Fact, after such a Manner, as if he had seen it an hundred Times; and builds upon it a System of the Origin of Government. When the Vulgar in *England* assemble in a riotous Manner, (which is not frequent of late Years) the Prince takes a much more effectual Method than that of sending Orators to appease them: But Mr. *Steele* imagines such a Crowd of People as this, where there is no Government at all; their Unruliness quelled, and their Passions cooled by a particular Man, whose great Qualities they had known before. Such an Assembly must have risen suddenly from the Earth, and the Man of Authority dropt from the Clouds; for without some previous Form of Government, no such Crowd did ever yet assemble, or could possibly be acquainted

ed with the Merits and Dignity of any particular Man among them. But to pursue his Scheme. This Man of Authority who cools the Crowd by Degrees, and to whom they all appeal, must of Necessity prove either an open or clandestine Tyrant: A clandestine Tyrant I take to be a King of *Brentford*, who keeps his Army in Disguise; and whenever he happens either to die naturally, be knockt on the Head, or deposed, the People calmly take further Measures, to improve upon what was begun under his unlimited Power. All this, our Author tells us, with extreme Propriety, is what seems reasonable to common Sense; that is, in other Words, it seems reasonable to Reason. This is what he calls giving an Idea of the Original of Power, and the Nature of Civil Institutions. To which I answer with great Phlegm, that I defy any Man alive to shew me in double the Number of Lines, although writ by the same Author, such a complicated Ignorance in History, human Nature, or Politicks, as well as in the ordinary Proprieties of Thought or of Style.

But, it seems, these profound Speculations were only premised to introduce some Quotations in Favour of Resistance. What hath Resistance to do with the Succession

cession of the House of *Hanover*, that the Whig Writers should perpetually affect to tag them together? I can conceive nothing else, but that their Hatred to the *QUEEN* and Ministry, puts them upon Thoughts of introducing the Successor by another Revolution. Are Cases of extream Necessity to be produced as common Maxims by which we are always to proceed? Should not these Gentlemen sometimes inculcate the general Rule of Obedience, and not always the Exception of Resistance? Since the former hath been the perpetual Dictate of all Laws both Divine and Civil, and the latter is still in Dispute.

I shall meddle with none of the Passages he cites, to prove the Lawfulness of resisting Princes, except that from the present Lord Chancellor's Speech, in Defence of *Dr. Sacheverell*: That there are extraordinary Cases, Cases of Necessity, which are implied although not expressed in the general Rule [of Obedience.] These Words, very clear in themselves, Mr. *Steele* explains into Nonsense; which in any other Author I should suspect to have been intended as a Reflection upon as great a Person as ever filled or adorned that high Station: But I am so well acquainted with his Pen, that I much more wonder how it can trace out a true

true Quotation than a false Comment. To see him treat my Lord *Harcourt* with so much Civility looks indeed a little suspicious, and, as if he had Malice in his Heart. He calls his Lordship, a very great Man, and a great living Authority, places him in Company with General *Stanhope* and Mr. *Hoadley*; and in short, takes the most effectual Method in his Power of ruining his Lordship in the Opinion of every Man who is wise or good: I can only tell my Lord *Harcourt*, for his Comfort, that these Praises are encumbered with the Doctrine of Resistance, and the true Revolution Principles; and provided he will not allow Mr. *Steele* for his Commentator, he may hope to recover the Honour of being libelled again, as well as his Sovereign and Fellow Servants.

We now come to the *Crisis*: Where we meet with two Pages by Way of Introduction to those Extracts from Acts of Parliaments that constitute the Body of his Pamphlet. This Introduction begins with a Definition of Liberty, and then proceeds in a Panegyrick upon that great Blessing; his Panegyrick is made up of half a dozen Shreds, like a School boy's Theme, beaten, general Topicks, where any other Man alive might wander securely; but this Politician

litician, by venturing to vary the good old Phrases, and give them a new Turn, commits an hundred Solecisms and Absurdities. The weighty Truths which he endeavours to press upon his Readers are such as these. That, Liberty is a very good Thing; that, without Liberty we cannot be free; that, Health is good, and Strength is good, but Liberty is better than either; that, no Man can be happy, without the Liberty of doing whatever his own Mind tells him is best; that, Men of Quality love Liberty, and common People love Liberty; even Women and Children love Liberty; and you cannot please them better than by letting them do what they please. Had Mr. *Steele* contented himself to deliver these and the like Maxims in such intelligible Terms, I could have found where we agreed and where we differed. But, let us hear some of these Axioms as he hath involved them. We cannot possess our Souls with Pleasure and Satisfaction except we preserve to ourselves that inestimable Blessing which we call Liberty: By Liberty, I desire to be understood, to mean the Happiness of Men's Living, &c.—The true Life of Man consists in conducting it according to his own just Sentiments and innocent Inclinations.—Man's Being is degraded below that of a free Agent, when his Affections and Passions

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sions are no longer governed by the Dictates of his own Mind.—Without Liberty, or Health (among other Things) may be at the Will of a Tyrant, employed to our own Ruin and that of our Fellow Creatures. If there be any of these Maxims, which is not grossly defective in Truth, in Sense, or in Grammar, I will allow them to pass for uncontrollable. By the first, omitting the Pedantry of the whole Expression, there are not above one or two Nations in the World, where any one Man can possess his Soul with Pleasure and Satisfaction. In the second, he desires to be understood to mean; that is, he desires to be meant to mean, or to be understood to understand. In the third, the Life of Man consists in conducting his Life. In the fourth, he affirms, That Men's Beings are degraded when their Passions are no longer governed by the Dictates of their own Mind; directly contrary to the Lessons of all Moralists and Legislators; who agree unanimously, that the Passions of Men must be under the Government of Reason and Law; neither are Laws of any other Use than to correct the Irregularity of our Affections. By the last, Our Health is ruinous to ourselves and other Men, when a Tyrant pleases; which I leave him to make out.

I cannot

I cannot sufficiently commend our Ancestors for transmitting to us the Blessing of Liberty; yet having laid out their Blood and Treasure upon the Purchase, I do not see how they acted parsimoniously; because I can conceive nothing more generous than that of employing our Blood and Treasure for the Service of others. But I am suddenly struck with the Thought, that I have found out his Meaning: Our Ancestors acted parsimoniously, because they only spent their own Treasure for the Good of their Posterity; whereas, we squandered away the Treasure of our Posterity too; but whether they will be thankful, and think it was done for the Preservation of their Liberty, must be left to themselves for a Decision.

I verily believe, although I could not prove it in *Westminster-Hall* before a Lord Chief Justice, that by Enemies to our Constitution, and Enemies to our present Establishment, Mr. *Steele* would desire to be understood to mean, My Lord Treasurer, and the rest of the Ministry: By those who are grown supine in Proportion to the Danger to which our Liberty is every Day more exposed, I should guess, he means the Tories: And, by honest Men who

ought to look up with a Spirit that becomes Honeſty, he underſtands the Whigs. I likewiſe believe, he would take it ill, or think me ſtupid, if I did not thus expound him. I ſay then, that according to this Expoſition, the four great Officers of State, together with the reſt of the Cabinet Council, (except the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*) are Enemies to our Eſta bliſhment, making artful and open Attacks upon our Conſtitution, and are now practiſing indirect Arts, and mean Subtilties, to weaken the Security of thoſe Acts of Parliament for ſettling the Succeſſion in the Houſe of *Hannover*. The firſt, and moſt notorious of theſe Criminals is, *Robert Harley*, Earl of *Oxford*, Lord High Treafurer, who is reputed to be Chief Miniſter: The ſecond is, *James Butler*, Duke of *Ormond*, who commands the Army, and deſigns to employ it in bringing over the Pretender: The third is, *Henry St. John*, Lord Viſcount *Bolingbroke*, Secretary of State, who muſt be ſuppoſed to hold a conſtant Correſpondence with the Court at *Bar le Duc*, as the late Earl of *Godolphin* did with that of *St. Germain*: And to avoid Tediouſneſs, Mr. *Bromley* and the reſt are employed in their ſeveral Diſtricts to the ſame End. Theſe are the Opinions which Mr. *Steele* and his Faction, under the Direction of their Leaders,

Leaders, are endeavouring with all their Might to propagate among the People of *England*, concerning the present Ministry; with what Reservation to the Honour, Wisdom, or Justice of the QUEEN, I cannot determine; who by her own free Choice, after long Experience of their Abilities and Integrity, and in Compliance to the general Wishes of her People, called them to her Service. Such an Accusation, against Persons in so high Trust, should require, I think at least, one single Overt-Act to make it good. If there be no other Choice of Persons fit to serve the Crown without Danger from the Pretender, except among those who are called the Whig Party, the *Hanover* Succession is then indeed in a very desperate State; that illustrious Family will have almost nine in ten of the Kingdom against it, and those principally of the Landed Interest, which is most to be depended upon in such a Nation as ours.

I have now got as far as his Extracts, which I shall not be at the Pains of comparing with the Originals, but suppose he hath got them fairly transcribed: I only think, that whoever is Patentee for printing Acts of Parliament, may have a very fair Action against him, for Invasion of Property: But this is none of my Business to enquire into.

After two and twenty Pages spent in reciting Acts of Parliament, he desires Leave to repeat the History and Progress of the Union; upon which I have some few Things to observe.

This Work, he tells us, was unsuccessfully attempted by several of her Majesty's Predecessors; although I * do not remember it was ever thought on by any except King *James* the First, and the late King *William*. I have read indeed, that some small Overtures were made by the former of these Princes towards an Union between the two Kingdoms, but rejected with Indignation and Contempt by the *English*: And the Historian tells us, that how degenerate and corrupt soever the Court and Parliament then were, they would not give Ear to so infamous a Proposal. I do not find that any of the succeeding Princes before the Revolution ever resumed the Design; because it was a Project for which there could not possibly be assigned the least Reason or Necessity: For I defy any Mortal to name one single Advantage that *England* could ever expect from such an Union.

But

The Author's Memory failed him a little in this Assertion, as one of his Answerers observed,

But towards the End of the late King's Reign, upon Apprehension of the Want of Issue from him or the Princess *Anne*, a Proposition for uniting both Kingdoms was begun, because *Scotland* had not settled their Crown upon the House of *Hanover*, but left themselves at large, in hopes to make their Advantage: And, it was thought highly dangerous to leave that Part of the Island inhabited by a poor, fierce northern People, at Liberty to put themselves under a different King. However, the Opposition to this Work was so great, that it could not be overcome until some Time after her present Majesty came to the Crown; when by the Weakness or Corruption of a certain Minister since dead, an Act of Parliament was obtained for the *Scots*, which gave them Leave to arm themselves; and so the Union became necessary, not for any actual Good it could possibly do us, but to avoid a probable Evil; and, at the same Time, save an obnoxious Minister's Head, who was so wise, as to take the first Opportunity of procuring a general Pardon by Act of Parliament, because he could not with so much Decency or Safety desire a particular one for himself. These Facts are well enough known to the whole Kingdom: And, I remember, discoursing above six

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Years ago with the most considerable * Person of the adverse Party, and a great Promoter of the Union, he frankly owned to me, That this Necessity, brought upon us by the wrong Management of the Earl of Godolphin, was the only Cause of the Union.

Therefore I am ready to grant two Points to the Author of the *Criſis*: First, that the Union became necessary for the Cause above related; because it prevented this Island from being governed by two Kings, which *England* would never have suffered; and it might probably have cost us a War of a Year or two, to reduce the *Scots*. Secondly, that it would be dangerous to break this Union, at least in this Juncture, while there is a Pretender Abroad, who might probably lay hold of such an Opportunity. And this made me wonder a little at the Spirit of Faction last Summer among some People, who having been the great Promoters of the Union, and several of them the principal Gainers by it, could yet proceed so far, as to propose in the House of Lords, that it should be dissolved; while at the same Time, those Peers who had ever opposed it in the Beginning, were then for preserving it upon the Reason I have just as-

Lord Somers.

signed, and which the Author of the *Crisis* hath likewise taken Notice of.

But, when he tells us, The *Englishmen* ought in Generosity to be more particularly careful in preserving this Union, he argues like himself. The late Kingdom of *Scotland* (saith he) had as numerous a Nobility as *England*, &c. They had indeed; and to that we owe one of the great and necessary Evils of the Union upon the Foot it now stands. Their Nobility is indeed so numerous, that the whole Revenues of their Country would be hardly able to maintain them according to the Dignity of their Titles; and what is infinitely worse, they are never likely to be extinct until the last Period of all Things; because the greatest Part of them descend to Heirs general. I imagine a Person of Quality, prevailed on to marry a Woman much his Inferior, and without a Groat to her Fortune, and her Friends arguing, she was as good as her Husband, because she brought him as numerous a Family of Relations and Servants, as she found in his House. *Scotland* in the Taxes is obliged to contribute one Penny for every forty Pence laid upon *England*; and the Representatives they send to Parliament are about a thirteenth: Every other *Scotch* Peer hath all the Privileges of an

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English one, except that of sitting in Parliament, and even Precedence before all of the same Title that shall be created for the Time to come. The Pensions and Employments possessed by the Natives of that Country now among us, do amount to more than the whole Body of their Nobility ever spent at Home; and all the Money they raise upon the Publick is hardly sufficient to defray their Civil and Military Lists. I could point out some with great Titles, who affected to appear very vigorous for dissolving the Union, although their whole Revenues before that Period would have still maintained a *Welch* Justice of the Peace; and have since gathered more Money than ever any *Scotchman*, who had not travelled, could form an Idea of.

I have only one Thing more to say upon Occasion of this Union Act; which is, that the Author of the *Crisis* may be fairly proved from his own Citations to be guilty of HIGH TREASON. In a Paper of his called the *Englishman*, of October 29, there is an Advertisement about taking in Subscriptions for printing the *Crisis*, where the Title is published at length, with the following Clause, which the Author thought fit to drop in the Publication; [And that no Power on Earth can bar, alter, or make void

void

void the present Settlement of the Crown, &c. By *Richard Steele*.] In his Extract of an Act of Parliament made since the Union, it appears to be High Treason for any Person, by Writing or Printing, to maintain and affirm, that the Kings or Queens of this Realm, with and by the Authority of Parliament, are not able to make Laws and Statutes of sufficient Force and Validity to limit and bind the Crown, and the Descent, Limitation, Inheritance, and Government thereof. This Act being subsequent to the Settlement of the Crown confirmed at the Union; it is probable, some Friend of the Author advised him to leave out those treasonable Words in the printed Title Page, which he had before published in the Advertisement; and accordingly we find, that in the Treatise itself, he only offers it to every good Subject's Consideration, whether this Article of the Settlement of the Crown is not as firm as the Union itself, and as the Settlement of Episcopacy in *England*, &c. And he thinks the *Scots* understood it so, that the Succession to the Crown was never to be controverted.

These I take to be only treasonable Insinuations; but the Advertisement above-mentioned is actually High Treason, for
which

which the Author ought to be prosecuted, if that would avail any Thing, under a Jurisdiction where cursing the QUEEN is not above the Penalty of twenty Marks.

Nothing is more notorious, than that the Whigs of late Years, both in their Writings and Discourses, have affected upon all Occasions to allow the Legitimacy of the Pretender: This makes me a little wonder to see our Author labouring to prove the contrary, by producing all the popular Chat of those Times, and other solid Arguments from *Fuller's* Narrative: But, it must be supposed, that this Gentleman acts by the Commands of his Superiors, who have thought fit at this Juncture to issue out new Orders for Reasons best known to themselves. I wish they had been more clear in their Directions to him upon that weighty Point, whether the Settlement of the Succession in the House of *Hanover* be alterable or no: I have observed where in his former Pages he gives it in the Negative; but in the turning of a Leaf he hath wholly changed his Mind; He tells us, He wonders there can be found any *Briton* weak enough to contend against a Power in their own Nation which is practised in a much greater Degree in other States: And, how hard it is, that *Britain* should be debarred the

the Privilege of establishing its own Security, by relinquishing only those Branches of the Royal Line which threaten it with Destruction; whilst other Nations never scruple upon less Occasions to go much greater Lengths; of which he produceth Instances in *France, Spain, Sicily, and Sardinia*; and then adds, Can *Great Britain* help to advance Men to other Thrones, and have no Power in limiting its own? How can a Senator, capable of doing Honour to Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, be guilty of such ridiculous Inconsistencies? The Author of the *Conduct of the Allies* (says he) hath dared to drop Insinuations about altering the Succession. The Author of the *Conduct of the Allies* writes Sense and *English*, neither of which the Author of the *Crisis* understands: The former thinks it wrong in Point of Policy to call in a Foreign Power to be Guarantee of our Succession, because it puts it out of the Power of our own Legislature to change our Succession without the Consent of that Prince or State who is Guarantee, whatever Necessity may happen in future Times. Now, if it be High Treason to affirm by Writing that the Legislature hath no such Power; and if Mr. *Steele* thinks it strange that *Britain* should be debarred this Privilege; what could be the Crime of putting such a Case, that in future Ages, a
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Necessity might happen of limiting the Succession, as well as it hath happened already?

When Mr. *Steele* reflects upon the many solemn strong Barriers (to our Succession) of Laws and Oaths, &c. he thinks all Fear vanisheth before them. I think so too; provided the Epithet Solemn goes for nothing: Because, although I have often heard of a solemn Day, a solemn Feast, and a solemn Coxcomb, yet I can conceive no Idea to myself of a solemn Barrier. However, be that as it will, his Thoughts, it seems, will not let him rest, but before he is aware, he asks himself several Questions: And since he cannot resolve them, I will endeavour to give him what Satisfaction I am able. The first is, What are the Marks of a lasting Security? To which I answer, that the Sign of it in a Kingdom or State are, first, good Laws; and, secondly, those Laws well executed: We are pretty well provided with the former, but extremely defective in the latter. Secondly, What are our Tempers and our Hearts at Home? If by ours he means those of himself and his Abettors, they are most damnably wicked; impatient for the Death of the QUEEN; ready to gratify their Ambition and Revenge by all desperate Methods; wholly alienate from Truth, Law, Religion, Mercy,

cy, Conscience, or Honour. Thirdly, In what Hands is Power lodged Abroad? To answer the Question naturally, *Louis XIV.* is King of *France*, *Philip V.* (by the Councils and Acknowledgments of the Whigs) is King of *Spain*, and so on. If by Power he means Money; the Duke of *Marlborough* is thought to have more ready Money than all the Kings of *Christendom* together; but, by the peculiar Disposition of Providence, it is locked up in a Trunk, to which his Ambition hath no Key; and that is our Security. Fourthly, Are our unnatural Divisions our Strength? I think not: but they are the Sign of it; for, being unnatural, they cannot last; and this shews; that Union, the Foundation of all Strength, is more agreeable to our Nature. Fifthly, Is it nothing to us, which of the Princes of *Europe* has the longest Sword? Not much, if we can tie up his Hands, or put a strong Shield into those of his Neighbours: Or, if our Sword be as Sharp, as his is Long: Or, if it be necessary for him to turn his own Sword into a Plowshare: Or, if such a Sword happeneth to be in the Hands of an Infant, or struggled for by two Competitors. Sixthly, The powerful Hand that deals out Crowns and Kingdoms all around us, may it not in Time reach a King out to us too? If the powerful Hand he means, be that

that of *France*, it may reach out as many Kings as it pleaseth, but we will not accept them. Whence does this Man get his Intelligence: I should think, even his his Brother *Ridpath* might furnish him with better. What Crowns or Kingdoms hath *France* dealt about? *Spain* was given by the Will of the former King, in Consequence of that infamous Treaty of Partition, the Adviser of which, will, I hope, never be forgot in *England*. *Sicily* was disposed of by her Majesty of *Great Britain*. So in effect was *Sardinia*. *France* indeed once reached out a King to *Poland*, but the People would not receive him. This Question of Mr. *Steele's* was therefore only put in *Terrorem*, without any Regard to Truth. Seventhly, Are there no Pretensions to our Crown that can ever be revived? There may for ought I know be about a Dozen: And those in Time may possibly beget a Hundred. But we must do as well as we can: Captain *Bessus*, when he had fifty Challenges to answer, protested he could not fight above three Duels a Day. If the Pretender should fail (says the Writer) the *French* King has in his Quiver a Succession of them, the Dutchess of *Savoy* or her Sons, or the Dauphin her Grandson. Let me suppose the Chevalier *de St. George* to be dead; the Dutchess of *Savoy* will then
be

be a Pretender, and consequently must leave her Husband, because his Royal Highness (for Mr. *Steele* has not yet acknowledged him for a King) is in Alliance with her *British* Majesty: Her Sons, when they grow Pretenders, must undergo the same Fate. But I am at a Loss how to dispose of the Dauphin, if he happens to be King of *France* before the Pretendership to *Britain* falls to his Share; for I doubt he will never be persuaded to remove out of his own Kingdom, only because it is too near *England*.

But the Duke of *Savoy* did some Years ago put in his Claim to the Crown of *England* in Right of his Wife; and he is a Prince of great Capacity, in strict Alliance with *France*, and may therefore very well add to our Fears of a Popish Successor. Is it the Fault of the present, or of any Ministry, that this Prince put in his Claim? Must we give him Opium to destroy his Capacity? Or can we prevent his Alliance with any Prince who is in Peace with her Majesty? Must we send to stab or poison all the *Popish* Princes who have any pretended Title to our Crown by the Proximity of Blood? What, in the Name of God, can these People drive at? What is it they demand? Suppose the present Dauphin were

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were now a Man, and King of *France*, and next Popish Heir to the Crown of *England*; is he not excluded by the Laws of the Land? But what Regard will he have to our Laws? I answer, hath not the QUEEN as good a Title to the Crown of *France*? And how is she excluded but by their Law against the Succession of Females, which we are not bound to acknowledge? And is it not in our Power to exclude Female Successors as well as in theirs? If such a Pretence should prove the Cause of a War, what human Power can prevent it: But our Cause must necessarily be good and righteous; for either the Kings of *England* have been unjustly kept out of the Possession of *France*, or the Dauphin, although nearest of Kin, can have no legal Title to *England*. And he must be an ill Prince indeed, who will not have the Hearts and Hands of Ninety-nine in a Hundred among his Subjects against such a Popish Pretender.

I have been the longer in answering the seventh Question, because it led me to consider all he had afterwards to say upon the the Subject of the Pretender. Eighthly and Lastly, he asks himself whether Popery and Ambition are become tame and quiet Neighbours? In this I can give him no Satisfaction,

tisfaction, because I never was in that Street where they live; nor do I converse with any of their Friends; only I find they are Persons of a very evil Reputation. But I am told for certain, that Ambition hath removed her Lodging, and lives the very next Door to Faction; where they keep such a Racket, that the whole Parish is disturbed, and every Night in an Uproar.

Thus much in Answer to those eight uneasy Questions, put by the Author to himself, in order to satisfy every *Briton*, and give him an Occasion of taking an impartial View of the Affairs of *Europe* in general, as well as of *Great Britain* in particular.

After enumerating the great Actions of the Confederate Armies under the Command of Prince *Eugene*, and the Duke of *Marlborough*, Mr. *Steele* observes in the Bitterness of his Soul, that the *British* General, however unaccountable it may be to Posterity, was not permitted to enjoy the Fruits of his glorious Labour. Ten Years Fruits it seems were not sufficient, yet they were the fruitfullest Campaigns that ever any General cropt. However, I cannot but hope, that Posterity will not be left in the Dark, but some Care taken both of her

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Majesty's Glory, and of the Reputation of those she employs. An impartial Historian may tell the World (and the next Age will easily believe what it continues to feel) that the Avarice and Ambition of a few factious insolent Subjects, had almost destroyed their Country, by continuing a ruinous War, in Conjunction with Allies, for whose Sakes principally we fought, who refused to bear their just Proportion of the Charge, and were connived at in their Refusal for private Ends. That, these factious People treated the best and kindest of Sovereigns with Insolence, Cruelty and Ingratitude (of which he will be able to produce several Instances.) That, they encouraged Persons and Principles alien from our Religion and Government, in order to strengthen their Faction. He will tell the Reasons why the General and first Minister were seduced to be Heads of this Faction, contrary to the Opinions they had always professed. Such an Historian will shew many Reasons which made it necessary to remove the General and his Friends, who knowing the Bent of the Nation were against them, expected to lose their Power when the War was at an End. Particularly, the Historian will discover the whole Intrigue of the Duke of *Marlborough's* endeavouring to procure a Commission to be General for Life; wherein
Jus-

Justice will be done to a Person at that Time of high Station in the Law; who (I mention it to his Honour) advised the Duke, when he was consulted upon it, not to accept of such a Commission. By these, and many other Instances which Time will bring to Light, it may perhaps appear not very unaccountable to Posterity, why this great Man was dismissed at last; but rather why he was dismissed no sooner.

But this is entering into a wide Field. I shall therefore leave Posterity to the Information of better Historians than the Author of the *Crisis*, or myself; and go on to inform the present Age in some Facts, which this great Orator and Politician thinks fit to misrepresent with the utmost Degree either of natural or wilful Ignorance. He asserts, that in the Duke of *Ormond's* Campaign, after a Suspension of Arms between *Great Britain* and *France*, proclaimed at the Head of the Armies, the *British* in the midst of the Enemies Garrisons, withdrew themselves from their Confederates. The Fact is directly otherwise; for the *British* Troops were most infamously deserted by the Confederates, after all that could be urged by the Duke of *Ormond*, and the Earl of *Stratford*, to press the Confederate Generals not to forsake them. The Duke was directed

to avoid engaging in any Action until he had further Orders, because an Account of the King of *Spain's* Renunciation was every Day expected: This the *Imperialists* and the *Dutch* knew well enough, and therefore proposed to the Duke in that very Juncture to engage the *French*, for no other Reason but to render desperate all the QUEEN'S Measures towards a Peace. Was not the certain Possession of *Dunkirk* of equal Advantage to the Uncertainty of a Battle? A whole Campaign under the Duke of *Marlborough*, with such an Acquisition, although at the Cost of many Thousand Lives, and several Millions of Money, would have been thought very gloriously ended. Neither after all, was it a new Thing either in the *British* General, or the *Dutch* Deputies, to refuse fighting, when they did not approve it. When the Duke of *Marlborough* was going to invest *Bouchain*, the Deputies of the State pressed him in vain to engage the Enemy; and one of them was so far discontented upon his Grace's Refusal, that he presently became a Partizan of the Peace; yet, I do not remember any Clamour then raised here against the Duke upon that Account. Again, when the *French* invaded *Doway*, after the Confederates had deserted the Duke of *Ormond*, Prince *Eugene* was
violently

violently bent upon a Battle, and said they should never have another so good an Opportunity: But Monsieur —, a private Deputy, rose up, and opposed it so far, that the Prince was forced to desist. Was it then more criminal in the Duke of *Ormond* to refuse fighting, by express Commands of the QUEEN, and in order to get Possession of *Dunkirk*, than for the Duke of *Marlborough* to give the same Refusal, without any such Orders, or any such Advantage? Or, shall a *Dutch* Deputy assume more Power than the QUEEN of *Great Britain*'s General, acting by the immediate Commands of his Sovereign?

The Emperor and the Empire (says Mr. *Steele* by Way of Admiration) continue the War! Is his Imperial Majesty able to continue it or no? If he be, then *Great Britain* has been strangely used for Ten Years past: Then how it came to pass, That of above Thirty Thousand Men in his Service in *Italy*, at the Time of the Battle of *Turin*, there were not above Four Thousand paid by himself? If he be not able to continue the War, why does he go on? The Reasons are clear; because the War only affects the Princes of the Empire (whom he is willing enough to expose) but not his own Dominions. Besides, the Imperial Ministers

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are in daily Expectation of the QUEEN'S Death, which they hope will give a new Turn to Affairs, and rekindle the War in *Europe* upon the old Foot; and we know how the Ministers of that Court publicly assign it for a Reason of their Obstinacy against Peace, that they hope for a sudden Revolution in *England*. In the mean Time, this Appearance of the Emperor being forsaken by his Ally, will serve to increase the Clamour both here and in *Holland*, against her Majesty, and those she employs.

Mr. Steele says, there can be no Crime in affirming, (if it be Truth) that the House of *Bourbon* is at this Juncture become more formidable, and bids fairer for an Universal Monarchy, and to engross the whole Trade of *Europe*, than it did before the War.

No Crime in affirming it, if it be Truth. I will for once allow his Proposition. But if it be false, then I affirm, that whoever advanceth so seditious a Falshood, deserveth to be hanged. Doth he mean by the House of *Bourbon*, the two Kings of *France* and *Spain*? If so, I reject his Meaning, which would insinuate that the Interests and Designs of both those Princes will be the same; whereas they are more opposite than those of any two other Monarchs in *Christendom*.

This

This is the old foolish Slander so frequently flung upon the Peace, and as frequently refuted. These factious Undertakers of the Press write with great Advantage; they strenuously affirm a thousand Falshoods, without Fear, Wit, Conscience, or Knowledge; and we, who answer them, must be at the Expence of an Argument for each: After which, in the very next Pamphlet, we see the same Assertions produced again, without the least Notice of what hath been said to disprove them. By the House of *Bourbon*, doth he mean only the *French* King for the Time being? If so, and his Assertion be true, then that Prince must either deal with the Devil, or else the Money and Blood spent in our Ten Years Victories against him, might as well have continued in the Purses and Veins of her Majesty's Subjects.

But the particular Assertions of this Author are easier detected than his general ones; I shall therefore proceed upon examining the Former. For Instance, I desire him to ask the *Dutch*, who can best inform him, Why they delivered up *Traerback* to the *Imperialists*; For, as to the QUEEN, her Majesty was never once consulted in it, whatever his Preceptors, the Politicians of *Button's* Coffee House, may have informed him to the contrary.

Mr. *Steele* affirms, that the *French* have begun the Demolition of *Dunkirk* contemptuously and arbitrarily their own Way. The Governor of the Town, and those Gentlemen entrusted with the Inspection of this Work, do assure me, that the Fact is altogether otherwise: That, the Method prescribed by those whom her Majesty employs, had been exactly followed, and that the Works are already demolished. I will venture to tell him further, That the Demolition was so long deferred, in order to remove those Difficulties which the Barrier Treaty had put us under; and the Event hath shewn, that it was prudent to proceed no faster until those Difficulties were got over. The Mole and Harbour could not be destroyed until the Ships were got out, which by Reason of some profound Secrets of State, did not happen until the other Day. Who gave him those just Suspicions that the Mole and Harbour will never be destroyed? What is it he would now insinuate? That the Ministry is bribed to leave the most important Part of the Work undone; or, that the Pretender is to invade us from thence; or, that the *QUEEN* hath entered into a Conspiracy with her Servants, to prevent the good Effects of the Peace, for no other End but to lose the Affections of her People, and endanger herself.

In-

Instead of any further Information, which I could easily give, but which no honest Man can want; I venture to affirm, that the Mole and Harbour of *Dunkirk* will in a short Time be most effectually destroyed; and at the same Time, I venture to prophecy, that neither Mr. *Steele*, nor his Faction, will ever confess they believe it.

After all, it is a little hard, that the QUEEN cannot be allowed to demolish this Town in whatever Manner she pleaseth to fancy: Mr. *Steele*, must have it done his own Way, and is angry the *French* have pretended to do it theirs; and yet he wrongs them into the Bargain. For my own Part, I do seriously think, the Most Christian King to be a much better Friend of her Majesty's than Mr. *Steele*, or any of his Faction. Besides, it is to be considered, that he is a Monarch and a Relation; and therefore, if I were a Privy Counsellor, and my Advice to be asked, which of those two * GENTLEMEN BORN should have the Direction in the Demolition of *Dunkirk*, I would give it for the former; because I look upon Mr. *Steele*, in Quality of a Member of his Party, to be much more skilful in demolishing at Home than Abroad.

There

* Mr. STEELE often stiles himself so.

There is a Prospect of more Danger to the Balance of *Europe*, and to the Trade of *Britain*, from the Emperor over-running *Italy*, than from *France* over-running the *Empire*; that his *Imperial* Majesty entertains such Thoughts, is visible to the World: And, although little can be said to justify many Actions of the *French* King, yet the worst of them have never equalled the Emperor's arbitrary keeping the Possession of *Milan*, directly contrary to his Oath, and to the express Words of the *Golden Bull*; which oblige him to deliver up every Fief that falls; or else they must all in the Course of Time lapse into his own Hands.

I was at a Loss who it was that Mr. *Steele* hinted at some Time ago, by the powerful Hands, that deals out Crowns and Kingdoms all around us: I now plainly find, he meant no other Hand but his own. He hath dealt out the Crown of *Spain* to *France*; to *France* he hath given Leave to invade the *Empire* next Spring with two Hundred Thousand Men; and, now at last he deals to *France* the Imperial Dignity; and so farewell Liberty; *Europe* will be *French*. But in order to bring all this about, the Capital of *Austria*, the Residence of his Imperial Majesty, must continue to be visited
by

by the Plague, of which the Emperor must die, and so the Thing is done.

Why should not I venture to deal out one Sceptre in my Turn as well as Mr. *Steele*? I therefore deal out the Empire to the Elector of *Saxony*, upon Failure of Issue to this Emperor at his Death; provided the Whigs will prevail on the Son to turn Papist to get an Empire, as they did upon the Father to get a Kingdom. Or, if this Prince be not approved of, I deal out in his Stead, the Elector of *Bavaria*: And, in one or the other of these, I dare engage to have all *Christendom* to second me, whatever the Spleen, in the Shape of Politicks, may dictate to the Author of the *Crisis*.

The Design of Mr. *Steele*, in representing the Circumstances of the Affairs of *Europe*, is to signify to the World, that all *Europe* is put in the high Road to Slavery by the Corruption of her Majesty's present Ministers; and so he goes on to *Portugal*; which having, during the War, supplied us with Gold in Exchange for our Woollen Manufacture, hath only at present a Suspension of Arms for its Protection, to last no longer than until the *Catalonians* are reduced; and then the old Pretensions of *Spain* to *Portugal* will be revived: And *Portugal*

tugal, when once enslaved by *Spain*, falls naturally with the rest of *Europe* into the Gulph of *France*. In the mean Time, let us see what Relief a little Truth can give this unhappy Kingdom. That, *Portugal* hath not yet more than a Suspension of Arms, they must thank themselves, because they came so late into the Treaty; and, that they came so late, they may thank the Whigs, whose false Representations they were so weak to believe. However, the QUEEN hath voluntarily given them a Guarantee to defend them against *Spain* until the Peace shall be made; and such Terms after the Peace, are stipulated for them, as the *Portuguese* themselves are contented with.

Having mentioned the *Catalonians*, he puts the Question, who can name the *Catalonians* without a Tear? That can I; for he hath told so many melancholy Stories without one Syllable of Truth, that he hath blunted the Edge of my Fears, and I shall not be startled at the worst he can say. What he affirms concerning the *Catalonians*, is included in the following Particulars: First, That they were driven into the War by the Encouragement of the Maritime Powers; by which are understood *England* and *Holland*: But, he is too good a Friend

to

to the *Dutch*, to give them any Part of the Blame. Secondly, That, they are now abandoned and exposed to the Resentment of an enraged Prince. Thirdly, That, they always opposed the Person and Interest of that Prince, who is their present King. Lastly, That, the Doom is dreadful of those who shall in the Sight of God be esteemed their Destroyers. And, if we interpret the Insinuation he makes, according to his own Mind, the Destruction of those People, must be imputed to the present Ministry.

I am sometimes in Charity disposed to hope, that this Writer is not always sensible of the flagrant Falshoods he utters, but is either biaſſed by an Inclination to believe the worst, or a want of Judgment to chuse his Informers. That the *Catalonians* were drawn into the War by the Encouragement of her Majesty, should not in Decency have been affirmed until about fifty Years hence; when it might be supposed there would be no living Witness left to disprove it. It was only upon the Assurances of a Revolt, given by the Prince of *Hesse* and others, and their Invitation, that the Queen was prevailed with to send her Forces upon that Expedition. When *Barcelona* was taken by a most unexpected Accident, of a Bomb

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Bomb lighting on the Magazine, then indeed the *Catalonians* revolted, having before submitted and sworn Allegiance to *Philip*, as much as any other Province of *Spain*. Upon the Peace between that Crown and *Britain*, the Queen, in order to ease the Emperor, and save his Troops, stipulated with King *Philip* for a Neutrality in *Italy*, and that his Imperial Majesty should have Liberty to evacuate *Catalonia*; upon Conditions of absolute Indemnity to the *Catalons*, with an entire Restitution to their Honours, Dignities, and Estates. As this Neutrality was never observed by the Emperor, so he never effectually evacuated *Catalonia*; for, although he sent away the main Body, he left behind many Officers and private Men, who now spirit up and assist those obstinate People to continue in their Rebellion. It is true, indeed, that King *Philip* did not absolutely restore the *Catalons* to all their old Privileges, of which they never made other Use than as an Encouragement to rebel, but, to the same Privileges with his Subjects of *Castile*, particularly to the Liberty of Trading, and having Employments in the *West Indies*, which they never enjoyed before. Besides, the Queen reserved to herself the Power of procuring farther Immunities for them, wherein the Most Christian King was obliged to

to second her: For, his Catholick Majesty intended no more, than to retrench those Privileges, under the Pretext of which they now rebel, as they had formerly done in Favour of *France*. How dreadful then must be the Doom of those who hindered these People from submitting to the gentle Terms offered them by their Prince! And who, although they be conscious of their own Inability to furnish one single Ship for the Support of the *Catalons*, are at this Instant spurring them on to their Ruin, by Promises of Aid and Protection.

Thus much in Answer to Mr. *Steele's* Account of the Affairs of *Europe*; from which he deduceth the Universal Monarchy of *France*, and the Danger of I know not how many Popish Successors to *Britain*. His political Reflections are as good as his Facts. We must observe, says he, that the Person who seems to be most favoured by the *French* King in the late Treaties, is the Duke of *Savoy*. Extreemly right: For, whatever that Prince got by the Peace, he owes entirely to her Majesty, as a just Reward for his having been so faithful and firm an Ally; neither was *France* brought with more Difficulty to yield any one Point, than that of allowing the Duke such a Barrier as the Queen insisted on.

He

He is become the most powerful Prince in *Italy*. I had rather see him so, than the Emperor. He is supposed to have entered into a secret and strict Alliance with the House of *Bourbon*. This is one of those Facts wherein I am most inclined to believe the Author, because it is what he must needs be utterly ignorant of, and therefore might possibly be true.

I thought indeed we should be safe from all Popish Successors as far as *Italy*, because of the prodigious Clutter about sending the Pretender thither. But they will never agree where to fix their Longitude. The Duke of *Savoy* is the more dangerous for removing to *Sicily*: He adds to our Fears for being too near. So, whether *France* conquer *Germany*, or be in Peace and good Understanding with it, either Event will put us and *Holland* at the Mercy of *France*, which hath a Quiver full of Pretenders, at its Back, whenever the Chevalier shall die.

This was just the Logick of poor Prince *Butler*, a splenetick Madman, whom every Body may remember about the Town. Prince *Pamphilio* in *Italy* employed Emissaries to torment Prince *Butler* here. But what if Prince *Pamphilio* die? Why then,
he

he hath left it in his Will, that his Heirs and Executors torment Prince *Butler* for ever?

I cannot think it a Misfortune, what Mr. *Steele* affirms, That treasonable Books lately dispersed among us, striking apparently at the *Hanover* Succession, have passed almost without Observation from the Generality of the People; because it seems a certain Sign that the Generality of the People are well disposed to that illustrious Family: But, I look upon it as a great Evil, to see seditious Books dispersed among us, apparently striking at the QUEEN and her Administration, at the Constitution in Church and State, and at all Religion; yet passing without Observation from the Generality of those in Power: But whether this Remissness may be imputed to *White-Hall*, or *Westminster-Hall*, is other Men's Business to enquire. Mr. *Steele* knows in his Conscience, that the Queries concerning the Pretender, issued from one of his own Party. And as for the poor Nonjuring Clergyman, who was trusted with committing to the Press a late Book on the Subject of Hereditary Right, by a Strain of the *Summum Jus*, he is now, as I am told, with half a Score Children, starving and rotting among Thieves and Pickpockets, in

the common Room of a stinking Jail. I have never seen either the Book or the Publisher; however, I would fain ask one single * Person in the World a Question; Why he who hath so often drank the abdicated King's Health upon his Knees?—But the Transition is natural and frequent, and I shall not trouble him for an Answer.

It is the hardest Case in the World, that Mr. *Steele* should take up the artificial Reports of his own Faction, and then put them off upon the World, as additional Fears of a Popish Successor. I can assure him, that no good Subject of the Queen is under the least Concern whether the Pretender be converted or no, farther than their Wishes that all Men would embrace the true Religion. But, reporting backwards and forwards upon this Point, helps to keep up the Noise, and is a Topick for Mr. *Steele* to enlarge himself upon, by shewing how little we can depend on such Conversions; by collecting a List of Popish Cruelties, and repeating, after himself and the Bishop of *Sarum*, the dismal Effects likely to follow upon the Return of that Superstition among us.

But,

* PARKER, afterwards Lord Chancellor.

But, as this Writer is reported by those who know him, to be what the *French* call *Journalier*, his Fear and Courage operating according to the Weather in our uncertain Climate; I am apt to believe, the two last Pages of his *Crisis* were written on a Sunshine Day. This I guess from the general Tenor of them, and particularly from an unwary Assertion, which, if he believes as firmly as I do, will at once overthrow all his Foreign and Domestick Fears of a Popish Successor. As divided a People as we are, those who stand for the House of *Hannover*, are INFINITELY superior in Number, Wealth, Courage, and all Arts Military and Civil, to those in the contrary Interest; besides which, we have the Laws, I say, the Laws on our Side. The Laws, I say the Laws. This elegant Repetition is, I think, a little out of Place: For, the Stress might better have been laid upon so great a Majority of the Nation; without which, I doubt the Laws would be of little Weight; although they be very good additional Securities. And, if what he here asserts be true, as it certainly is, although he assert it; (for I allow even the Majority of his own Party to be against the Pretender) there can be no Danger of a Popish Successor, except from the unreasonable,

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sonable Jealousies of the best among that Party, and from the Malice, the Avarice, or Ambition of the worst; without which, *Britain* would be able to defend her Succession against all her Enemies both at Home and Abroad. Most of the Dangers from Abroad which he enumerates as the Consequences of this very bad Peace, made by the Queen, and approved by Parliament, must have subsisted under any Peace at all; unless, among other Projects equally feasible, we could have stipulated to cut the Throats of every Popish Relation to the Royal Family.

Well; by this Author's own Confession, a Number infinitely superior, and the best circumstantiated imaginable, are for the Succession in the House of *Hanover*. This Succession is established, confirmed, and secured by several Laws; her Majesty's repeated Declarations, and the Oaths of all her Subjects, engage both her and them to preserve what those Laws have settled. This is a Security indeed, a Security adequate at least to the Importance of the Thing; and yet, according to the Whig Scheme, as delivered to us by Mr. *Steele*, and his Coadjutors, is altogether insufficient; and the Succession will be defeated, the Pretender brought in, and Popery established
among

among us, without the farther Assistance of this Writer and his Faction.

And what Securities have our Adversaries substituted in the Place of these? A Club of Politicians, where *Jenny Man* presides; A *Crisis* written by Mr. Steele; a Confederacy of knavish Stock-jobbers to ruin Credit; a Report of the Queen's Death; and Effigies of the Pretender run twice through the Body by a valiant Peer: A Speech by the Author of the *Crisis*: And to sum up all, an unlimited Freedom of reviling her Majesty, and those she employs.

I have now finished the most disgusting Task that ever I undertook: I could with more Ease have written three dull Pamphlets, than remarked upon the Falshoods and Absurdities of one. But I was quite confounded last *Wednesday*, when the Printer came with another Pamphlet in his Hand, written by the same Author, and entituled, *The Englishman, being the Close of the Paper so called, &c.* He desired I would read it over, and consider it in a Paper by itself; which last I absolutely refused. Upon Perusal, I found it chiefly an Invective against *Toby*, the Ministry, the *Examiner*, the Clergy, the QUEEN, and the *Post-Boy*: Yet, at the same Time, with great Justice

exclaiming against those who presumed to offer the least Word against the Heads of that Faction whom her Majesty discarded. The Author likewise proposeth an equal Division of Favours and Employments between the Whigs and Tories: For, if the former can have no Part or Portion in *David*, they desire no longer to be his Subjects. He insists, that her Majesty hath exactly followed Monsieur *Tighe's* Memorial against demolishing of *Dunkirk*. He reflects with great Satisfaction on the Good already done to his Country by the *Crisis*. *Non nobis Domine, non nobis, &c.*— He gives us Hopes that he will leave off writing, and consult his own Quiet and Happiness; and concludes with a Letter to a Friend at Court. I suppose by the Style of old Friend, and the like, it must be somebody there of his own Level; among whom, his Party have indeed more Friends than I could wish. In this Letter he asserts, that the present Ministers were not educated in the Church of *England*, but are new Converts from Presbytery. Upon which I can only reflect, how blind the Malice of that Man must be, who invents a groundless Lye in order to defame his Superiors, which would be no Disgrace, if it had been a Truth. And he concludes, with making three Demands for the Satisfaction

faction of himself and other Malecontents. First, The Demolition of the Harbour of *Dunkirk*: Secondly, That *Great-Britain* and *France* would heartily join against the exorbitant Power of the Duke of *Lorrain*, and force the Pretender from his Asylum at *Bar le Duc*: Lastly, That his Electoral Highness of *Hanover* would be so grateful to signify to all the World, the perfect good Understanding he hath with the Court of *England*, in as plain Terms as her Majesty was pleased to declare she had with that House on her Part.

As to the first of these Demands, I will venture to undertake it shall be granted; but then Mr. *Steele*, and his Brother Malecontents, must promise to believe the Thing is done, after those employed have made their Report; or else bring Vouchers to disprove it. Upon the second; I cannot tell whether her Majesty will engage in a War against the Duke of *Lorrain*, to force him to remove the Pretender; but I believe, if the Parliament should think it necessary to address upon such an Occasion, the Queen will move the Prince to send him away. His last Demand, offered under the Title of a Wish, is of so insolent and seditious a Strain, that I care not to touch it. Here he directly chargeth her Majesty

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with delivering a Falshood to her Parliament
from the Throne; and declares he will
not believe her, until the Elector of *Hano-*
ver himself shall vouch for the Truth of
what she hath so solemnly affirmed.

I agree with this Writer, that it is an
idle Thing in his Antagonists to trouble
themselves upon the Articles of his Birth,
Education, or Fortune; for whoever writes
at this Rate of his Sovereign, to whom he
owes so many personal Obligations, I should
never enquire whether he be a GENTLE-
MAN BORN, but whether he be a HU-
MAN CREATURE.

A PRE-

A
P R E F A C E

To the RIGHT REVEREND

Dr. *B---t*, B---p of *S---'s*

I N T R O D U C T I O N

To the THIRD VOLUME of the

HISTORY of the REFORMATION

O F T H E

CHURCH of *England.*

Spargere vocas
In vulgum ambiguas ; & quærere conscius arma.

Written in the Year, 1712.

PREFACE

To the Right Reverend

Dr. B. H. P. of S.

INTRODUCTION

To the Third Volume of the

HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION

OF THE

Church of England.

London

Printed by J. G. & Co. Stationers

Wycherly in the Year 1714

THE
PREFACE.

Mr. Morphew,

YOUR Care in putting an Advertisement in the Examiner, hath been of very great Use to me. I do now send you my Preface to the B—p of S—'s Introduction to his third Volume, which I desire you to print in such a Form, as in the Bookseller's Phrase, will make a Six-penny Touch; hoping it will give such a publick Notice of my Design, that it may come into the Hands of those who perhaps look not into the
B---p's

The PREFACE.

B---p's Introduction. I desire you will prefix to this a Passage out of Virgil, which doth so perfectly agree with my present Thoughts of his Lordship, that I cannot express them better, nor more truly than those Words do.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant.

P R E F A C E

To the RIGHT REVEREND

Dr. B—t, B—p of S—m's

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

THIS Way of publishing Introductions to Books that are, God knows when, to come out, is either wholly new, or so long unpractised, that my small Reading cannot trace it: However, we are to suppose, that a Person of his Lordship's great Age and Experience, would hardly act such a Piece of Singularity, without some extraordinary Motives. I cannot but observe, that his Fellow Labourer, the Author of the Paper called, * *The Englishman*, seems, in some of his late Performances, to have almost transcribed the Notions of the B—p: These Notions, I take to have been dictated by the same Masters, leaving to each Writer that

* Mr. STEELE.

that peculiar Manner of expressing himself, which the Poverty of our Language forceth me to call their Stile. When the *Guardian* changed his Title, and professed to engage in Faction, I was sure the Word was given, that grand Preparations were making against next Sessions: That, all Advantages would be taken of the little Dissentions reported to be among those in Power; and, that the *Guardian* would soon be seconded by some other Piqueerers from the same Camp. But I will confess, my Suspicions did not carry me so far, as to conjecture, that this venerable Champion would be in such mighty Haste to come into the Field, and serve in the Quality of an *Enfant perdu*, armed only with a Pocket Pistol, before his great Blunderbuss could be got ready, his old rusty Breast-Plate scoured, and his cracked Head-Piece mended.

I was debating with myself, whether this Hint of producing a small Pamphlet to give Notice of a large Folio, were not borrowed from the Ceremonial in *Spanish Romances*, where a Dwarf is sent out upon the Battlements, to signify to all Passengers, what a mighty Giant there is in the Castle: Or, whether the B—p copied this Proceeding from the Fanfaronnade of Monsieur *Boufflers*, when the Earl of *Portland* and
that

that General had an Interview. Several Men were appointed at certain Periods, to ride in great Haste towards the *English* Camp, and cry out *Monseigneur vient, Monseigneur vient*: Then, small Parties advanced with the same Speed, and the same Cry; and this Foppery held for many Hours, until the Marechal himself arrived. So here, the B—p (as we find by his Dedication to Mr. *Churchill* the Bookseller) hath for a long Time sent Warning of his Arrival, by Advertisements in Gazettes: And now his Introduction advanceth to tell us again, *Monseigneur vient*: In the mean Time, we must gape, and wait, and gaze, the Lord knows how long, and keep our Spirits in some reasonable Agitation, until his Lordship's real Self shall think fit to appear in the Habit of a Folio.

I have seen the same Sort of Management at a Puppet Show. Some Puppets of little or no Consequence, appeared several Times at the Window, to allure the Boys and the Rabble: The Trumpeter sounded often, and the Door-keeper cried an hundred Times, until he was hoarse, that they were just going to begin; yet after all, we were forced sometimes to wait an Hour before *Punch* himself in Person made his Entry.

But

But why this Ceremony among old Acquaintance? The World and he have long known one another: Let him appoint his Hour and make his Visit, without troubling us all Day with a Succession of Messages from his Lacqueys and Pages.

With Submission, these little Arts of getting off an Edition, do ill become any Author above the Size of *Marten* the Surgeon. My L—d tells us, that many Thousands of the two former Parts of his History are in the Kingdom; and now he perpetually advertiseth in the Gazette, that he intends to publish the Third: This is exactly in the Method and Stile of *Marten*: The seventh Edition (many Thousands of the former Editions having been sold off in a small Time) of Mr. *Marten*'s Book concerning secret Diseases, &c.

Doth his L——p intend to publish his great Volume by Subscription, and is this Introduction only by Way of Specimen? I was inclined to think so, because in the prefixed Letter to Mr. *Churchill*, which introduces this Introduction, there are some dubious Expressions: He says, The Advertisements he published, were in order to move People to furnish him with

Ma-

Materials which might help him to finish his Work with great Advantage. If he means half a Guinea upon the Subscription, and the other half at the Delivery, why doth he not tell us so in plain Terms?

I am wondering how it came to pass, that this diminutive Letter to Mr. *Churchill*, should understand the Business of introducing better than the Introduction itself; or why the B—p did not take it into his Head to send the former into the World some Months before the latter; which would have been yet a greater Improvement upon the Solemnity of the Procession.

Since I writ these last Lines, I have perused the whole Pamphlet (which I had only dipt in before) and found I have been hunting upon a wrong Scent; for the Author hath in several Parts of his Piece, discovered the true Motives, which put him upon sending it abroad at this Juncture; I shall therefore consider them as they come in my Way.

My Lord begins his Introduction with an Account of the Reasons, why he was guilty of so many Mistakes in the first Volume of his History of the Reformation: His Excuses are just, rational, and extremely

tremely consistent. He says, He wrote in Haste, which he confirms by adding, That it lay a Year after he wrote it, before it was put into the Press: At the same Time he mentions a Passage extremely to the Honour of that pious and excellent Prelate, Archbishop *Sancroft*, which demonstrates his Grace to have been a Person of great Sagacity, and almost a Prophet. Dr. B—t then a private Divine, desired Admittance to the *Cotton* Library, but was prevented by the Archbishop, who told Sir *John Cotton*, that the said Doctor was no Friend to the Prerogative of the Crown, or to the Constitution of the Kingdom. This Judgment was the more extraordinary, because the Doctor had not long before published a Book in *Scotland*, with his Name prefixed, which carries the Regal Prerogative higher than any Writer of the Age: However, the good Archbishop lived to see his Opinion become universal in the Kingdom.

The B—p goes on for many Pages, with an Account of certain Facts relating to the publishing his two former Volumes of the Reformation; the great Success of that Work, and the Adversaries who appeared against it. These are Matters out of the Way of my Reading; only I observe that poor Mr. *Henry Wharton*, who hath de-
served

served so well of the Commonwealth of Learning, and who gave himself the Trouble of detecting some Hundreds of the B—p's Mistakes, meets very ill Quarter from his L—p. Upon which I cannot avoid mentioning a peculiar Method which this P—e takes to revenge himself upon those who presume to differ from him in Print. The present * Bishop of *Rochester* happened some Years ago to be of this Number. My L—d of S—m in his Reply ventured to tell the World, that the Gentleman who had writ against him, meaning Dr. *Atterbury*, was one upon whom he had conferred great Obligations; which was a very generous Christian Contrivance of charging his Adversary with Ingratitude. But it seems, the Truth happened to be on the other Side, which the Doctor made appear in such a Manner as would have silenced his Lordship for ever, if he had not been Writing-proof. Poor Mr. *Wharton* in his Grave, is charged with the same Accusation, but with Circumstances the most aggravating that Malice and something else could invent; and which I will no more believe, than five Hundred Passages in a certain Book of Travels. See the Character he gives of a Divine, and a Scholar,

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who

* DR. ATTERBURY.

who shortened his Life in the Service of God and the Church. Mr. *Wharton* desired me to intercede with *Tillotson* for a Prebend of *Canterbury*. I did so, but *Wharton* would not believe it; said he would be revenged, and so writ against me. Soon after he was convinced I had spoke for him, said he was set on to do what he did, and if I would procure any Thing for him, he would discover every Thing to me. What a Spirit of Candor, Charity, and Goodnature, Generosity, and Truth, shines thro' this Story, told of a most excellent and pious Divine, twenty Years after his Death, without one single Voucher?

Come we now to the Reasons which moved his Lordship to set about this Work at this Time. He could delay it no longer, because the Reasons of his engaging in it at first, seemed to return upon him. He was then frightened with the Danger of a Popish Successor in View, and the dreadful Apprehensions of the Power of *France*. *England* hath forgot these Dangers, and yet is nearer to them than ever, and therefore he is resolved to awaken them with his third Volume; but in the mean Time, sends this Introduction to let them know they are asleep. He then goes on in describing the Condition of the Kingdom after
such

such a Manner as if Destruction hung over us by a single Hair; as if the Pope, the Devil, the Pretender, and *France*, were just at our Elbows.

When the B—p published his History, there was a Popish Plot on Foot: The Duke of *York*, a known Papist, was presumptive Heir to the Crown; the House of Commons would not hear of any Expedients for securing their Religion under a Popish Prince, nor would the King or Lords consent to a Bill of Exclusion: The *French* King was in the Height of his Grandeur, and the Vigour of his Age. At this Day the Presumptive Heir, with that whole illustrious Family, are Protestants; the Popish Pretender excluded for ever by several Acts of Parliament; and every Person in the smallest Employment, as well as Member in both Houses, obliged to abjure him. The *French* King is at the lowest Ebb of Life; his Armies have been conquered, and his Towns won from him for ten Years together; and his Kingdom is in Danger of being torn by Divisions during a long Minority. Are these Cases parallel? Or are we now in more Danger of *France* and Popery than we were thirty Years ago? What can be the Motive for advancing such false, such detestable Assertions? What Con-

G 3

clusions

clusions would his Lordship draw from such Premises as these? If injurious Appellations were of any Advantage to a Cause, (as the Stile of our Adversaries would make us believe) what Appellations would those deserve, who thus endeavour to sow the Seeds of Sedition, and are impatient to see the Fruits? But, saith he, the deaf Adder stops her Ear, let the Charmer charm never so wisely. True, my L—d, there are indeed too many Adders in this Nation's Bosom; Adders in all Shapes, and in all Habits, whom neither the Queen nor Parliament, can charm to Loyalty, Truth, Religion, or Honour.

Among other Instances produced by him of the dismal Condition we are in, he offers one which could not easily be guessed. It is this; That the little factious Pamphlets written about the End of King *Charles II.* Reign, lie dead in the Shops, are looked on as waste Paper, and turned to Pasteboard. How many are there of his Lordship's Writing, which could otherwise never have been of any real Service to the Publick? Hath he indeed so mean an Opinion of our Taste, to send us at this Time of Day into all the Corners of *Holborn, Duck-lane, and Moorfields*, in quest after the factious Trash, published in those Days by
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Julian Johnson, Hickeringil, Dr. Oates, and himself.

His Lordship taking it for a Postulatum, that the Queen and Ministry, both Houses of Parliament, and a vast Majority of the Landed Gentry throughout *England*, are running headlong into Popery, layeth hold on the Occasion to describe the Cruelties in Queen *Mary's* Reign: An Inquisition setting up Faggots in *Smithfield*, and Executions all over the Kingdom. Here is that, says he, which those that look towards a Popish Successor must look for. And he insinuates through his whole Pamphlet, that all who are not of his Party, look towards a Popish Successor. These he divides into two Parts, the Tory Laity, and the Tory Clergy. He tells the former, although they have no Religion at all, but resolve to change with every Wind and Tide; yet they ought to have Compassion on their Countrymen and Kindred. Then he applies himself to the Tory Clergy, assures them, that the Fires revived in *Smithfield*, and all over the Nation, will have no amiable View; but least of all to them, who if they have any Principles at all, must be turned out of their Livings, leave their Families, be hunted from Place to Place, into Parts beyond the Seas, and meet with that Contempt, with which

they treated Foreigners who took Sanctuary among us.

This requires a Recapitulation, with some Remarks. First, I do affirm, that in every Hundred of professed Atheists, Deists, and Socinians in the Kingdom, ninety-nine at least, are staunch, thorow-paced Whigs, entirely agreeing with his L—p in Politicks and Discipline; and therefore will venture all the Fires of Hell rather than singe one Hair of their Beards in *Smithfield*. Secondly, I do likewise affirm; That those whom we usually understand by the Appellation of Tory or High-church Clergy, were the greatest Sticklers against the exorbitant Proceedings of King *James* the Second, the best Writers against Popery, and the most exemplary Sufferers for the Established Religion. Thirdly, I do pronounce it to be a most false, and infamous Scandal upon the Nation in general, and on the Clergy in particular, to reproach them for treating Foreigners with Haughtiness and Contempt: The *French* Hugonots are many thousand Witnesses to the contrary; and, I wish, they deserved the thousandth Part of the good Treatment they have received.

Lastly, I observe that the Author of a Paper, called, *The Englishman*, hath run into

into the same Cant, gravely advising the whole Body of the Clergy, not to bring in Popery, because that will put them under a Necessity of parting with their Wives, or losing their Livings.

The Bulk of the Kingdom, both Clergy and Laity, happen to differ extremely from this P-e-l-e in many Principles, both of Politicks and Religion: Now I ask, Whether if any Man of them had signed their Names to a System of Atheism or Popery, he could have argued with them otherways than he doth? Or, if I should write a grave Lesson to his L—p with the same Advice, taking it for granted, that he was half an Atheist and half a Papist, and conjuring him, by all he held dear, to have Compassion upon all those who believed a God, nor to revive the Fires in *Smithfield*, that he must either forfeit his Bishoprick, or not marry a fourth Wife; I ask, Whether he would not think I intended him the highest Injury and Affront?

But as to the Tory Laity, he gives them up in a Lump for abandoned Atheists: They are a Set of Men so impiously corrupted in the Point of Religion, that no Scene of Cruelty can fright them from leaping into it (Popery) and perhaps acting
such

such a Part in it, as may be assigned them. He therefore despairs of influencing them by any Topicks drawn from Religion or Compassion, and advances the Consideration of Interest, as the only powerful Argument to perswade them against Popery.

What he offers upon this Head is so very amazing from a Christian, a Clergyman, and a Prelate of the Church of *England*, that I must in my own Imagination, strip him of those three Capacities, and put him among the Number of that Set of Men he mentions in the Paragraph before; or else it will be impossible to shape out an Answer.

His L—p, in order to dissuade the Tories from their Design of bringing in Popery, tells them, How valuable a Part of the whole Soil of *England*, the Abbey Lands, the Estates of the Bishops, of the Cathedrals, and the Tythes are: How difficult such a Resumption would be to many Families; yet all these must be thrown up; for, Sacrilege in the Church of *Rome*, is a mortal Sin. I desire it may be observed, What a Jumble here is made of Ecclesiastical Revenues, as if they were all upon the same Foot, were alienated with equal Justice; and the Clergy had no more Reason to complain of one than the other.

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Whereas, the four Branches mentioned by him, are of very different Consideration. If I might venture to guess the Opinion of the Clergy upon this Matter, I believe they could wish, that some small Part of the Abbey Lands had been applied to the Augmentation of poor Bishopricks; and a very few Acres to serve for Glebes in those Parishes where there are none; after which, I think they would not repine that the Laity should possess the rest. If the Estates of some Bishops and Cathedrals were exorbitant before the Reformation, I believe the present Clergy's Wishes reach no further, than that some reasonable Temper had been used, instead of paring them to the Quick: But, as to the Tythes, without examining whether they be of Divine Institution, I conceive there is hardly one of that sacred Order in *England*, and very few even among the Laity, who love the Church, who will not allow the misapplying those Revenues to secular Persons, to have been at first a most flagrant Act of Injustice and Oppression: Although at the same Time, God forbid they should be restored any other Way, than by gradual Purchase, by the Consent of those who are now the lawful Possessors, or by the Piety and Generosity of such worthy Spirits, as this Nation sometimes produceth. The B—p knows
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very well, that the Application of Tythes to the Maintenance of Monasteries, was a scandalous Usurpation, even in Popish Times: That the Monks usually sent out some of their Fraternity to supply the Cures; and that, when the Monasteries were granted away by *Henry VIII.* the Parishes were left destitute, or very meanly provided of any Maintenance for a Pastor. So, that in many Places the whole Ecclesiastical Dues, even to Mortuaries, *Easter* Offerings, and the like, are in Lay Hands, and the Incumbent lieth wholly at the Mercy of his Patron for his daily Bread. By these Means, there are several Hundred Parishes in *England* under Twenty Pounds a Year, and many under Ten. I take his L—p's Bishoprick to be worth near 2500*l.* annual Income; and I will engage, at half a Year's Warning, to find him above an Hundred beneficed Clergymen who have not so much among them all to support themselves and their Families; most of them Orthodox, of good Life and Conversation; as loath to see the Fires kindled in *Smithfield*, as his L—p; and, at least, as ready to face them under a Popish Persecution. But nothing is so hard for those, who abound in Riches, as to conceive how others can be in Want. How can the neighbouring Vicar feel Cold or Hunger, while my L—d is seated by a
good

good Fire in the warmest Room of his Palace, with a dozen Dishes before him? I remember one other P--l--e much of the same Stamp, who, when his Clergy would mention their Wishes, that some Act of Parliament might be thought of for the Good of the Church; would say, Gentlemen, WE are very well as WE are; if they would let Us alone, WE should ask no more.

Sacrilege (says my L—d) in the Church of *Rome*, is a mortal Sin: And is it only so in the Church of *Rome*? Or, is it but a venial Sin in the Church of *England*? Our Litany calls Fornication a deadly Sin; and, I would appeal to his Lordship for fifty Years past, whether he thought that or Sacrilege the deadliest. To make light of such a Sin, at the same Moment that he is frightening us from an idolatrous Religion, should seem not very consistent. THOU that sayeth, a Man should not commit Adultery, dost THOU commit Adultery? THOU that abhorrest Idols, dost thou commit Sacrilege?

To smoothe the Way for the Return of Popery in Queen *Mary's* Time, the Grantees were confirmed by the Pope in the Possession of the Abbey Lands. But the Bishop

shop tells us, that this Confirmation was fraudulent and invalid. I shall believe it to be so, although I happen to read it in his L—sh-p's History: But he adds, that although the Confirmation had been good, the Priests would have got their Lands again, by those two Methods: First, The Statute of Mortmain was repealed for Twenty Years, in which Time, no doubt, they reckoned they would recover the best Part of what they had lost: Besides, that engaging the Clergy to renew no Leases, was a Thing entirely in their own Power; and this in forty Years Time, would raise their Revenues to be about ten Times their present Value. These two Expedients for encreasing the Revenues of the Church, he represents as pernicious Designs, fit only to be practised in Times of Popery, and such as the Laity ought never to consent to: From whence, and from what he said before about Tithes, his L—sh-p hath freely declared his Opinion, that the Clergy are rich enough, and that the least Addition to their Subsistence would be a Step towards Popery. Now it happens, that the two only Methods which could ever be thought on, with any Probability of Success, towards some reasonable Augmentation of Ecclesiastical Revenues, are here rejected by a B-sh-p, as a Means for introducing Popery

Popery; and the Nation publickly warned against them. Whereas, the Continuance of the Statute of Mortmain in full Force, after the Church had been so terribly stripped, appeared to her Majesty and the Kingdom a very unnecessary Hardship; upon which Account, it was at several Times relaxed by the Legislature. Now, as the Relaxation of that Statute is manifestly one of the Reasons which gives the B—p those terrible Apprehensions of Popery coming on us; so I conceive another Ground of his Fears, is the Remission of the First Fruits and Tenths. But where the Inclination to Popery lay, whether in her Majesty, who proposed this Benefaction, the Parliament who confirmed, or the Clergy who accepted it, his L—p hath not thought fit to determine.

The other Popish Expedient for augmenting Church Revenues, is engaging the Clergy to renew no Leases. Several of the most eminent Clergymen have assured me, that nothing hath been more wished for by good Men, than a Law to prevent (at least) Bishops from setting Leases for Lives. I could name ten Bishopricks in *England*, whose Revenues, one with another, do not amount to 600*l.* a Year for each: And if his L—p, for Instance, would be above
ten

ten Times the Value, when the Lives are expired, I should think the Overplus would not be ill disposed towards an Augmentation of such as are now shamefully poor. But I do assert, That such an Expedient was not always thought Popish and Dangerous by this Right Reverend Historian. I have had the Honour formerly to converse with him; and he hath told me several Years ago, that he lamented extremely the Power which Bishops had of letting Leases for Lives; whereby, as he said, they were utterly deprived of raising their Revenues, whatever Alterations might happen in the Value of Money by Length of Time: I think the Reproach of betraying private Conversation, will not, upon this Account, be laid to my Charge. Neither do I believe he would have changed his Opinion upon any Score, but to take up another more agreeable to the Maxims of his Party; that the least Addition of Property to the Church, is one Step towards Popery.

The B—p goes on with much Earnestness and Prolixity to prove, That the Pope's Confirmation of the Church Lands to those who held them by King *Henry's* Donation, was null and fraudulent, which is a Point that I believe no Protestant in *England* would give Three-pence to have his Choice, whe-

whether it should be true or false : It might indeed serve as a Passage in his History, among a thousand other Instances, to detect the Knavery of the Court of *Rome* : But I ask, Where could be the Use of it in this Introduction ? Or, why all this Haste in publishing it at this Juncture ; and so out of all Method, apart, and before the Work itself ? He gives his Reasons in very plain Terms ; We are now, it seems, in more Danger of Popery than towards the End of King *Charles* the Second's Reign. That Set of Men (the Tories) is so impiously corrupted in the Point of Religion, that no Scene of Cruelty can fright them from leaping into it, and perhaps from acting such a Part in it as may be assigned them. He doubts whether the High Church Clergy have any Principles, and therefore will be ready to turn off their Wives, and look on the Fires kindled in *Smithfield* as an amiable View. These are the Facts he all along takes for granted, and argues accordingly : Therefore in Despair of dissuading the Nobility and Gentry of the Land, from introducing Popery by any Motives of Honour, Religion, Alliance or Mercy, he assures them, That the Pope hath not duly confirmed their Tythes to the Church Lands in their Possession ; which therefore must be infallibly restored, as soon as that Religion is established among us.

Thus, in his L—p's Opinion, there is nothing wanting to make the Majority of the Kingdom, both for Number, Quality and Possession, immediately embrace Popery, except a firm Bull from the Pope to secure the Abbey and other Church Lands and Tythes to the present Proprietors and their Heirs: If this only Difficulty could now be adjusted, the Pretender would be restored next Session, the two Houses reconciled to the Church of *Rome* against *Easter* Term, and the Fires lighted in *Smithfield* by *Midsummer*. Such horrible Calumnies against a Nation are not the less injurious to Decency, Good-nature, Truth, Honour, and Religion, because they may be vented with Safety: And I will appeal to any Reader of common Understanding, whether this be not the most natural and necessary Deduction from the Passages I have cited and referred to.

Yet, all this is but friendly Dealing, in Comparison with what he affords the Clergy upon the same Article. He supposes that whole Reverend Body, who differ from him in Principles of Church or State, so far from disliking Popery, upon the above mentioned Motives of Perjury, quitting their Wives, or burning their Relations:
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That, the Hopes of enjoying the Abbey Lands would soon bear down all such Considerations, and be an effectual Incitement to their Perversion: And so he gravely goes on, as with the only Argument, which he thinks can have any Force, to assure them; that the Parochial Priests in Roman Catholick Countries are much poorer than in ours; the several Orders of Regulars, and the Magnificence of their Church, devouring all their Treasure; and by Consequence, their Hopes are vain of expecting to be richer after the Introduction of Popery.

But after all, his L—p despairs, that even this Argument will have any Force with our abominable Clergy, because, to use his own Words, They are an insensible and degenerate Race, who are thinking of nothing but their present Advantages: And so that they may now support a luxurious and brutal Course of irregular and voluptuous Practices, they are easily bribed to betray their Religion, to sell their Country, and give up that Liberty and those Properties, which are the present Felicities and Glories of this Nation.

He seems to reckon all these Evils as Matters fully determined on, and therefore

falls into the last usual Forms of Despair, by threatening the Authors of these Miseries with lasting Infamy, and the Curses of Posterity upon perfidious Betrayers of their Trust.

Let me turn this Paragraph into vulgar Language for the Use of the Poor; and strictly adhere to the Sense of the Words. I believe it may be faithfully translated in the following Manner; The Bulk of the Clergy, and one Third of the Bishops, are stupid Sons of Whores, who think of nothing but getting Money as soon as they can: If they may but procure enough to supply them in Gluttony, Drunkenness, and Whoring, they are ready to turn Traytors to God and their Country, and make their Fellow Subjects Slaves. The rest of the Period, about threatening Infamy and the Curses of Posterity upon such Dogs and Villains, may stand as it doth in the B—p's own Phrase, and so make the Paragraph all of a Piece.

I will engage on the other Side, to paraphrase all the Rogues and Rascals in the *Englishman*, so as to bring them up exactly to his L—p's Stile: But, for my own Part, I much prefer the plain *Billinggate* Way of calling Names, because it expresseth our Mean-

Meaning full as well, and would save Abundance of Time which is lost by Circumlocution: So, for Instance, *John Dunton*, who is retained on the same Side with the B—p, calls my Lord Treasurer and Lord *Bolingbroke*, Traytors, Whoremongers, and Jacobites; which three Words cost our Right Reverend Author thrice as many Lines to define them; and I hope his L—p doth not think there is any Difference in Point of Morality, whether a Man calls me Traytor in one Word, or says I am one hired to betray my Religion, and sell my Country.

I am not surpris'd to see the B — p mention with Contempt all Convocations of the Clergy: For *Toland*, *Asgill*, *Monmouth*, *Collins*, *Tindal*, and others of the Fraternity, talk the very same Language. His L—p confesseth, he is not inclined to expect much from the Assemblies of Clergymen. There lies the Misfortune: For, if he and some more of his Order would correct their Inclinations, a great deal of Good might be expected from such Assemblies; as much as they are now cramped by that Submission, which a corrupt Clergy brought upon their innocent Successors. He will not deny that his Copiousness in these Matters is, in his own Opinion, one of

the meanest Parts of his new Work. I will agree with him, unless he happens to be more copious in any Thing else. However, it is not easy to conceive why he should be so copious upon a Subject he so much despiseth; unless it were to gratify his Talent of railing at the Clergy, in the Number of whom he disdains to be reckoned, because he is a B—p: For, it is a Stile I observe some Prelates have fallen into of late Years, to talk of Clergymen, as if themselves were not of the Number: You will read in many of their Speeches at Dr. *Sacheverell's* Trial, Expressions to this or the like Effect: My Lords, if Clergymen be suffered, &c. wherein they seem to have Reason: And I am pretty confident, that a great Majority of the Clergy were heartily inclined to disown any Relation they had to the Managers in Lawn. However, it was a confounding Argument against Presbytery, to see those Prelates, who are most suspected to lean that Way, treating their inferior Brethren with Haughtiness, Rigour, and Contempt; although to say the Truth, nothing better could be hoped for; because, I believe, it may pass for an universal Rule, that in every Diocese governed by Bishops of the Whig Species, the Clergy (especially the poorer Sort) are under double Discipline; and the Laity left to themselves.

selves. The Opinion of Sir *Thomas Moore*, which he produceth to prove the ill Consequences or Insignificancy of Convocations, advanceth no such Thing; but says, If the Clergy assembled often, and might act as other Assemblies of Clergy in *Christendom*, much Good might have come: But the Misfortune lay in their long Disuse, and that in his own, and a good Part of his Father's Time, they never came together, except at the Command of the Prince.

I suppose his L——p thinks, there is some original Impediment in the Study of Divinity, or secret Incapacity in a Gown and Cassock without Lawn, which disqualifies all inferior Clergymen from debating upon Subjects of Doctrine or Discipline in the Church. It is a famous Saying of his, That he looks upon every Layman to be an honest Man, until he is by Experience convinced to the contrary: And on every Clergyman as a Knave, until he finds him to be an honest Man. What Opinion then must we have of a lower House of Convocation; where, I am confident, he will hardly find three Persons that ever convinced him of their Honesty, or will ever be at the Pains to do it? Nay, I am afraid they would think such a Conviction might be no very advantageous Bargain, to gain

A PREFACE to the
the Character of an honest Man with his
L——p, and lose it with the rest of the
World.

In the famous Concordate that was made between *Francis I.* of *France*, and Pope *Leo X.* the B——p tells us, that the King and Pope came to a Bargain, by which they divided the Liberties of the *Gallican* Church between them, and indeed quite enslaved it. He intends, in the third Part of his History which he is going to publish, to open this whole Matter to the World. In the mean Time, he mentions some ill Consequences to the *Gallican* Church from that Concordate, which are worthy to be observed; the Church of *France* became a Slave, and this Change in their Constitution put an End, not only to National, but even to Provincial Synods in that Kingdom. The Assemblies of the Clergy there, meet now only to give Subsidies, &c. and he says, our Nation may see by that Proceeding, what it is to deliver up the essential Liberties of a free Constitution to a Court.

All I can gather from this Matter is, That our King *Henry* made a better Bargain than his Contemporary *Francis*, who divided the Liberties of the Church between him-

himself and the Pope, while the King of *England* seized them all to himself. But, how comes he to number the Want of Synods in the *Gallican* Church, among the Grievances of that Concordate, and as a Mark of their Slavery, since he reckons all Convocations of the Clergy in *England* to be useless and dangerous? Or, what Difference in Point of Liberty was there between the *Gallican* Church under *Francis*, and the *English* under *Harry*? For, the latter was as much a Papist as the former, unless in the Point of Obedience to the See of *Rome*; and in every Quality of a good Man, or a good Prince (except personal Courage, wherein both were equal) the *French* Monarch had the Advantage by as many Degrees as is possible for one Man to have over another.

Henry VIII. had no Manner of Intention to change Religion in his Kingdom; he continued to persecute and burn Protestants after he had cast off the Pope's Supremacy: And, I suppose, his Seizure of Ecclesiastical Revenues (which *Francis* never attempted) cannot be reckoned as a Mark of the Church's Liberty. By the Quotations the B—p sets down to shew the Slavery of the *French* Church, he represents it as a Grievance, that Bishops are not now elected there

there as formerly, but wholly appointed by the Prince; and that those made by the Court have been ordinarily the chief Advancers of Schisms, Heresies, and Oppressions of the Church. He cites another Passage from a *Greek* Writer, and plainly insinuates, that it is justly applicable to Her Majesty's Reign: Princes chose such Men to that Charge (of a Bishop) who may be their Slaves, and in all Things obsequious to what they prescribe; and may lie at their Feet, and have not so much as a Thought contrary to their Commands.

These are very singular Passages for his L——p to set down in order to shew the dismal Consequences of the *French* Concordate, by the Slavery of the *Gallican* Church, compared with the Freedom of ours. I shall not enter into a long Dispute, whether it were better for Religion, that Bishops should be chosen by the Clergy, or People, or both together: I believe our Author would give his Vote for the second: (which however would not have been of much Advantage to himself, and some others I could name.) But I ask, whether Bishops are any more elected in *England* than in *France*? And the Want of Synods are in his own Opinion, rather a Blessing than a Grievance, unless he will affirm, that more
Good

Good can be expected from a Popish Synod, than an *English* Convocation. Did the *French* Clergy ever receive a greater Blow to their Liberties, than the Submission made to *Henry VIII.* or so great a one as the Seizure of their Lands? The Reformation owed nothing to the good Intentions of King *Henry*: He was only an Instrument of it, (as the Logicians speak) by Accident; nor doth he appear throughout his whole Reign, to have had any other Views, than those of gratifying his insatiable Love of Power, Cruelty, Oppression, and other irregular Appetites. But this Kingdom, as well as many other Parts of *Europe*, was at that Time generally weary of the Corruptions and Impositions of the *Roman* Court and Church; and disposed to receive those Doctrines, which *Luther* and his Followers had universally spread. *Cranmer* the Archbishop, *Cromwell*, and others of the Court, did secretly embrace the Reformation; and the King abrogating the Pope's Supremacy, made the People in general run into the new Doctrines with greater Freedom, because they hoped to be supported in it, by the Authority and Example of their Prince; who disappointed them so far, that he made no other Step, than rejecting the Pope's Supremacy, as a Clog upon his own Power and Passions; but retained

tained every Corruption beside, and became a cruel Persecutor, as well as of those who denied his own Supremacy, as of all others who professed any Protestant Doctrine. Neither hath any Thing disgusted me more in reading the Histories of those Times, than to see one of the worst Princes of any Age or Country, celebrated as an Instrument in that glorious Work of the Reformation.

The B—p having gone over all the Matters, that properly fall within his Introduction, proceeds to expostulate with several Sorts of People : First, with Protestants, who are no Christians, such as Atheists, Deists, Freethinkers, and the like Enemies to Christianity : But these he treats with the Tenderness of a Friend, because they are all of them of sound Whig Principles in Church and State. However, to do him Justice, lightly toucheth some old Topicks for the Truth of the Gospel ; and concludes by wishing that the Freethinkers would consider well, If (*Anglice*, whether) they think it is possible to bring a Nation to be without any Religion at all ; and what the Consequences of that may prove ; and, in Case they allow the Negative, he gives it clearly for Christianity.

Secondly,

Secondly, He applieth himself (if I take his Meaning right) to Christian Papists, who have a Taste of Liberty; and desires them to compare the Absurdities of their own Religion with the Reasonableness of the Reformed: Against which, as good Luck would have it, I have nothing to object.

Thirdly, He is somewhat rough against his own Party; who having tasted the Sweets of Protestant Liberty, can look back so tamely on Popery coming on them; it looks as if they were bewitched, or that the Devil were in them, to be so negligent. It is not enough, that they resolve not to turn Papists themselves: They ought to awaken all about them, even the most ignorant and stupid, to apprehend their Danger, and to exert themselves with their utmost Industry to guard against it, and to resist it. If after all their Endeavours to prevent it, the Corruption of the Age, and the Art and Power of our Enemies, prove too hard for us; then, and not until then, we must submit to the Will of God, and be silent; and prepare ourselves for all the Extremities of Suffering and of Misery; with a great deal more of the same Strain.

With due Submission to the profound Sagacity of this P--l--e, who can smell
Popery

Popery at five hundred Miles Distance, better than Fanaticism just under his Nose ; I take Leave to tell him, that this Reproof to his Friends, for want of Zeal and Clamour against Popery, Slavery, and the Pretender, is what they have not deserved. Are the Pamphlets and Papers daily published by the sublime Authors of his Party, full of any Thing else ? Are not the Queen, the Ministers, the Majority of Lords and Commons, loudly taxed in Print with this Charge against them at full Length ? Is it not the perpetual Echo of every Whig Coffee-house and Club ? Have they not quartered Popery and the Pretender upon the Peace and Treaty of Commerce ; upon the possessing, and quitting, and keeping, and demolishing of *Dunkirk* ? Have they not clamoured because the Pretender continued in *France*, and because he left it ? Have they not reported, that the Town swarmed with many thousand Papists ; when upon Search, there were never found so few of that Religion in it before ? If a Clergyman preacheth Obedience to the higher Powers, is he not immediately traduced as a Papist ? Can mortal Man do more ? To deal plainly, my L—d, your Friends are not strong enough yet to make an Insurrection, and it is unreasonable to expect one from them, until their Neighbours be ready.

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My L—d, I have a little Seriousness at Heart upon this Point, where your Lordship affects to shew so much. When you can prove, that one single Word hath ever dropt from any Minister of State, in publick or private, in Favour of the Pretender, or his Cause: When you can make it appear, that in the Course of this Administration, since the Queen thought fit to change her Servants, there hath one Step been made towards weakening the *Hanover* Title, or giving the least Countenance to any other whatsoever; then, and not until then, go dry your Chaff and Stubble, give Fire to the Zeal of your Faction, and reproach them with Luke-warmness.

Fourthly, The B—p applies himself to the Tories in general; taking it for granted, after his charitable Manner, that they are all ready prepared to introduce Popery: He puts an Excuse into their Mouths, by which they would endeavour to justify their Change of Religion: Popery is not what it was before the Reformation: Things are now much mended; and further Corrections might be expected, if we would enter into a Treaty with them: In particular, they see the Error of proceeding severely with Hereticks; so that there is no Reason

Reason to apprehend the Returns of such Cruelties as were practised an Age and a Half ago.

This he assures us, is a Plea, offered by the Tories, in Defence of themselves, for going about at this Juncture to establish the Popish Religion among us: What Argument doth he bring to prove the Fact itself? *Quibus indiciis, quo teste probavit? Nil borum: Verbosa & grandis epistola venit.* Nothing but this tedious Introduction, wherein he supposeth it all along as a Thing granted: That there might be a perfect Union in the whole Christian Church, is a Blessing which every good Man wisheth, but no reasonable Man can hope. That the more polite Roman Catholicks have in several Places given up some of their superstitious Fopperies, particularly concerning Legends, Relicks, and the like, is what no Body denies. But the material Points in Difference between us and them, are universally retained and asserted, in all their controversial Writings. And, if his L—p really think that every Man who differs from him under the Name of a Tory in some Church and State Opinions, is ready to believe Transubstantiation, Purgatory, the Infallibility of Popes or Councils, to worship Saints and Angels, and the like; I can

I can only pray God to enlighten his Understanding, or graft in his Heart the first Principles of Charity; a Virtue which some People ought not by any Means wholly to renounce, because it covereth a Multitude of Sins.

Fifthly, the B—p applies himself to his own Party in both Houses of Parliament, whom he exhorts to guard their Religion and Liberty against all Danger, at what Distance soever it may appear. If they are absent and remiss on critical Occasions, That is to say, if they do not attend close next Sessions, to vote upon all Occasions whatsoever, against the Proceedings of the Queen and her Ministry: Or, if any View of Advantage to themselves prevail on them. In other Words. If any of them vote for the Bill of Commerce, in hopes of a Place, or a Pension, a Title, or a Garter; God may work a Deliverance for us another Way. That is to say, by inviting the *Dutch*: But they and their Families; i. e. Those who are negligent or Revolters, shall perish, by which is meant; they shall be hanged as well as the present Ministry and their Abettors, as soon as we recover our Power. Because they let in Idolatry, Superstition, and Tyranny. Because they stood by and suffered the Peace to be made,

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the Bill of Commerce to pass, and *Dunkirk* lie undemolished longer than we expected, without raising a Rebellion.

His last Application is to the Tory Clergy, a Parcel of blind, ignorant, dumb, sleeping, greedy, drunken Dogs. A pretty artful Episcopal Method is this, of calling his Brethren as many injurious Names as he pleaseth. It is but quoting a Text of Scripture, where the Characters of evil Men are described, and the Thing is done; and at the same Time the Appearances of Piety and Devotion preserved. I would engage, with the Help of a good Concordance, and the Liberty of perverting Holy Writ, to find out as many injurious Appellations, as the *Englishman* throws out in any of his politick Papers; and apply them to those Persons, who call Good, Evil; and Evil, Good; to those who cry without Cause, Every Man to his Tents, O *Israel*! And to those who curse the Queen in their Hearts!

These decent Words he tells us, make up a lively Description of such Pastors, as will not study Controversy, nor know the Depths of Satan. He means, I suppose, the Controversy between us and the Papists; for as to the Freethinkers and Dissenters of every

every Denomination, they are some of the best Friends to the Cause. Now, I have been told, there is a Body of that Kind of Controversy published by the *London Divines*, which is not to be matched in the World. I believe likewise, there is a good Number of the Clergy at present, thoroughly versed in that Study; after which, I cannot but give my Judgment, that it would be a very idle Thing for Pastors in general to busy themselves much in Disputes against Popery; it being a dry heavy Employment of the Mind at best; especially when, God be thanked, there is so little Occasion for it in the Generality of Parishes throughout the Kingdom, and must be daily less and less by the just Severity of the Laws, and the utter Aversion of our People from that Idolatrous Superstition.

If I might be so bold to name those, who have the Honour to be of his L—p's Party, I would venture to tell him, That Pastors have much more Occasion to study Controversies against the several Classes of Freethinkers and Dissenters: The former (I beg his Lordship's Pardon for saying so) being a little worse than Papists, and both of them more dangerous at present to our Constitution both in Church and State.

Not that I think Presbytery so corrupt a System of Christian Religion as Popery; I believe it is not above one Third as bad: But I think the Presbyterians, and their Clans of other Fanaticks of Freethinkers and Atheists, that dangle after them, are as well inclined to pull down the present Establishment of Monarchy and Religion, as any Set of Papists in *Christendom*; and therefore that our Danger, as Things now stand, is infinitely greater from our Protestant Enemies; because they are much more able to ruin us, and full as willing. There is no doubt, but Presbytery and a Commonwealth are less formidable Evils than Popery, Slavery, and the Pretender; for, if the Fanaticks were in Power, I should be in more Apprehension of being starved than burned: But there are probably in *England* forty Dissenters of all Kinds, including their Brethren the Freethinkers, for one Papist; and allowing one Papist to be as terrible as three Dissenters, it will appear by Arithmetick, that we are thirteen Times and one Third more in Danger of being ruined by the latter than the former.

The other Qualification necessary for all Pastors, if they will not be blind, ignorant, greedy, drunken Dogs, &c. is to know the Depths of Satan. This is harder than
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the former; that a poor Gentleman ought not to be Parson, Vicar, or Curate of a Parish, except he be cunninger than the Devil. I am afraid it will be difficult to remedy this Defect, for one manifest Reason; because whoever had only half the Cunning of the Devil, would never take up with a Vicarage of Ten Pounds a Year, to live at his Ease, as my L—d expresseth it; but seek out for some better Livelihood. His Lordship is of a Nation very much distinguished for that Quality of Cunning, (although they have a great many better) and I think he was never accused for wanting his Share. However, upon a Trial of Skill, I would venture to lay six to four on the Devil's Side, who must be allowed to be at least the older Practitioner. Telling Truth shames him, and Resistance makes him fly: But to attempt outwitting him, is to fight him at his own Weapon, and consequently no Cunning at all. Another Thing I would observe is, that a Man may be in the Depths of Satan, without knowing them all; and such a Man may be so far in Satan's Depths, as to be out of his own. One of the Depths of Satan is to counterfeit an Angel of Light. Another, I believe, is to stir up the People against their Governors, by false Suggestions of Danger. A third, is to be a Prompter to

false Brethren, and to send Wolves about in Sheep's Cloathing. Sometimes he sends Jesuits about *England* in the Habit and Cant of Fanaticks; at other Times he hath Fanatick Missionaries in the Habits of ———, I shall mention but one more of Satan's Depths; for I confess I know not the Hundredth Part of them; and that is to employ his Emissaries in crying out against remote imaginary Dangers, by which we may be taken off from defending ourselves against those, which are really just at our Elbows.

But his Lordship draws towards a Conclusion, and bids us look about, to consider the Danger we are in, before it is too late; for he assures us, we are already going into some of the worst Parts of Popery; like the Man, who was so much in Haste for his new Coat, that he put it on the wrong Side out. Auricular Confession, Priestly Absolution, and the Sacrifice of the Mass, have made great Progress in *England*, and no Body hath observed it: Several other Popish Points are carried higher with us, than by the Priests themselves. And some Body it seems had the Impudence to propose an Union with the *Gallican* Church. I have indeed heard that Mr. *Lessly* published a Discourse to that Purpose, which I have never seen; nor do I perceive the
Evil

Evil in proposing an Union between any two Churches in *Christendom*. Without doubt, Mr. *Lestly* is most unhappily misled in his Politicks; but if he be the Author of the late Tract against Popery, he hath given the World such a Proof of his Soundness in Religion, as many a Bishop ought to be proud of. I never saw the Gentleman in my Life: I know he is the Son of a good and excellent Prelate, who, upon several Accounts, was one of the most extraordinary Men of his Age. Mr. *Lestly* hath written many useful Discourses upon several Subjects, and hath so well deserved of the Christian Religion, and the Church of *England* in particular, that to accuse him of Impudence for proposing an Union in two very different Faiths, is a Stile which I hope few will imitate. I detest Mr. *Lestly*'s political Principles as much as his L——p can do for his Heart; but I verily believe he acts from a mistaken Conscience, and therefore I distinguish between the Principles and the Person. However, it is some Mortification to me, when I see an avowed Nonjuror contribute more to the confounding of Popery, than could ever be done by a hundred thousand such Introductions as this.

His L—p ends with discovering a small Ray of Comfort. God be thanked there are many among us that stand upon the Watch Tower, and that give faithful Warning; that stand in the Breach, and make themselves a Wall for their Church and Country; that cry to God Day and Night, and lie in the Dust mourning before him, to avert those Judgments that seem to hasten towards us. They search into the Mystery of Iniquity that is working among us, and acquaint themselves with all that Mass of Corruption that is in Popery. He prays, That the Number of these may increase, and that he may be of that Number, ready either to die in Peace, or to seal that Doctrine he hath been preaching above fifty Years, with his Blood. This being his last Paragraph, I have made bold to transcribe the most important Parts of it. His Design is to end after the Manner of Orators, with leaving the strongest Impression possible upon the Minds of his Hearers. A great Breach is made; the Mystery of Popish Iniquity is working among us; may God avert those Judgments that are hastening towards us: I am an old Man, a Preacher above fifty Years, and I now expect and am ready to die a Martyr for the Doctrines I have preached. What an amiable

amiable Idea doth he here leave upon our Minds, of her Majesty, and her Government! He hath been poring so long upon *Fox's Book of Martyrs*, that he imagines himself living in the Reign of *Queen Mary*, and is resolved to set up for a Knight Errant against Popery. Upon the Supposition of his being in Earnest, (which I am sure he is not) it would require but a very little more Heat of Imagination, to make a History of such a Knight's Adventures. What would he say, to behold the the Fires kindled in *Smithfield*, and all over the Town, on the seventeenth of *November*; to behold the Pope borne in Triumph on the Shoulders of the People, with a Cardinal on the one Side, and the Pretender on the other? He would never believe it was *Queen Elizabeth's Day*, but that of her persecuting Sister: In short, how easily might a Windmill be taken for the Whore of *Babylon*, and a Puppet Show for a Popish Procession.

But Enthusiasm is none of his L—p's Faculty: I am inclined to believe he might be melancholy enough when he wrote this Introduction: The Despair at his Age of seeing a Faction restored, to which he hath sacrificed so great a Part of his Life: The little Success he can hope for in Case he should

should resume those High Church Principles, in the Defence of which he first employed his Pen: No visible Expectation of removing to *Farnham* or *Lambeth*: And lastly, the Misfortune of being hated by every one, who either wears the Habit, or values the Profession of a Clergyman: No wonder such a Spirit, in such a Situation, is provoked beyond the Regards of Truth, Decency, Religion, or Self Conviction. To do him Justice, he seems to have nothing else left, but to cry out Halsters, Gibbets, Faggots, Inquisition, Popery, Slavery, and the Pretender. But in the mean Time, he little considers what a World of Mischief he doth to his Cause. It is very convenient, for the present Designs of that Faction, to spread the Opinion of our immediate Danger from Popery and the Pretender. His Directors therefore ought, in my humble Opinion, to have employed his L — p in publishing a Book, wherein he should have asserted, by the most solemn Affeверations, that all Things were safe and well: For, the World hath contracted so strong a Habit of believing him backwards, that I am confident nine Parts in ten of those who have read or heard of his Introduction, have slept in greater Security ever since. It is like the melancholy Tone of a Watchman at Midnight, who
thumps

thumps with his Pole, as if some Thief were breaking in; but you know by the Noise, that the Door is fast.

However, he thanks God, there are many among us who stand in the Breach: I believe they may; it is a Breach of their own making, and they design to come forward, and storm and plunder, if they be not driven back. They make themselves a Wall for their Church and Country. A *South* Wall, I suppose, for all the best Fruit of the Church and Country to be nailed on. Let us examine this Metaphor: The Wall of our Church and Country is built of those, who love the Constitution in both. Our domestick Enemies undermine some Parts of the Wall, and place themselves in the Breach; and then they cry out, We are the Wall. We do not like such Patch Work; they build with untempered Mortar, nor can they ever cement with us, till they get better Materials and better Workmen: God keep us from having our Breaches made up with such Rubbish. They stand upon the Watch Tower! They are indeed pragmatikal enough to do so; but who assigned them that Post, to give us false Intelligence, to alarm us with false Dangers, and send us to defend one Gate, while their Accomplices are breaking in at another?

another? They pray to God Day and Night to avert the Judgment of Popery, which seems to hasten towards us. Then I affirm, they are Hypocrites by Day, and filthy Dreamers by Night. When they cry unto him, he will not hear them: For they cry against the plainest Dictates of their own Conscience, Reason, and Belief.

But lastly, They lie in the Dust, mourning before him. Hang me, if I believe that, unless it be figuratively spoken. But suppose it to be true, Why do they lie in the Dust? Because they love to raise it; for what do they mourn? Why, for Power, Wealth and Places. There let the Enemies of the Queen and Monarchy, and the Church lie and mourn, and lick the Dust like Serpents, till they are truly sensible of their Ingratitude, Falseness, Disobedience, Slander, Blasphemy, Sedition, and every evil Work.

I cannot find in my Heart to conclude, without offering his L—p a little humble Advice upon some certain Points.

First, I would advise him, if it be not too late in his Life, to endeavour a little at mending his Style, which is mighty defective in the Circumstances of Grammar, Propriety,

Propriety, Politeness and Smoothness. I fancied at first, it might be owing to the Prevalence of his Passion, as People sputter out Nonsense for Haste, when they are in a Rage. And indeed, I believe this Piece before me hath received some additional Imperfections from that Occasion. But whoever hath heard his Sermons, or read his other Tracts, will find him very unhappy in the Choice and Disposition of his Words, and, for want of Variety, repeating them, especially the Particles, in a Manner very grating to an *English* Ear. But I confine myself to this Introduction, as his last Work, where endeavouring at rhetorical Flowers, he gives us only Bunches of Thistles; of which I could present the Reader with a plentiful Crop; but I refer him to every Page and Line of the Pamphlet itself.

Secondly, I would most humbly advise his Lordship to examine a little into the Nature of Truth, and sometimes to hear what she says. I shall produce two Instances among an Hundred. When he asserts, That we are now in more Danger of Popery than towards the End of King *Charles* the Second's Reign; and gives the broadest Hints, that the Queen, the Ministry, the Parliament, and the Clergy are just

just going to introduce it; I desire to know, whether he really thinks Truth is of his Side, or whether he be not sure she is against him: If the latter, then Truth and he would be found in two different Stories; and which are we to believe? Again, when he gravely advises the Tories not to light the Fires in *Smithfield*; and goes on in twenty Places already quoted, as if the Bargain were made for Popery and Slavery to enter: I ask again, whether he hath rightly considered the Nature of Truth? I desire to put a parallel Case. Suppose his L——p should take it into his Fancy to write and publish a Letter to any Gentleman of no infamous Character for his Religion or Morals? and there advise him with great Earnestness not to rob or fire Churches, ravish his Daughter, or murder his Father; shew him the Sin and Danger of these Enormities; That, if he flattered himself he could escape in Disguise, or bribe his Jury, he was grievously mistaken: That he must in all Probability forfeit his Goods and Chattels, die an ignominious Death, and be cursed by Posterity: Would not such a Gentleman justly think himself highly injured, although his L——p did not affirm, that the said Gentleman had Picklocks or Combustibles ready; that he had attempted his Daughter, and drawn his Sword against

against his Father in order to stab him? Whereas in the other Case, this Writer affirms over and over, that all Attempts for introducing Popery and Slavery are already made, the whole Business concerted, and that little less than a Miracle can prevent our Ruin.

Thirdly, I could heartily wish his Lordship would not undertake to charge the Opinions of one or two, and those probably Nonjurors, upon the whole Body of the Nation, that differs from him. Mr. *Lestly* writ a Proposal for an Union with the *Gallican* Church; somebody else hath carried the Necessity of Priesthood in the Point of Baptism farther than Popery: A third hath asserted the Independency of the Church on the State, and in many Things arraigned the Supremacy of the Crown: Then he speaks in a dubious insinuating Way, as if some other Popish Tenets had been already advanced: And at last concludes in this affected Strain of Despondency, What will all these Things end in! And on what Design are they driven! Alas it is too visible. It is as clear as the Sun, that these Authors are encouraged by the Ministry with a Design to bring in Popery; and in Popery all these Things will end.

I never

I never was so uncharitable to believe, That the whole Party of which his L — p professeth himself a Member, had a real formed Design of establishing Atheism among us. The Reason why the Whigs have taken the Atheists or Freethinkers into their Body, is because they wholly agree in their political Schemes, and differ very little in Church Power and Discipline. However, I could turn the Argument against his Lordship with very great Advantage, by quoting Passages from fifty Pamphlets wholly made up of Whiggism and Atheism, and then conclude, What will all these Things end in? And on what Design are they driven? Alas, it is too visible.

Lastly, I would beg his L — p not to be so exceedingly outrageous upon the Memory of the Dead; because it is highly probable; that in a very short Time he will be one of the Number. He hath in plain Words given Mr. *Wharton* the Character of a most malicious, revengeful, treacherous, lying, mercenary Villain. To which I shall only say, That the direct Reverse of this amiable Description, is what appears from the Works of that most learned Divine; and from the Accounts given me by those, who knew him much better than

than the B—p seems to have done. I meddle not with the moral Part of this Treatment. God Almighty forgive his L—p this Manner of revenging himself: And then there will be but little Consequence from an Accusation, which the Dead cannot feel, and which none of the Living will believe.

THE
PRESBYTERIANS PLEA

OF
MERIT

In order to take-off the

TEST,

Impartially Examined.

THE

PRESBYTERIAN P. E. A.

OF

M. E. R. I. T.

In order to save the time

T. E. S. T.

Impartially Examined.

K.

THE
PRESBYTERIANS PLEA
OF
MERIT, &c.

WE have been told in the common News-Papers, that all Attempts are to be made this Session by the Presbyterians, and their Abettors, for taking off the Test; as a Kind of preparatory Step, to make it go down smoother in *England*. For, if once their Light would so shine, the Papiſts, delighted with the Blaze, would all come in, and dance about it. This I take to be a prudent Method; like that of a discreet Phyſician, who firſt gives a new Medicine to a Dog, before he preſcribes it to a human Creature.

The Presbyterians have, ever ſince the Revolution, directed their learned Caſuiſts to employ their Pens on this Subject; by ſhewing the Merits and Pretenſions upon
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which they claim this Justice ; as founded upon the Services they did towards the Restoration of King *Charles* the Second ; and at the Revolution, under the Prince of *Orange*. Which Pleas I take to be the most singular, in their Kind, that ever were offered in the Face of the Sun, against the most glaring Light of Truth, and against a Continuation of public Facts, known to all *Europe* for twenty Years together. I shall, therefore, impartially examine the Merits and Conduct of the Presbyterians, upon those two great Events ; and the Pretensions to Favour, which they challenge upon them.

Soon after the Reformation of the Church in *England*, under *Edward* the Sixth, upon Queen *Mary's* succeeding to the Crown, who restored Popery ; many Protestants fled out of *England*, to escape the Persecution raised against the Church, as her Brother had left it established. Some of these Exiles went to *Geneva* ; which City had received the Doctrines of *Calvin*, and rejected the Government of Bishops ; with many other Refinements. These *English* Exiles readily embraced the *Geneva* System ; and having added further Improvements of their own, upon Queen *Mary's* Death, returned to *England* ; where they preached
up

up their new Opinions ; inveighing bitterly against Episcopacy, and all Rites and Ceremonies, however innocent and ancient in the Church : Building upon this Foundation ; to run as far as possible from Popery, even in the most minute and indifferent Circumstances : This Faction, under the Name of Puritan, became very turbulent, during the whole Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, and were always discouraged by that wise Queen, as well as by her two Successors. However, their Numbers, as well as their Insolence and Perverseness, so far increased, that soon after the Death of King *James* the First, many Instances of their Petulancy and Scurrility, are to be seen in their Pamphlets, written for some Years after ; which was a Trade they began in the Days of Queen *Elizabeth* : Particularly with great Rancour against the Bishops, the Habits, and the Ceremonies : Such were those scurrilous Libels under the Title of *Martin Mar-Prelate*, and several others. And, although the Earl of *Clarendon* tells us, until the Year 1640, (as I remember) the Kingdom was in a State of perfect Peace and Happiness, without the least Appearance of Thought or Design, towards making any Alterations in Religion or Government ; yet I have found, by often rumaging for old Books in *Little Britain* and

Duck-lane, a great Number of Pamphlets printed from the Year 1630 to 1640, full of as bold and impious railing Expressions, against the lawful Power of the Crown, and the Order of Bishops, as ever were uttered during the Rebellion, or the whole subsequent Tyranny of that Fanatick Anarchy. However, I find it manifest, that Puritanism did not erect itself into a new separate Species of Religion, till some Time after the Rebellion began. For, in the latter Times of King *James* the First, and the former Part of his Son, there were several Puritan Bishops, and many Puritan private Clergymen; while People went, as their Inclinations led them, to hear Preachers of each Party in the Parish Churches. For, the Puritan Clergy had received Episcopal Orders as well as the rest. But, soon after the Rebellion broke out, the Term Puritan gradually dropt, and that of Presbyterian succeeded; which Sect was, in two or three Years, established in all its Forms, by what they call an Ordinance of the Lords and Commons, without consulting the King, who was then at War against his Rebels. And, from this Period, the Church continued under Persecution until Monarchy was restored in the Year 1660.

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In a Year or two after, we began to hear of a new Party risen, and growing in the Parliament, as well as the Army; under the Name of Independent: It spread, indeed, somewhat more in the latter; but not equal with the Presbyterians, either in Weight or Number, until some Time before the King was murdered.

When the King, who was then a Prisoner in the Isle of *Wight*, had made his last Concessions for a Peace to the Commissioners of the Parliament, who attended him there; upon their Return to *London*, they reported his Majesty's Answer in the House. Whereupon, a Number of moderate Members, who, as *Ludlow* says, had secured their own Terms with that Prince, managed with so much Art, as to obtain a Majority, in a thin House, for passing a Vote, that the King's Concessions were a Ground for a future Settlement. But the great Officers of the Army, joining with the discontented Members, came to a Resolution, of excluding all those who had consented to that Vote; which they executed in a military Way. *Ireton* told *Fairfax* the General, a rigid Presbyterian, of this Resolution; who thereupon issued out his Orders for drawing out the Army the next Morn-

Morning, and placing Guards in *Westminster Hall*, the Court of Requests, and the Lobby; who in Obedience to the General, in Conjunction with those Members who had opposed the Vote, would let no Member enter the House, except those of their own Party. Upon which, the Question for bringing the King to Justice, was immediately put and carried, without Opposition, that I can find. Then, an Order was made for his Trial; the Time and Place appointed; the Judges named; of whom *Fairfax* himself was one; although by the Advice, or Threats of his Wife, he declined sitting among them. However, by fresh Orders under his own Hand, which I have seen in Print, he appointed Guards to attend the Judges at the Trial, and to keep the City in Quiet; as he did likewise to prevent any Opposition from the People, upon the Day of Execution.

From what I have already deduced, it appears manifest, that the Differences between those two Sects, Presbyterian and Independent, did not then amount to half so much as what there is between a Whig and Tory at present among us. The Design of utterly extirpating Monarchy and Episcopacy, was equally the same in both; evidently the Consequence of the very same Principles,

Principles, upon which the Presbyterians alone began, continued, and would have ended in the same Events ; if towards the Conclusion they had not been bearded by that new Party, with whom they could not agree about dividing the Spoil. However, they held a good Share of Civil and Military Employments during the whole Time of the Usurpation ; whose Names, and Actions, and Preferments, are frequent in the Accounts of those Times. For, I make no Doubt, that all the prudent Presbyterians complied in proper Seasons, falling in with the Stream ; and thereby got that Share in Employments, which many of them held to the Restoration ; and perhaps, too many of them after. In the same Manner, we find our wisest Tories, in both Kingdoms, upon the Change of Hands and Measures at the Queen's Death, have endeavoured for several Years, by due Compliances, to recover the Time they had lost by a temporary Obstinacy ; wherein they have well succeeded, according to their Degrees of Merit. Of whose Names I could here make honourable mention, if I did not fear it might offend their Modesty.

As to what is alledged, that some of the Presbyterians declared openly against the King's Murder ; I allow it to be true. But,
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from what Motives? No other can possibly be assigned than perfect Spight, Rage, and Envy, to find themselves wormed out of all Power, by a new infant Spawn of Independents, sprung from their own Bowels. It is true, the Differences in religious Tenets between them, are very few and trifling; the chief Quarrel, as far as I remember, relating to Congregational and National Assemblies. But, wherever Interest or Power think fit to interfere, it little imports what Principles the opposite Parties think fit to charge upon each other: For, we see, at this Day, that the Tories are more hated by the whole Set of zealous Whigs, than the very Papists themselves; and, in Effect, as much unqualified for the smallest Office: Although, both these Parties assert themselves to be of the same Religion, in all its Branches of Doctrine and Discipline; and profess the same Loyalty to the same Protestant King, and his Heirs.

If the Reader would know what became of this Independent Party, upon whom all the Mischief is charged by their Presbyterian Brethren; he may please to observe, that during the whole Usurpation, they contended by Degrees with their Parent Sect, and, as I have already said, shared in Employments; and gradually, after the Restoration,

storation, mingled with the Mass of Presbyterians; lying ever since undistinguished in the Herd of Dissenters.

The Presbyterian Merit is of as little Weight, when they alledge themselves instrumental towards the King's Restoration. The Kingdom grew tired with those ridiculous Models of Government: First, by a House of Lords and Commons, without a King; then without Bishops; afterwards by a Rump and Lords Temporal; then by a Rump alone: Next, by a single Person for Life, in Conjunction with a Council: By Agitators: By Major Generals: By a new Kind of Representatives from the three Kingdoms: By the Keepers of the Liberties of *England*; with other Schemes that have slipt out of my Memory. *Cromwell* was dead; his Son *Richard*, a weak, ignorant Wretch, who gave up his Monarchy much in the same Manner with the two usurping Kings of *Brentford*. The People, harrassed with Taxes, and other Oppressions; the King's Party, then called the Cavaliers, began to recover their Spirits. The few Nobility scattered through the Kingdom, who lived in a most retired Manner, observing the Confusion of Things, could no longer endure to be ridden by Bakers, Coblers, Brewers, and the like, at the Head of Armies;

mies; and plundering every where like *French* Dragoons: The Rump Assembly grew despicable to those who had raised them. The City of *London*, exhausted by almost twenty Years contributing to their own Ruin, declared against them. The Rump, after many Deaths and Resurrections, was, in the most contemptuous Manner, kickt out, and burnt in Effigy. The excluded Members were let in: A free Parliament called in as legal a Manner as the Times would allow; and the King restored.

The second Claim of Presbyterian Merit, is founded upon their Services against the dangerous Designs of King *James* the Second; while that Prince was using all his Endeavours to introduce Popery, which he openly professed upon his coming to the Crown: To this they add, their eminent Services at the Revolution, under the Prince of *Orange*.

Now, the Quantum of Presbyterian Merit, during the four Years Reign of that weak, bigotted, and ill-advised Prince, as well as at the Time of the Revolution, will easily be computed, by a Recourse to a great Number of Histories, Pamphlets, and publick Papers, printed in those Times, and
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some afterwards; besides the verbal Testimonies of many Persons yet alive, who are old enough to have known and observed the Dissenters Conduct in that critical Period.

It is agreed, that upon King *Charles* the Second's Death, soon after his Successor had publicly owned himself a Roman Catholic; he began with his first Caresses to the Church Party; from whom having received very cold discouraging Answers; he applied to the Presbyterian Leaders and Teachers; being advised by his Priests and Popish Courtiers, that the safest Method towards introducing his own Religion, would be by taking off the Sacramental Test, and giving a full Liberty of Conscience to all Religions, (I suppose that professed Christianity.) It seems, that the Presbyterians, in the latter Years of King *Charles* the Second, upon Account of certain Plots, (allowed by Bishop *Burnet* to be genuine) had been, for a short Time, forbid to hold their Conventicles. Whereupon, these charitable Christians, out of perfect Resentment against the Church, received the gracious Offers of King *James* with the strongest Professions of Loyalty, and highest Acknowledgments for his Favour. I have seen several of their Addresses, full of Thanks and Praises, with bitter Insinuations
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of what they have suffered ; putting themselves and the Papists upon the same Foot ; as Fellow Sufferers for Conscience ; and with the Style of, Our Brethren the Roman Catholicks. About this Time began the Project of Closetting, (which hath since been practised many Times, with more Art and Success) where the principal Gentlemen of the Kingdom were privately catechised by his Majesty, to know whether, if a new Parliament were called, they would agree to pass an Act for repealing the Sacramental Test, and establishing a general Liberty of Conscience. But he received so little Encouragement, that, despairing of Success, he had Recourse to his dispensing Power, which the Judges had determined to be Part of his Prerogative. By Colour of this Determination, he preferred several Presbyterians, and many Papists, to Civil and Military Employments. While the King was thus busied, it is well known that Monsieur *Fagel*, the *Dutch* Envoy in *London*, delivered the Opinion of the Prince and Princess of *Orange*, concerning the Repeal of the Test ; whereof the King had sent an Account to their Highnesses, to know how far they approved of it. The Substance of their Answer, as reported by *Fagel*, was this, That their Highnesses thought very well of a Liberty
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of Conscience ; but by no Means of giving Employments to any other Persons than those who were of the National Church. This Opinion was confirmed by several Reasons : I cannot be more particular, not having the Paper by me, although it hath been printed in many Accounts of those Times. And thus much every moderate Churchman would perhaps submit to : But to trust any Part of the Civil Power in the Hands of those whose Interest, Inclination, Conscience, and former Practices have been wholly turned to introduce a different System of Religion and Government, hath very few Examples in any Christian State ; nor any at all in *Holland*, the great Patroness of Universal Toleration.

Upon the first Intelligence King *James* received of an intended Invasion by the Prince of *Orange* ; among great Numbers of Papists to increase his Troops, he gave Commissions to several Presbyterians ; some of whom had been Officers under the Rump ; and particularly he placed one *Richards*, a noted Presbyterian, at the Head of a Regiment, who had been Governor of *Wexford* in *Cromwell's* Time, and is often mentioned by *Ludlow* in his Memoirs. This Regiment was raised in

England against the Prince of *Orange*: The Colonel made his Son a Captain, whom I knew, and was as zealous a Presbyterian as his Father. However, at the Time of the Prince's Landing, the Father easily foreseeing how Things would go, went over, like many others, to the Prince, who continued him in his Regiment; but coming over a Year or two after, to assist in raising the Siege of *Derry*, he behaved himself so like either a Coward or a Traytor, that his Regiment was taken from him.

I will now consider the Conduct of the Church-Party during the whole Reign of that unfortunate King. They were so unanimous against promising to pass an Act for repealing the Test, and establishing a general Liberty of Conscience; that the King durst not trust a Parliament; but encouraged by the Professions of Loyalty given him by his Presbyterian Friends, went on with his dispensing Power.

The Church Clergy at that Time are allowed to have written the best Collection of Tracts against Popery that ever appeared in *England*; which are to this Day in the highest Esteem. But, upon the strictest Enquiry, I could never hear of above one or two Papers published by the Presbyterians

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at that Time upon the same Subject. Seven great Prelates (he of *Canterbury* among the rest) were sent to the Tower, for presenting a Petition, wherein they desired to be excused in not obeying an illegal Command from the King. The Bishop of *London*, Dr. *Compton*, was summoned to answer before the Commissioners for Ecclesiastical Affairs, for not suspending Dr. *Sharp* (afterwards Archbishop of *York*) by the King's Command. If the Presbyterians expressed the same Zeal upon any Occasion, the Instances of it are not as I can find, left upon Record, or transmitted by Tradition. The Proceedings against *Magdalen College* in *Oxford*, for refusing to comply with the King's Mandate for admitting a professed Papist upon their Foundation, are a standing Proof of the Courage and Firmness in Religion shewn by that learned Society, to the Ruin of their Fortunes. The Presbyterians know very well, that I could produce many more Instances of the same Kind. But these are enough in so short a Paper as I intend at present.

It is indeed very true, that after King *William* was settled on the *English* Throne, the Presbyterians began to appear, and offer their Credentials, and demand Favour: And, the new King having been originally

bred a Calvinist, was desirous enough to make them easy (if that would do it) by a legal Toleration ; although in his Heart he never bore much Affection to that Sect ; nor designed to favour them further than as it stood with the present Scheme of Politics : As I have long since been assured by the greatest Men of Whig Principles at that Time in *England*.

It is likewise true, nor will be denied ; that when the King was possessed of the *English* Crown, and the Remainder of the Quarrel was left to be decided in this Kingdom ; the Presbyterians wisely chose to join with the Protestant Army, rather than with that of King *James* their old Friend, whose Affairs were then in a Manner desperate. They were wise enough to know, that this Kingdom, divided against itself, could never prevail against the united Power of *England*. They fought *pro aris & focis*, for their Estates and Religion ; which latter will never suffer so much by the Church of *England*, as by that of *Rome*, where they are counted Hereticks as well as we : And consequently they had no other Game to play. But, what Merit they can build upon having joined with a Protestant Army, under a King they acknowledged, to defend their own Liberties and Properties against

against a Popish Enemy under an abdicated King; is, I confess, to me absolutely inconceivable; and, I believe, will equally be so for ever, to any reasonable Man.

When these Sectaries were several Years ago making the same Attempt for abolishing the Test, many groundless Reports were industriously and seasonably spread of an Invasion threatned by the Pretender, on the North of *Ireland*. At which Time the Presbyterians in their Pamphlets argued in a menacing Manner, that if the Pretender should invade those Parts of the Kingdom, where the Numbers and Estates of the Dissenters chiefly lay; they would sit still, and let us fight our own Battles; since they were to reap no Advantage, which ever Side should be Victors. If this were the Course they intended to take in such a Case; I desire to know, how they could contrive safely to stand Neuters, otherwise than by a Compact with the Pretender and his Army, to support their Neutrality, and protect them against the Forces of the Crown? This is a necessary Supposition; because they must else have inevitably been a Prey to both. However, by this frank Declaration, they sufficiently shewed their good Will; and confirmed the common Charge laid at their Door; that a *Scottish* or Northern

thern Presbyterian hates our Episcopal Established Church, more than Popery itself. And, the Reason for this Hatred is natural enough; because it is the Church alone, that stands in the Way between them and Power; which Popery doth not.

Upon this Occasion I am in some Doubt, whether the political Spreaders of those chimerical Invasions, made a judicious Choice in fixing the northern Parts of *Ireland* for that romantick Enterprize. Nor, can I well understand the Wisdom of the Presbyterians in countenancing and confirming those Reports. Because, it seemed to cast a most infamous Reflection upon the Loyalty and religious Principles of their whole Body: For, if there had been any Truth in the Matter, the Consequence must have been allowed, that the Pretender counted upon more Assistance from his Father's Friends, the Presbyterians, by chusing to land in those very Parts, where their Number, Wealth, and Power, most prevailed; rather than among those of his own Religion; and therefore, in Charity to this Sect, I rather incline to believe, that those Reports of an Invasion were formed and spread by the Race of small Politicians, in order to do a seasonable Jobb.

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As to Popery in general, which for a thousand Years past hath been introducing and multiplying Corruptions both in Doctrine and Discipline; I look upon it to be the most absurd System of Christianity professed by any Nation. But I cannot apprehend this Kingdom to be in much Danger from it. The Estates of Papists are very few; crumbling into small Parcels, and daily diminishing. Their common People are sunk in Poverty, Ignorance, and Cowardice; and of as little Consequence as Women and Children. Their Nobility and Gentry are at least by one half ruined, banished, or converted: They all soundly feel the Smart of what they suffered in the last *Irish* War: Some of them are already retired into Foreign Countries; others, as I am told; intend to follow them; and the rest, I believe, to a Man, who still possess any Lands, are absolutely determined never to hazard them again for the Sake of establishing their Superstition. If it hath been thought fit, as some observe, to abate of the Law's Rigour against Popery in this Kingdom, I am confident it was done for very wise Reasons, considering the Situation of Affairs abroad at different Times, and the Interest of the Protestant Religion in general. And, as I do not find the least

Fault in this Proceeding, so I do not conceive why a sunk discarded Party, who neither expect nor desire any Thing more than a quiet Life; should, under the Names of High-flyers, Jacobites, and many other vile Appellations, be charged so often in Print, and at common Tables, with endeavouring to introduce Popery and the Pretender; while the Papists abhor them above all other Men, on Account of Severities against their Priests in her late Majesty's Reign; when the now disbanded Reprobate Party was in Power. This I was convinced of some Years ago by a long Journey into the Southern Parts; where I had the Curiosity to send for many Priests of the Parishes I passed through; and, to my great Satisfaction, found them every where abounding in Professions of Loyalty to the late King *George*; for which they gave me the Reasons above-mentioned; at the same Time complaining bitterly of the Hardships they suffered under the Queen's last Ministry.

I return from this Digression to the modest Demands of the Presbyterians for a Repeal of the Sacramental Test, as a Reward for their Merits at the Restoration, and the Revolution; which Merits I have fairly represented as well as my Memory would allow

allow me. If I have committed any Mistakes, they must be of little Moment. The Facts and principal Circumstances are what I have obtained and digested, from reading the Histories of those Times, written by each Party; and many Thousands have done the same as well as I, who I am sure have in their Minds drawn the same Conclusions.

This is the Faction, and these the Men who are now resuming their Applications, and giving in their Bills of Merit to both Kingdoms upon two Points, which of all others, they have the least Pretensions to offer. I have collected the Facts with all possible Impartiality, from the current Histories of those Times; and have shewn, although very briefly, the gradual Proceedings of those Sectaries under the Denominations of Puritans, Presbyterians, and Independants, for about the Space of an hundred and eighty Years, from the Beginning of Queen *Elizabeth*, to this present Time. But, notwithstanding all that can be said, these very Schismatics, (for such they are in Temporals as well as Spirituals) are now again expecting, soliciting, and demanding, (not without insinuated Threats, according to their Custom) that the Parliament should fix them upon an equal Foot with the Church

Church Established. I would fain know to what Branch of the Legislature they can have the Forehead to apply. Not to my Lords the Bishops; who must have often read, how the Predecessors of this very Faction, acting upon the same Principles, drove the whole Bench out of the House; who were then, and hitherto continue one of the three Estates. Not to the Temporal Peers, the second of the three Estates; who immediately after those Rebellious Fanaticks had murdered their King, voted a House of Lords to be useless and dangerous, and would let them sit no longer, otherwise than when elected as Commoners. Not to the House of Commons; who must have heard, that in those Fanatick Times the Presbyterian and Independent Commanders in the Army, by military Power, expelled all the moderate Men out of the House, and left a Rump to govern the Nation. Lastly, not to the Crown, which those very Saints destined to rule the Earth, trampled under their Feet, and then in cold Blood murdered the blessed Wearer.

But, the Session now approaching, and a Clan of Dissenting Teachers come up to Town from their Northern Head Quarters, accompanied by many of their Elders and Agents, and supported by a general Contribution,

bution, to solicit their Establishment, with a Capacity of holding all Military as well as Civil Employments; I think it high Time, that this Paper should see the Light. However, I cannot conclude without freely confessing, that if the Presbyterians should obtain their Ends, I could not be sorry to find them mistaken in the Point which they have most at Heart by the Repeal of the Test; I mean, the Benefit of Employments. For, after all, what Assurance can a *Scottish* Northern Dissenter, born on *Irish* Ground, have, that he shall be treated with as much Favour as a TRUE SCOT born beyond the *Tweed*.

I am ready enough to believe that all I have said will avail but little. I have the common Excuse of other Men, when I think myself bound by all religious and civil Ties, to discharge my Conscience, and to warn my Countrymen upon this important Occasion. It is true, the Advocates for this Scheme promise a new World, after this blessed Work shall be compleated; that all Animosity and Faction must immediately drop: That, the only Distinction in this Kingdom will then be of Papist and Protestant. For, as to Whig and Tory, High and Low Church, Jacobite and *Hannoverian*, Court and Country Party, *English* and

and *Irish* Interest, Dissenters and Conformists, New Light and Old Light, Anabaptist and Independent, Quaker and Muggletonian; they will all meet and jumble together into a perfect Harmony, at the Sessions and Assizes, on the Bench, and in the Revenues; and upon the whole, in all Civil and Military Trust, not excepting the great Councils of the Nation. For, it is wisely argued thus: That, a Kingdom being no more than a larger Knot of Friends met together, it is against the Rule of good Manners to shut any Person out of the Company; except the Papists; who profess themselves of another Club.

I am at a Loss to know what Arts the Presbyterian Sect intends to use, in convincing the World of their Loyalty to kingly Government; which long before the Prevalence, or even the Birth of their Independent Rivals, as soon as the King's Forces were overcome, declared their Principles to be against Monarchy, as well as Episcopacy and the House of Lords, even until the King was restored: At which Event, although they were forced to submit to the present Power, yet I have not heard that they did ever, to this Day, renounce any one Principle by which their Predecessors then acted; yet this they have
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been challenged to do, or at least to shew that others have done it for them, by a certain * Doctor, who, as I am told, hath much employed his Pen in the like Disputes. I own they will be ready enough to insinuate themselves into any Government: But, if they mean to be honest and upright, they will and must endeavour by all Means, which they shall think lawful, to introduce and establish their own Scheme of Religion, as nearest approaching to the Word of God, by casting out all superstitious Ceremonies, Ecclesiastical Titles, Habits, Distinctions, and Superiorities, as Rags of Popery; in order to a thorough Reformation; and, as in Charity bound, to promote the Salvation of their Countrymen: Wishing with *St. Paul*, That the whole Kingdom were as they are. But, what Assurance will they please to give, that when their Sect shall become the National Established Worship, they will treat Us DISSENTERS as we have treated them. Was this their Course of Proceeding during the Dominion of the Saints? Were not all the Remainers of the Episcopal Church, in those Days, especially the Clergy, under a Persecution for above a dozen Years, equal to that of the Primitive Christians under Hea-
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* The late Dr. *Tisdal*, who died *June*, 1736.

then Emperors? That this Proceeding was suitable to their Principles, is known enough; for many of their Preachers then writ Books expressly against allowing any Liberty of Conscience, in a Religion different from their own; producing many Arguments to prove that Opinion; and among the rest, one frequently insisted on; that, allowing such a Liberty would be to establish Iniquity by a Law: * Many of these Writings are yet to be seen; and, I hear, have been quoted by the Doctor above-mentioned.

As to their great Objection of prostituting that holy Institution, the blessed Sacrament, by Way of a Test, before Admittance into any Employment; I ask, whether they would not be content to receive it after their own Manner, for the Office of a Judge, for that of a Commissioner in the Revenue, for a Regiment of Horse, or to be a Lord Justice. I believe they would scruple it as little, as a long Grace before and after Dinner; which they can say without bending a Knee. For, as I have been told, their Manner of taking Bread and Wine in their Conventicles, is performed

* See many hundred Quotations to prove this, in the Treatise called, *Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence*.

ed with little more Solemnity than at their common Meals. And, therefore, since they look upon our Practice in receiving the Elements, to be idolatrous; they neither can, nor ought, in Conscience, to allow us that Liberty, otherwise than by Connivance; and a bare Toleration, like what is permitted to the Papists. But, lest we should offend them, I am ready to change this Test for another; although, I am afraid, that sanctified Reason is, by no Means, the Point where the Difficulty pinches; and only offered by pretended Churchmen, as if they could be content with our believing, that the Impiety and Prophanation of making the Sacrament a Test, were the only Objection. I therefore propose, that before the present Law be repealed, another may be enacted; that no Man shall receive any Employment, before he swears himself to be a true Member of the Church of *Ireland*, in Doctrine and Discipline, &c. And, that he will never frequent, or communicate with any other Form of Worship. It shall likewise be further enacted, that whoever offends, &c. shall be fined five hundred Pounds, imprisoned for a Year and a Day, and rendered incapable of all publick Trust for ever. Otherwise, I do insist, that those pious, indulgent, external Professors of our National
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Religion, shall either give up that fallacious hypocritical Reason for taking off the Test; or freely confess, that they desire to have a Gate wide open for every Sect, without any Test at all, except that of swearing Loyalty to the King: Which, however, considering their Principles, with regard to Monarchy yet unrenounced, might, if they would please to look deep enough into their own Hearts, prove a more bitter Test, than any other that the Law hath yet invented.

For, from the first Time that these Secretaries appeared in the World, it hath been always found, by their whole Proceeding, that they professed an utter Hatred to kingly Government. I can recollect, at present, three Civil Establishments, where Calvinists, and some other Reformers who rejected Episcopacy, possess the supreme Power; and, these are all Republicks; I mean, *Holland*, *Geneva*, and the reformed *Swiss* Cantons. I do not say this in Diminution, or Disgrace to Commonwealths; wherein, I confess, I have much altered many Opinions under which I was educated, having been led by some Observation, long Experience, and a thorough Detestation for the Corruptions of Mankind: Infomuch, that I am now justly liable to the Censure of *Hobbs*, who complains, that the Youth of *England* imbibe

bibe ill Opinions, from reading the Histories of ancient *Greece* and *Rome*, those renowned Scenes of Liberty and every Virtue.

But, as to Monarchs, who must be supposed well to study and understand their own Interest; they will best consider, whether those People, who in all their Actions, Preachings, and Writings, have openly declared themselves against Regal Power, are to be safely placed in an equal Degree of Favour and Trust, with those who have been always found the true and only Friends to the *English* Establishment. From which Consideration, I could have added one more Article to my new Test, if I had thought it worth my Time.

I have been assured by some Persons who were present, that several of these Dissenting Teachers, upon their first Arrival hither to solicit the Repeal of the Test, were pleased to express their Gratitude, by publicly drinking the Healths of certain eminent Patrons, whom they pretend to have found among us; if this be true, and that the Test must be delivered up by the very Superiors appointed to defend it; the Affair is already, in Effect, at an End. What secret Reasons those Patrons may

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have given for such a Return of brotherly Love, I shall not enquire: For, "O my Soul come not thou into their Secret, unto their Assembly mine Honour be not thou united. For in their Anger they slew a Man, and in their Self-will they digged down a Wall. Curfed be their Anger, for it was fierce, and their Wrath, for it was cruel; I will divide them in *Jacob*, and scatter them in *Israel*."

SOME

SOME
A D V I C E
HUMBLY OFFERED TO THE
M E M B E R S
O F T H E
O C T O B E R C L U B.

In a LETTER from a PERSON of
HONOUR.

Written in the Year 1711.

SECRET - 2010-10-10 14:48:07

M E M B E R S

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T H E

PUBLISHER'S P R E F A C E.

ABOUT the Year when her late Majesty, of Blessed Memory, thought proper to change her Ministry, and brought in Mr. *Harley*, Mr. *St. John*, Sir *Simon Harcourt*, and some others: The first of these being made an Earl and Lord Treasurer, he was soon after blamed by his Friends for not making a general Sweep of all the Whigs, as the latter did of their Adversaries, upon her Majesty's Death, when they came into Power. At that Time a great Number of Parliament Men, amounting to above two hundred, grew so warm upon the Slowness of the Treasurer in this Part, that they formed themselves into a Body under the Name of the *October Club*, and had many Meetings, to consult upon some Methods that might spur on those in Power, so that they might make a quicker Dispatch, in removing all of the Whig Leaven from the Employments they still possessed. To prevent the ill Consequences of this Discontent among so many

The P R E F A C E.

worthy Members; the rest of the Ministry joined with the Treasurer, partly to pacify, and partly to divide those who were in greater Haste than moderate Men thought convenient. It was well known, that the supposed Author met a considerable Number of this Club in a publick House, where he convinced them very plainly of the Treasurer's Sincerity, with many of those very Reasons which are urged in the following Discourse, besides some others which were not so proper to appear at that Time in Print.

The Treasurer alledged in his Defence, that such a Treatment would not consist with Prudence, because there were many Employments to be bestowed, which required Skill and Practice; that several Gentlemen who possessed them, had been long versed, and very loyal to her Majesty, and had never been violent Party Men, and were ready to fall into all honest Measures for the Service of their Queen and Country. But however, as Offices became vacant, he would humbly recommend to her Majesty such Gentlemen whose Principles with Regard to both Church and State, his Friends would approve of, and he would be ready to accept their Recommendations. Thus, the Earl proceeded in procuring Employments
for

The P R E F A C E.

for those who deserved them by their Honesty, and Abilities to execute them; which, I confess to have been a Singularity not very likely to be imitated. However, the Gentlemen of this Club, still continued uneasy that no quicker Progress was made in Removals, until those who were least violent began to soften a little, or by dividing them, the whole Affair dropped. During this Difficulty, we have been assured, that the following Discourse was very seasonably published with great Success, shewing the Difficulties that the Earl of *Oxford* lay under, and his real Desire, that all Persons in Employment should be true loyal Churchmen, zealous for her Majesty's Honour and Safety, as well as for the Succession in the House of *Hanover*, if the Queen should happen to die without Issue. This Discourse having been published about the Year 1711, and many of the Facts forgotten, would not have been generally understood without some Explanation, which we have now endeavoured to give, because it seems a Point of History too material to be lost. We owe this Piece of Intelligence to an Intimate of the supposed Author.

SOME
A D V I C E
HUMBLY OFFERED TO THE
M E M B E R S
O F T H E
O C T O B E R C L U B.

GENTLEMEN,
SINCE the first Institution of your Society, I have always thought you capable of the greatest Things. Such a Number of Persons, Members of Parliament, true Lovers of our Constitution in Church and State, and mixing Business and Conversation together, without the Forms and Constraint necessary to be observed in publick Assemblies, must very much improve each others Understanding; correct and fix your Judgment; and prepare yourselves against any Designs of the opposite Party.

Party. Upon the opening of this Session, an Incident hath happened; to provide against the Consequences whereof will require your utmost Vigilance and Application. All this last Summer the Enemy was working under Ground, and laying their Train; they gradually became more frequent and bold in their Pamphlets and Papers, while those on our Side were dropped, as if we had no farther Occasion for them. Some Time before, an Opportunity fell into their Hands, which they have cultivated ever since; and thereby have endeavoured, in some Sort, to turn those Arts against us, which had been so effectually employed to their Ruin: A plain Demonstration of their superior Skill at Intrigue; to make a Stratagem succeed a second Time; and this even against those who first tried it upon them. I know not whether this Opportunity I have mentioned could have been prevented by any Care, without straining a very tender Point, which those chiefly concerned avoided by all Means, because it might seem a Counter-part of what they had so much condemned in their Predecessors. Although it is certain the two Cases were widely different; and if Policy had once got the better of Good-Nature, all had been safe, for there was no other Danger in View: But the Consequences of this were foreseen from

from the Beginning; and those who kept the Watch had early Warning of it. It would have been a Masterpiece of Prudence, in this Case, to have made a Friend of an Enemy. But whether that were possible to be compassed, or whether it were ever attempted, is now too late to enquire. All Accommodation was rendered desperate, by an unlucky Proceeding some Months ago at *Windsor*, which was a Declaration of War too frank and generous for that Situation of Affairs; and, I am told, was not approved by a certain great Minister. It was obvious to suppose, that in a Particular, where the Honour and Interest of a Husband were so closely united with those of a Wife, he might be sure of her utmost Endeavours for his Protection, although she neither loved nor esteemed him. The Danger of losing Power, Favour, Profit, and a Shelter from Domestick Tyranny, were strong Incitements to stir up a working Brain, early practised in all the Arts of Intriguing. Neither is it safe to count upon the Weakness of any Man's Understanding, who is thoroughly possessed with the Spirit of Revenge to sharpen his Invention: Nothing else is required besides Obsequiousness and Assiduity; which, as they are often the Talents of those who have no better, so, they are apt to make Impressions upon the best and greatest Minds,

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It was no small Advantage to the designing Party, that since the Adventure at *Windsor*, the Person on whom we so much depend, was long absent by Sickness; which hindered him from pursuing those Measures that Ministers are in Prudence forced to take, to defend their Country and themselves against an irritated Faction. The Negotiators on the other Side, improved this favourable Conjunction to the utmost; and by an unparalleled Boldness, accompanied with many Falshoods, persuaded certain Lords, who were already in the same Principle, but were afraid of making a wrong Step, lest it should lead them out of their Coaches into the Dirt; that voting, in Appearance, against the Court, would be the safest Course to avoid the Danger they most apprehended, which was that of losing their Pensions; and their Opinions, when produced, would, by seemingly contradicting their Interest, have an Appearance of Virtue into the Bargain. This, with some Arguments of more immediate Power, went far in producing that strange unexpected Turn we have so lately seen, and from which our Adversaries reckoned upon such wonderful Effects; and some of them, particularly my Lord Chief Justice, began to act as if all were already in their Power.

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But, although the more immediate Causes of this Desertion were what I have above related, yet I am apt to think, it would hardly have been attempted, or at least not have succeeded, but for a prevailing Opinion, that the Church Party, and the Ministers, had different Views, or at least were not so firmly united as they ought to have been. It was commonly said, and I suppose, not without some Ground of Truth, that many Gentlemen of your Club were discontented to find so little done; that they thought it looked as if People were not in Earnest; that they expected to see a thorough Change, with respect to Employments; and although every Man could not be provided for, yet when all Places were filled with Persons of good Principles, there would be fewer Complaints, and less Danger from the other Party; that this Change was hoped for all last Summer, and even to the Opening of the Session, yet nothing done. On the other Hand, it was urged by some in Favour of the Ministry, that it was impossible to find Employments for one Pretender in twenty; and therefore in gratifying one, nineteen would be disobliged; but while all had Leave to hope, they would all endeavour to deserve: But this again was esteem-
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ed a very shallow Policy, which was too easily seen through, must soon come to an End, and would cause a general Discontent; with twenty other Objections, to which it was liable: And indeed, considering the short Life of Ministries in our Climate, it was with some Reason thought a little hard, that those for whom any Employment was intended, should, by such a Delay, be probably deprived of half their Benefit; not to mention, that a Ministry is best confirmed, when all inferior Officers are in its Interest.

I have set this Cause of Complaint in the strongest Light, although my Design is to endeavour that it should have no Manner of Weight with you, as I am confident our Adversaries counted upon, and do still expect to find mighty Advantages by it.

But it is necessary to say something to this Objection, which in all Appearance lieth so hard upon the present Ministry. What shall I offer upon so tender a Point? How shall I convey an Answer that none will apprehend, except those for whom I intend it? I have often pitied the Condition of great Ministers upon several Accounts; but never so much upon any, as when their Duty obliges them to bear the Blame and Envy of Actions, for which they will not be

be answerable in the next World, although they dare not convince the present, until it is too late. This Letter is sent you, Gentlemen, from no mean Hand, nor from a Person uninformed, although for the rest as little concerned in Point of Interest for any Change of Ministry, as most others of his Fellow Subjects. I may therefore assume so much to myself, as to desire you will depend upon it, that a short Time will make manifest, how little the Defect you complain of, ought to lie at that Door, where your Enemies would be glad to see you place it. The wisest Man, who is not very near the Spring of Affairs, but views them only in their Issues and Events, will be apt to fix Applauses and Reproaches in the wrong Place; which is the true Cause of a Weakness that I never yet knew Great Ministers without; I mean their being deaf to all Advice: For, if a Person of the best Understanding, offer his Opinion in a Point where he is not Master of all the Circumstances, (which perhaps are not to be told) it is a hundred to one, that he runs into an Absurdity: From whence it is, that Ministers falsely conclude themselves to be equally wiser than others in general Things, where the common Reason of Mankind ought to be the Judge; and is probably less biased than theirs. I have known a
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great Man of excellent Parts, blindly pursue a Point of no Importance, against the Advice of every Friend he had, until it ended in his Ruin. I have seen great Abilities rendered utterly useless, by unaccountable and unnecessary Delay, and by Difficulty of Access, by which a thousand Opportunities are suffered to escape. I have observed the strongest Shoulders to sink under too great a Load of Business, for want of dividing a due Proportion among others: These, and more that might be named, are obvious Failings, which every rational Man may be allowed to discern, as well as lament; and wherein the wisest Minister may receive Advice from others of inferior Understanding: But, in those Actions where we are not thoroughly informed of all the Motives and Circumstances, it is hardly possible, that our Judgment should not be mistaken. I have often been one of the Company, where we have all blamed a Measure taken, which hath afterwards proved the only one that could possibly have succeeded. Nay, I have known those very Men who have formerly been in the Secret of Affairs, when a new Set of People hath come in, offering their Refinements and Conjectures in a very plausible Manner upon what was passing, and widely err in all they advanced.

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Whatever Occasions may have been given for Complaints, that enough hath not been done, those Complaints should not be carried so far as to make us forget what hath been done, which at first was a great deal more than we hoped or thought practicable; and you may be assured, that so much Courage and Address, were not employed in the Beginning of so great a Work, without a Resolution of carrying it through, as fast as Opportunities would offer. Any of the most sanguine Gentlemen in your Club, would gladly have compounded two Years ago, to have been assured of seeing Affairs in the present Situation: It is principally to the Abilities of one great Person, that you, Gentlemen, owe the Happiness of meeting together, to cultivate good Principles, and form yourselves into a Body for defending your Country against a restless and dangerous Faction. It is to the same we all owe that mighty Change in the most important Posts of the Kingdom, that we see the sacred Person of our Prince, encompassed by those whom we ourselves would have chosen, if it had been left to our Power: And, if every Thing besides, that you could wish, hath not been hitherto done, you will be but just to impute it to some powerful, although unknown Impediments, wherein
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the Ministry is more to be lamented than blamed : But there is good Reason to hope from the vigorous Proceedings of the Court, that these Impediments will in a short Time effectually be removed : And one great Motive to hasten the Removal of them, will doubtless be the Reflection upon those dangerous Consequences which had like to have ensued upon not removing them before. Besides, after so plain and formidable a Conviction, that mild and moderate Methods meet with no other Reception or Return, than to serve as Opportunities to the insatiable Malice of an Enemy ; Power will awake to vindicate itself, and disarm its Opposers, at least, of all offensive Weapons.

Consider, if you please, how hard beset the present Ministry hath been on every Side : By the Impossibility of carrying on the War any longer, without taking the most desperate Courses ; or of recovering *Spain* from the House of *Bourbon*, although we could continue it many Years longer : By the Clamours of a Faction against any Peace without that Condition, which the most knowing among themselves allowed to be impracticable : By the secret Cabals of Foreign Ministers, who have endeavoured to inflame our People, and spirited up a

sinking Faction to blast all our Endeavours for Peace, with those popular Reproaches of *France* and the Pretender : Not to mention the Danger they have been in from private Insinuations of such a Nature, as it was almost impossible to fence against. These Clouds now begin to blow over, and those who are at the Helm, will have Leisure to look about them ; and compleat what yet remains to be done.

That Confederate Body which now makes up the adverse Party, consisteth of an Union so monstrous and unnatural, that in a little Time it must of Necessity fall to Pieces. The Dissenters with Reason think themselves betrayed and sold by their Brethren. What they have been told, that the present Bill against Occasional Conformity, was to prevent a greater Evil, is an Excuse too gross to pass ; and if any other profound Refinement were meant, it is now come to nothing. The remaining Sections of the Party, have no other Tye but that of an inveterate Hatred and Rancour against those in Power, without agreeing in any other common Interest ; not cemented by Principle or Personal Friendship ; I speak particularly of their Leaders ; and although, I know that Court Enmities are as inconstant as its Friendships, yet from the Difference
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of Temper and Principles, as well as the Scars remaining of former Animosities, I am persuaded their League will not be of long Continuance: I know several of them who will never pardon those with whom they are now in Confederacy; and when once they see the present Ministry thoroughly fixed, they will grow weary of hunting upon a cold Scent, or playing a desperate Game; and crumble away.

On the other Side, while the Malice of that Party continues in Vigour; while they yet feel the Bruises of their Fall, which pain them afresh since their late Disappointment; they will leave no Arts untried to recover themselves; and it behoves all who have any Regard for the Safety of the Queen or her Kingdom, to join unanimously against an Adversary, who will return full fraught with Vengeance upon the first Opportunity that shall offer: And this, perhaps, is more to be regarded, because that Party seem yet to have a Reserve of Hope, in the same Quarter from whence their last Reinforcement came. Neither can any Thing cultivate this Hope of theirs so much, as a Disagreement among ourselves, founded upon a Jealousy of the Ministry, who, I think, need no better a Testimony of their good Intentions, than the incessant Rage of the Party Leaders against them.

There is one Fault which both Sides are apt to charge upon themselves, and very generously commend their Adversaries for the contrary Virtue. The Tories acknowledge, that the Whigs outdid them in rewarding their Friends, and adhering to each other. The Whigs allow the same to the Tories. I am apt to think, that the former may a little excel the latter in this Point; for doubtless, the Tories are less vindictive of the two; and whoever is remiss in punishing, will probably be so in rewarding; although at the same Time I well remember the Clamours often raised during the Reign of that Party against the Leaders, by those who thought their Merits were not rewarded; and they had Reason on their Side; because it is, no doubt, a Misfortune, to forfeit Honour and Conscience for nothing: But surely, the Case is very different at this Time, when whoever adheres to the Administration, doth Service to God, his Prince, and his Country, as well as contribute to his own private Interest and Safety.

But, if the Whig Leaders were more grateful in rewarding their Friends, it must be avowed likewise, that the Bulk of them was in general more zealous for the Service
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of their Party, even when abstracted from any private Advantage; as might be observed in a thousand Instances; for which I would likewise commend them, if it were not natural to Mankind to be more violent in an ill Cause, than a good one.

The perpetual Discord of Factions, with several Changes of late Years in the very Nature of our Government, have controuled many Maxims among us. The Court and Country Party which used to be the old Division, seems now to be ceased, or suspended for better Times and worse Princes. The Queen and Ministry are at this Time fully in the true Interest of the Kingdom; and therefore the Court and Country are of a Side; and the Whigs, who originally were of the latter, are now of neither, but an independent Faction, nursed up by the Necessities or Mistakes of a late good, although unexperienced Prince. Court and Country ought therefore to join their Forces against these common Enemies, until they are entirely dispersed and disabled. It is enough to arm ourselves against them, when we consider that the greatest Misfortunes which can befall the Nation, are what would most answer their Interest and their Wishes; a perpetual War increases their Money, breaks and beggars their

Landed Enemies. The Ruin of the Church would please the Dissenters, Deists, and Socinians, whereof the Body of their Party consists. A Commonwealth, or a Protector, would gratify the Republican Principles of some, and the Ambition of others among them.

I would infer from hence, that no Discontents of an inferior Nature, such I mean, as I have already mentioned, should be carried so far as to give any ill Impression of the present Ministry. If all Things have not been hitherto done as you, Gentlemen, could reasonably wish, it can be imputed only to the secret Instruments of that Faction. The Truth of this hath appeared from some late Incidents more visible than formerly. Neither do I believe, that any one will now make a Doubt whether a certain Person be in Earnest, after the united and avowed Endeavours of a whole Party to strike directly at his Head.

When it happens, by some private cross Intrigues, that a great Man hath not the Power which is thought due to his Station, he will however probably desire the Reputation of it, without which he neither can preserve the Dignity, nor hardly go through the common Business of his Place; yet is it

it that Reputation to which he owes all the Envy and Hatred of others, as well as his own Disquiets. Mean Time, his expecting Friends impute all their Disappointments to some deep Design, or to his Defect of good Will; and his Enemies are sure to cry up his Excess of Power; especially in those Points where they are confident it is most shortened. A Minister, in this difficult Case, is sometimes forced to preserve his Credit, by forbearing what is in his Power, for fear of discovering how far the Limits extend of what is not; or perhaps for fear of shewing an Inclination contrary to that of his Master. Yet all this while he lies under the Reproach of Delay, Unsteadiness, or want of Sincerity. So that there are many Inconveniences and Dangers, either in discovering or concealing the want of Power. Neither is it hard to conceive, that Ministers may happen to suffer for the Sins of their Predecessors, who by their great Abuse and Monopolies of Power and Favour, have taught Princes to be more thrifty for the future in the Distribution of both. And, as in common Life, whoever hath been long confined, is very fond of his Liberty, and will not easily endure the very Appearance of Restraint, even from those who have been the Instruments of setting him free; so it is with the Recovery

of Power; which is usually attended with an undistinguished Jealousy, lest it should be again invaded. In such a Juncture, I cannot discover why a wise and honest Man should venture to place himself at the Head of Affairs upon any other Regard than the Safety of his Country, and the Advice of *Socrates*, to prevent an ill Man from coming in.

Upon the whole, I do not see any one Ground of Suspicion or Dislike, which you, Gentlemen, or others, who wish well to their Country, may have entertained about Persons or Proceedings, but what may probably be misapprehended even by those who think they have the best Information. Nay, I will venture to go one Step farther, by adding, that although it may not be prudent to speak out upon this Occasion; yet, whoever will reason impartially upon the whole State of Affairs, must entirely acquit the Ministry of that Delay and Neutrality which have been laid to their Charge. Or suppose, some small Part of this Accusation were true, (which I positively know to be otherwise, whereof the World will soon be convinced) yet the Consequences of any Resentment at this Time, must either be none at all, or the most fatal that can be imagined: For if the
present

present Ministry be made so uneasy, that a Change be thought necessary, Things will return of Course into the old Hands of those whose Little Fingers will be found heavier than their Predecessors Loins. The Whig Faction is so dextrous at corrupting, and the People so susceptible of it, that you cannot be ignorant how easy it will be, after such a Turn of Affairs, upon a new Election, to procure a Majority against you. They will resume their Power, with a Spirit like that of *Marius* or *Sylla*, or the last Triumvirate; and those Ministers who have been most censured for too much Hesitation, will fall the first Sacrifices to their Vengeance. But these are the smallest Mischiefs to be apprehended from such returning Exiles. What Security can a Prince hope for his Person or his Crown, or even for the Monarchy itself? He must expect to see his best Friends brought to the Scaffold, for asserting his Rights; to see his Prerogative trampled on, and his Treasure applied to feed the Avarice of those who make themselves his Keepers: To hear himself treated with Insolence and Contempt; to have his Family purged at Pleasure by their Humour and Malice; and to retain even the Name and Shadow of a King, no longer than his Ephori shall think fit.

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These are the inevitable Consequences of such a Change of Affairs, as that envenomed Party is now projecting; which will best be prevented by your firmly adhering to the present Ministry, until this Domestick Enemy is out of all Possibility of making Head any more.

CONSIDERATIONS

CONSIDERATIONS

UPON TWO

B I L L S

Sent down from the Right Honourable the

House of LORDS

To the Honourable

House of COMMONS,

Relating to the

CLERGY

OF

I R E L A N D.

Written in the Year 1731.

CONSIDERATIONS

UPON TWO

BILLS

That come from the Right Honourable

House of LORDS

To the Honourable

House of COMMONS

Relating to the

CLERGY

OF

IRELAND.

Written in the Year 1731.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I*N the Year 1731, a Bill was brought into the House of Lords by a great Majority of the Right Reverend the Bishops, for enabling them to divide the Livings of the inferior Clergy; which Bill was approved of in the Privy Council of Ireland, and passed by the Lords in Parliament. It was afterwards sent to the House of Commons for their Approbation; but was rejected by them with a great Majority. The supposed Author of the following Considerations, who hath always been the best Friend to the inferior Clergy of the Church of England, as may be seen by many Parts of his Writings, opposed this pernicious Project with great Success; which, if it had passed into Law, would have been of the worst Consequence to this Nation.*

C O N S I -

ADVERTISEMENT

I have the honor to inform you that a Bill was introduced into the House of Lords by a great Majority of the Right Hon. Members of the House, for enabling them to divide the I. of the inferior Clergy; which Bill was approved of in the Privy Council of Ireland, and passed by the Lords in Parliament. It was afterwards sent to the House of Commons for their consideration, but was rejected by them with a great Majority. The proposed Author of the following Confession, who had always been the best Friend to the former Clergy of the Church of England, as may be seen by many Papers of his writing, opposed this Bill, and was joined with great Success, which it had passed into Law, would have been one of the worst Confessions in this Nation.

C O N F E S S I O N

CONSIDERATIONS

UPON TWO

BILLS, &c.

I HAVE often, for above a Month past, desired some few Clergymen, who are pleased to visit me, that they would procure an Extract of two Bills, brought into the Council by some of the Bishops, and both of them since passed in the House of Lords: But I could never obtain what I desired, whether by the Forgetfulness, or Negligence of those whom I employed, or the Difficulty of the Thing itself. Therefore, if I shall happen to mistake in any Fact of Consequence, I desire my Remarks upon it may pass for nothing; for my Information is no better than what I received in Words from several Divines, who seemed to agree with each other. I have not the Honour to be acquainted with any one single Prelate
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of the Kingdom; and am a Stranger to their Characters, further than as common Fame reports them, which is not to be depended on. Therefore, I cannot be supposed to act upon any Principle of Resentment. I esteem their Functions (if I may be allowed to say so without Offence) as truly Apostolical, and absolutely necessary to the Perfections of a Christian Church.

There are no Qualities more incident to the Frailty and Corruptions of human Kind, than an Indifference, or Insensibility for other Mens Sufferings, and a sudden Forgetfulness of their own former humble State, when they rise in the World. These two Dispositions have not, I think, any where so strongly exerted themselves, as in the Order of Bishops, with regard to the inferior Clergy; for which I can find no Reasons, but such as naturally should seem to operate a quite contrary Way. The Maintenance of the Clergy, throughout the Kingdom, is precarious and uncertain, collected from a most miserable Race of beggarly Farmers; at whose Mercy every Minister lies to be defrauded: His Office, as Rector or Vicar, if it be duly executed, is very laborious: As soon as he is promoted to a Bishoprick, the Scene is entirely and happily changed; his Revenues are large,
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and as surely paid as those of the King; his whole Business is once a Year to receive the Attendance, the Submission, and the Proxy-Money of all his Clergy, in whatever Part of the Diocese he shall please to think most convenient for himself. Neither is his personal Presence necessary, for the Business may be done by a Vicar General. The Fatigue of Ordination, is just what the Bishops please to make it, and as Matters have been for some Time, and may probably remain, the fewer Ordinations the better. The rest of their visible Office, consists in the Honour of attending Parliaments and Councils, and bestowing Preferments in their own Gift; in which last Employment, and in their Spiritual and Temporal Courts, the Labour falls to their Vicars-General, Secretaries, Proctors, Apparitors, Seneschals, and the like. Now, I say, in so quick a Change, where their Brethren, in a few Days, are become their Subjects, it would be reasonable at least, to hope, that the Labour, Confinement, and Subjection from which they have so lately escaped, like a Bird out of the Snare of the Fowler, might a little incline them to remember the Condition of those, who were but last Week their Equals, probably their Companions or their Friends, and possibly as reasonable Expectants. There is a known

Story of Colonel *Tidecomb*, who, while he continued a Subaltern Officer, was every Day complaining against the Pride, Oppression, and hard Treatment of Colonels towards their Officers; yet in a very few Minutes after he had received his Commission for a Regiment, walking with a Friend on the Mall, he confessed that the Spirit of Colonelship was coming fast upon him, which Spirit is said to have daily increased to the Hour of his Death.

It is true, the Clergy of this Kingdom, who are promoted to Bishopricks, have always some great Advantages; either that of rich Deaneries, opulent and multiplied Rectories and Dignities, strong Alliances by Birth or Marriage, fortified by a superlative Degree of Zeal and Loyalty; but, however, they were all at first no more than young Beginners; and before their great Promotion, were known by their plain Christian Names, among their old Companions, the middling Rate of Clergymen; nor could, therefore, be Strangers to their Condition, or with any good Grace, forget it so soon, as it hath too often happened.

I confess, I do not remember to have observed any Body of Men, acting with so little Concert as our Clergy have done, in a
Point

Point where their Opinions appeared to be unanimous: A Point, wherein their whole Temporal Support was concerned, as well as their Power of serving GOD and his Church, in their Spiritual Functions. This hath been imputed to their Fear of disobliging, or Hopes of further Favours upon Compliance; because it was observed, that some who appeared at first with greatest Zeal, thought fit suddenly to absent themselves from the usual Meetings; yet, we know what expert Solicitors the Quakers, the Dissenters, and even the Papists have sometimes found, to drive a Point of Advantage, or prevent an impending Evil.

I have not seen any Extract from the two Bills introduced into the Privy Council by the Bishops; where the Clergy, upon some Failure in Favour, or through the Timorousness of many among their Brethren, were refused to be heard by the Council. It seems, these Bills were both returned, agreed to by the King and Council in *England*; and the House of Lords hath, with great Expedition, past them both; and it is said they are immediately to be sent down to the Commons for their Consent.

The Particulars, as they have been imperfectly reported to me, are as follow.

By one of the Bills, the Bishops have Power to oblige the Country Clergy to build a Mansion House upon whatever Part of their Glebes their Lordships shall command; and if the Living be above 50*l.* a Year, the Minister is bound to build, after three Years, a House that shall cost one Year and an half's Rent of his Income. For Instance, if a Clergyman, with a Wife and seven Children, gets a Living of 55*l.* *per Annum*, he must after three Years, build a House that shall cost 77*l.* 10*s.* And must support his Family during the Time the Bishop shall appoint for the Building of it with the Remainder. But, if the Living be under 50*l.* a Year, the Minister shall be allowed 100*l.* out of the First Fruits.

But, there is said to be one Circumstance a little extraordinary; that if there be a single Spot in the Glebe more barren, more marshy, more exposed to Winds, more distant from the Church, or Skeleton of a Church, or from any Conveniency of Building: The Rector, or Vicar, may be obliged by the Caprice, or Pique of the Bishop, to build, under Pain of Sequestration (an Office, which ever falls into the most knavish Hands) upon whatever Point his Lordship shall command; although the Farmers have not paid one Quarter of their Dues.

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I believe, under the present Distresses of the Kingdom (which inevitably, without a Miracle, must increase for ever) there are not ten Country Clergyman in *Ireland*, reputed to possess a Parish of 100*l.* *per Annum*, who, for some Years past, have actually received 60*l.* and that with the utmost Difficulty and Vexation. I am, therefore, at a Loss, what Kind of Valuers the Bishops will make use of; and whether the starving Vicar, shall be forced to build his House with the Money he never received.

The other Bill, which passed in two Days after the former, is said to concern the Division of Parishes, into as many Parcels as the Bishop shall think fit, only leaving 300*l.* a Year to the Mother Church, which 300*l.* by another Act passed some Years ago, they can divide likewise, and crumble as low as their Will and Pleasure will dispose them. So that instead of six hundred Clergymen, which, I think, is the usual Computation, we may have in a small Compass of Years almost as many Thousands, to live with Decency and Comfort, provide for their Children, be charitable to the Poor, and maintain Hospitality.

But it is very reasonable to hope, and heartily to be wished by all those who have the least Regard to our Holy Religion, as hitherto established, or to a learned, pious, diligent, conversable Clergyman, or even to common Humanity; that the Hon. House of Commons will, in their great Wisdom, Justice, and Tenderneſs to innocent Men, conſider theſe Bills in another Light. It is ſaid, they well knew this Kingdom not to be ſo overſtocked with neighbouring Gentry; but a diſcreet, learned Clergyman, with a Competency fit for one of his Education, may be an entertaining, a uſeful, and ſometimes a neceſſary Companion. That, although ſuch a Clergyman may not be able conſtantly to find BEEF and WINE for his own Family, yet he may be allowed ſometimes to afford both to a Neighbour, without diſtreſſing himſelf; and the rather, becauſe he may expect at leaſt as good a Return. It will probably be conſidered, that in many deſolate Parts, there may not be always a ſufficient Number of Perſons conſiderable enough to be truſted with Commiſſions of the Peace, which ſeveral of the Clergy now ſupply much better than a little, hedge, contemptible, illiterate Vicar from twenty to fifty Pounds a Year, the Son of a Weaver, Pedlar, Taylor, or Miller, can be preſumed to do.

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The Landlords and Farmers by this Scheme can find no Profit, but will certainly be Losers; for Instance, if the large Northern Livings be split into a dozen Parishes, or more, it will be very necessary for the little threadbare Gownman, with his Wife, his Proctor, and every Child who can crawl, to watch the Fields at Harvest Time, for fear of losing a single Sheaf, which he could not afford under Peril of a Day's Starving; for according to the *Scotch* Proverb, a hungry Louse bites sore. This would of Necessity, breed an infinite Number of Brangles and litigious Suits in the Spiritual Courts; and put the wretched Pastor at perpetual Variance with his whole Parish. But, as they have hitherto stood, a Clergyman established in a competent Living is not under the Necessity of being so sharp, vigilant, and exacting. On the contrary, it is well known and allowed, that the Clergy round the Kingdom think themselves well treated if they lose only one single Third of their legal Demands.

The Honourable House may, perhaps, be inclined to conceive, that my Lords the Bishops enjoy as ample a Power both Spiritual and Temporal, as will fully suffice to answer every Branch of their Office; That

they want no Laws to regulate the Conduct of those Clergymen, over whom they preside; That, if Non-Residence be a Grievance, it is the Patron's Fault, who makes not a better Choice, or caused the Plurality. That, if the general impartial Character of Persons chosen into the Church had been more regarded, and the Motive of Party, Alliance, Kindred, Flatterers, Ill Judgment, or Personal Favour regarded less; there would be fewer Complaints of Non-Residence, want of Care, blameable Behaviour, or any other Part of Misconduct; not to mention Ignorance and Stupidity.

I could name certain Gentlemen of the Gown, whose aukward, spruce, prim, sneering, and smirking Countenances, the very Tone of their Voice, and an ungainly Strut in their Walk, without one single Talent for any one Office, have contrived to get good Preferment by the meer Force of Flattery and Cringing: For which two Virtues, (the only two Virtues they pretend to) they were, however, utterly unqualified. And whom, if I were in Power, although they were my Nephews or had married my Nieces, I could never in Point of good Conscience, or Honour, have recommended to a Curacy in *Connaught*.

The

The Honourable House of Commons may likewise perhaps consider, that the Gentry of this Kingdom differ from all others upon Earth, being less capable of Employments in their own Country, than any others who come from Abroad; and, that most of them have little Expectation of providing for their younger Children, otherwise than by the Church, in which there might be some Hopes of getting a tolerable Maintenance. For, after the Patrons should have settled their Sons, their Nephews, their Nieces, their Dependents, and their Followers, invited over from the other Side, there would still remain an Overplus of smaller Church Preferments, to be given to such Clergy of the Nation, who shall have their Quantum of whatever Merit may be then in Fashion. But by these Bills, they will be all as absolutely excluded, as if they had passed under the Denomination of Tories; unless they can be contented at the utmost with 50*l.* a Year; which, by the Difficulties of collecting Tythes in *Ireland*, and the daily increasing Miseries of the People, will hardly rise to half that Sum.

It is observed, that the Divines sent over hither to govern this Church, have not seemed to consider the Difference between
both

both Kingdoms, with respect to the inferior Clergy. As to themselves, indeed, they find a large Revenue in Lands let at one Quarter Value, which consequently must be paid while there is a Penny left among us; and, the Publick Distress so little effects their Interests, that their Fines are now higher than ever: They content themselves to suppose, that whatever a Parish is said to be worth, comes all into the Parson's Pocket.

The Poverty of great Numbers among the Clergy in *England*, hath been the continual Complaint of all Men who wish well to the Church; and many Schemes have been thought on to redress it; yet an *English* Vicar of 40*l.* a Year, lives much more comfortably than one of double the Value in *Ireland*. His Farmers, generally speaking, are able and willing to pay him his full Dues: He hath a decent Church of antient Standing, filled every Lord's Day, with a large Congregation of plain People, well clad, and behaving themselves as if they believed in God and CHRIST. He hath a House and Barn in Repair, a Field or two to graze his Cows, with a Garden and Orchard. No Guests expect more from him than a Pot of Ale; he lives like an honest plain Farmer, as his Wife is dressed

fed but little better than Goody. He is sometimes graciously invited by the Squire, where he sits at humble Distance; if he gets the Love of his People, they often make him little useful Presents: He is happy by being born to no higher Expectation; for he is usually the Son of some ordinary Tradesman, or middling Farmer. His Learning is much of a Size with his Birth and Education; no more of either than what a poor hungry Servitor can be expected to bring with him from his College. It would be tedious to shew the Reverse of all this in our distant poorer Parishes, through most Parts of *Ireland*, wherein every Reader may make the Comparison.

Lastly, the Honourable House of Commons may consider, whether the Scheme of multiplying beggarly Clergymen, through the whole Kingdom, who must all have Votes for chusing Parliament Men (provided they can prove their Freeholds to be worth 40s. *per Annum, ultra reprisas*) may not, by their Numbers, have great Influence upon Elections; being entirely under the Dependence of their Bishops. For, by a moderate Computation, after all the Divisions and Sub-divisions of Parishes, that, my Lords, the Bishops, have Power to make by their new Laws, there will, as

foen

soon as the present Set of Clergy goes off, be raised an Army of Ecclesiastical Militants, able enough for any Kind of Service, except that of the Altar.

I am, indeed, in some Concern about a Fund for building a thousand or two Churches, wherein these Probationers may read their Wall Lectures; and begin to doubt they must be contented with Barns; which Barns will be one great advancing Step towards an Accomodation with our true Protestant Brethren, the Dissenters.

The Scheme of encouraging Clergymen to build Houses by dividing a Living of 500*l.* a Year into ten Parts, is a Contrivance, the Meaning whereof hath got on the wrong Side of my Comprehension; unless it may be argued, that Bishops build no Houses because they are so rich; and therefore, the inferior Clergy will certainly build, if you reduce them to Beggary. But I knew a very rich Man of Quality in *England*, who could never be persuaded to keep a Servant out of Livery; because such Servants would be expensive, and apt in Time, to look like Gentlemen; whereas, the others were ready to submit to the basest Offices, and at a cheaper Pennyworth might encrease his Retinue.

I hear

I hear, it is the Opinion of many wise Men, that before these Bills should pass both Houses, they might be sent back to *England* with the following Clauses inserted.

First, that whereas there may be about a dozen double Bishopricks in *Ireland*, those Bishopricks should be split and given to different Persons; and those of a single Denomination be also divided into two, three, or four Parts, as Occasion shall require; otherwise there may be a Question started, whether twenty two Prelates can effectually extend their paternal Care, and unlimited Power, for the Protection and Correction of so great a Number of Spiritual Subjects. But, this Proposal will meet with such furious Objections, that I shall not insist upon it; for I well remember to have read, what a terrible Fright the Frogs were in, upon a Report, that the Sun was going to marry.

Another Clause should be, that none of these twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty Pounders may be suffered to marry, under the Penalty of immediate Deprivation; their Marriages declared null, and their Children Bastards: For, some desponding People take the Kingdom to be not in a Condition of encouraging so numerous a Breed of Beggars.

A third

A third Clause will be necessary, that these humble Gentry should be absolutely disqualified from giving Votes in Elections for Parliament Men.

Others add a Fourth; which is a Clause of Indulgence, that these reduced Divines may be permitted to follow any lawful Ways of Living, which will not call them too often or too far from their Spiritual Offices: (For, unless I misapprehend, they are supposed to have Episcopal Ordination.) For Example; they may be Lappers of Linen, Bailiffs of the Manor; they may let Blood, or apply Plaisters for three Miles round: They may get a Dispensation to hold the Clerkship and Sextonship of their own Parish *in Commendam*. Their Wives and Daughters may make Shirts for the Neighbourhood; or, if a Barrack be near, for the Soldiers: In Linen Countries, they may card and spin, and keep a few Looms in the House: They may let Lodgings, and sell a Pot of Ale without Doors, but not at Home, unless to sober Company, and at regular Hours. It is by some thought a little hard, that in an Affair of the last Consequence, to the very Being of the Clergy, in the Points of Liberty and Property, as well as in their Abilities to perform

form their Duty; this whole Reverend Body, who are the established Instructors of the Nation in Christianity and Moral Virtues, and are the only Persons concerned; should be the sole Persons not consulted. Let any Scholar shew the like Precedent in *Christendom* for 12 hundred Years past. An Act of Parliament for setting or selling an Estate in a private Family, is never passed until all Parties give Consent. But in the present Case the whole Body of the Clergy is, as themselves apprehend, determined to utter Ruin, without once expecting or asking their Opinion; and this by a Scheme contrived only by one Part of the Convocation, while the other Part, which hath been chosen in the usual Forms, wants only the regal Permission to assemble, and consult about the Affairs of the Church, as their Predecessors have always done in former Ages; where it is presumed, the Lower House hath a Power of proposing Canons, and a Negative Voice, as well as the Upper. And, God forbid (say these Objectors) that there should be a real separate Interest between the Bishops and Clergy, any more than there is between a Man and his Wife, a King and his People, or Christ and his Church.

It seems there is a Provision in the Bill, that no Parish shall be cut into Scraps, without the Consent of several Persons who can be no Sufferers in the Matter; but I cannot find that the Clergy lay much Weight on this Caution; because they argue, that the very Persons from whom these Bills took their Rise, will have the greatest Share in the Decision.

I do not, by any Means, conceive the crying Sin of the Clergy in this Kingdom, to be that of Non-Residence; I am sure, it is many Degrees less so here than in *England*; unless the Possession of Pluralities may pass under that Name; and if this be a Fault, it is well known to whom it must be imputed: I believe upon a fair Enquiry (and I hear an Enquiry is to be made) they will appear to be most pardonably Few; especially, considering how many Parishes have not an Inch of Glebe; and how difficult it is upon any reasonable Terms, to find a Place of Habitation. And, therefore, God knows, whether, my Lords the Bishops will be soon able to convince the Clergy, or those who have any Regard for that venerable Body, that the chief Motive in their Lordships Minds, by procuring these Bills, was to prevent the Sin of Non-
Re-

Residence, while the universal Opinion of almost every Clergyman in the Kingdom, without Distinction of Party, taking in even those who are not likely to be Sufferers, stands directly against them.

If some Livings in the *North* may be justly thought too large a Compass of Land, which makes it inconvenient for the remotest Inhabitants to attend the Service of the Church, which in some Instances may be true; no reasonable Clergyman would oppose a proper Remedy by particular Acts of Parliament.

Thus for Instance, the Deanery of *Down*, a Country Deanery, I think, without a Cathedral, depending wholly upon an Union of Parishes joined together, in a Time when the Land lay waste and thinly inhabited; since those Circumstances are so prodigiously changed for the better, may properly be lessened, leaving a decent Competency to the Dean, and placing Rectories in the remaining Churches, which are now served only by stipendary Curates.

The Case may be probably the same in other Parts: And such a Proceeding discreetly managed, would be truly for the Good of the Church.

For, it is to be observed, that Dean and Chapter Lands, which in *England* were all seized under the Fanatick Usurpation, are Things unknown in *Ireland*, having been long ravished from the Church, by a Succession of Confusions; and Tythes applied in their Stead, to support that Ecclesiastical Dignity.

The late * Archbishop of *Dublin* had a very different Way of encouraging the Clergy of his Diocese to Residence: When a Lease had run out seven Years or more, he stipulated with the Tenant to resign up twenty or thirty Acres to the Minister of the Parish where it lay convenient, without lessening his former Rent; and with no great Abatement of the Fine; and this he did in the Parts near *Dublin*, where Land is at the highest Rates, leaving a small Chiefry for the Minister to pay, hardly a sixth Part of the Value. I doubt not, that almost every Bishop in the Kingdom may do the same generous Act with less Damage to their Sees, than his late Grace of *Dublin*; much of whose Lands were out in Fee Farms, or Leases for Lives; and I am sorry that the good Example of such a Prelate hath not been followed.

But

* The Right Reverend Dr. WILLIAM KING.

But a great Majority of the Clergy's Friends cannot hitherto reconcile themselves to this Project; which they call a levelling Principle, that must inevitably root out the Seeds of all honest Emulation, the legal Parent of the greatest Virtues, and most generous Actions among Men; but in the general Opinion (for I do not pretend to offer my own) will never more have room to exert itself in the Breast of any Clergyman whom this Kingdom shall produce.

But, whether the Consequences of these Bills may, by the Virtues and Frailties of future Bishops, sent over hither to rule the Church, terminate in Good or Evil, I shall not presume to determine, since God can work the former out of the latter. However, one Thing I can venture to assert; that from the earliest Ages of Christianity to the Minute I am now Writing, there never was a Precedent of such a Proceeding, much less to be feared, hoped, or apprehended from such Hands in any Christian Country; and so it may pass for more than a Phoenix; because it hath risen without any Assistance from the Ashes of its Sire.

The Appearance of so many Dissenters at the Hearing of this Cause, is what, I am

told, hath not been charged to the Account of their Prudence or Moderation; because that Action hath been censured as a Mark of Triumph and Insult before the Victory is compleat; since neither of these Bills hath yet passed the House of Commons; and some are pleased to think it not impossible that they may be rejected. Neither do I hear, that there is an enacting Clause in either of the Bills to apply any Part of the divided or sub-divided Tythes, towards increasing the Stipends of the Sectaries. So, that these Gentlemen seem to be gratified like him, who, after having been kicked down Stairs, took Comfort when he saw his Friend kicked down after him.

I have heard many more Objections against several Particulars of both these Bills; but they are of so high a Nature, and carry such dreadful Innuendos, that I dare not mention them, resolving to give no Offence, because I well know how obnoxious I have long been (although I conceive without any Fault of my own) to the Zeal and Principles of those, who place all Difference in Opinion, concerning publick Matters, to the Score of Disaffection; whereof I am at least as innocent as the loudest of my Detractors.

Dublin, February 24,

1731-2.

A PRO-

A
P R O P O S A L
FOR GIVING
B A D G E S
TO THE
B E G G A R S
IN ALL THE
Parishes of *D U B L I N.*

By the DEAN of St. PATRICK'S.

THE
PROPOSAL
FOR GIVING

PROPOSAL
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B A D G E S

TO THE
B E G G A R S

IN ALL THE
PARISHES OF DUBLIN

By the Dean of St. Patrick's

A
P R O P O S A L
FOR GIVING
B A D G E S, &c.

IT hath been a general Complaint, that the Poor-House, especially since the new Constitution by Act of Parliament, hath been of no Benefit to this City, for the Ease of which it was wholly intended. I had the Honour to be a Member of it many Years before it was new modelled by the Legislature; not from any personal Regard, but meerly as one of the two Deans, who are of Course put into most Commissions that relate to the City; and I have likewise the Honour to have been left out of several Commissions upon the Score of Party, in which my Predecessors, Time out of Mind, have always been Members.

The first Commission was made up of about fifty Persons, which were the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs, and some few other Citizens; the Judges, the two Archbishops, the two Deans of the City, and one or two more Gentlemen. And I must confess my Opinion, that the dissolving the old Commission, and establishing a new one of near three Times the Number, have been the great Cause of rendering so good a Design not only useless, but a Grievance instead of a Benefit to the City. In the present Commission all the City Clergy are included, besides a great Number of 'Squires, not only those who reside in *Dublin*, and the Neighbourhood, but several who live at a great Distance, and cannot possibly have the least Concern for the Advantage of the City.

At the few General Meetings that I have attended since the new Establishment, I observed very little was done except one or two Acts of extream Justice, which I then thought might as well have been spared: And I have found the Court of Assistants usually taken up in little Brangles about Coachmen, or adjusting Accounts of Meal and Small Beer; which, however necessary, might sometimes have given Place to
Mat-

Matters of much greater Moment, I mean some Schemes recommended to the General Board, for answering the chief Ends in erecting and establishing such a Poor House, and endowing it with so considerable a Revenue: And the principal End I take to have been that of maintaining the Poor and Orphans of the City, where the Parishes are not able to do it; and clearing the Streets from all Strollers, Foreigners and sturdy Beggars, with which, to the universal Complaint and Admiration, *Dublin* is more infested since the Establishment of the Poor House, than it was ever known to be since its first Erection.

As the whole Fund for supporting this Hospital is raised only from the Inhabitants of the City; so there can be hardly any Thing more absurd than to see it misemployed in maintaining Foreign Beggars and Bastards, or Orphans, whose Country Landlords never contributed one Shilling towards their Support. I would engage, that half this Revenue, if employed with common Care, and no very great Degree of common Honesty, would maintain all the real Objects of Charity in this City, except a small Number of original Poor in every Parish, who might without being burthensome to the Parishioners find a tolerable Support.

I have

I have for some Years past applied myself to several Lord Mayors, and to the late Archbishop of *Dublin*, for a Remedy to this Evil of Foreign Beggars; and they all appeared ready to receive a very plain Proposal, I mean, that of Badging the original Poor of every Parish, who begged in the Streets; That, the said Beggars should be confined to their own Parishes; That, they should wear their Badges well sown upon one of their Shoulders, always visible, on Pain of being whipt and turned out of Town; or whatever legal Punishment may be thought proper and effectual. But, by the wrong Way of Thinking in some Clergymen, and the Indifference of others, this Method was perpetually defeated, to their own continual Disquiet, which they do not ill deserve; and if the Grievance affected only them, it would be of less Consequence; because the Remedy is in their own Power. But, all Street-walkers, and Shop-keepers, bear an equal Share in this hourly Vexation.

I never heard more than one Objection against this Expedient of badging the Poor, and confining their Walks to their several Parishes. The Objection was this: What shall we do with the Foreign Beggars? Must they be left to starve? I answered,
No;

No; but they must be driven or whipt out of Town; and let the next Country Parish do as they please, or rather after the Practice in *England*, send them from one Parish to another, until they reach their own Homes. By the old Laws of *England* still in Force, and I presume by those of *Ireland*, every Parish is bound to maintain its own Poor; and the Matter is of no such Consequence in this Point as some would make it, whether a Country Parish be rich or poor. In the remoter and poorer Parishes of the Kingdom, all Necessaries for Life proper for poor People are comparatively cheaper; I mean Buttermilk, Oatmeal, Potatoes, and other Vegetables; and every Farmer or Cottager, who is not himself a Beggar, can sometimes spare a Sup or a Morfel, not worth the fourth Part of a Farthing, to an indigent Neighbour of his own Parish, who is disabled from Work. A Beggar Native of the Parish is known to the Squire, to the Church Minister, to the Popish Priest, or the Conventicle Teachers, as well as to every Farmer: He hath generally some Relations able to live, and contribute something to his Maintenance. None of which Advantages can be reasonably expected on a Removal to Places where he is altogether unknown. If he be not quite maimed, he and his Trull, and Litter of Brats (if he

he hath any) may get half their Support by doing some Kind of Work in their Power, and thereby be less burthensome to the People. In short, all Necessaries of Life grow in the Country, and not in Cities, and are cheaper where they grow; nor is it equal that Beggars should put us to the Charge of giving them Victuals, and the Carriage too.

But, when the Spirit of wandering takes him, attended by his Female, and their Equipage of Children, he becomes a Nuisance to the whole Country: He and his Female are Thieves, and teach the Trade of stealing to their Brood at four Years old; and if his Infirmities be counterfeit, it is dangerous for a single Person unarmed to meet him on the Road. He wanders from one County to another, but still with a View to this Town, whither he arrives at last, and enjoys all the Privileges of a *Dublin* Beggar.

I do not wonder that the Country 'Squires should be very willing to send up their Colonies; but why the City should be content to receive them, is beyond my Imagination.

If the City were obliged by their Charter to maintain a thousand Beggars, they could
do

do it cheaper by eighty *per Cent.* a hundred Miles off, than in this Town, or any of its Suburbs.

There is no Village in *Connaught*, that in Proportion shares so deeply in the daily encreasing Miseries of *Ireland*, as its Capital City; to which Miseries there hardly remained any Addition, except the perpetual Swarms of Foreign Beggars, who might be banished in a Month without Expence, and with very little Trouble.

As I am personally acquainted with a great Number of Street Beggars, I find some weak Attempts have been made in one or two Parishes to promote the wearing of Badges; and my first Question to those who ask an Alms is, where is your Badge? I have in several Years met with about a dozen who were ready to produce them, some out of their Pockets, others from under their Coat, and two or three on their Shoulders, only covered with a Sort of Capes which they could lift up or let down upon Occasion. They are too lazy to work; they are not afraid to steal, nor ashamed to beg, and yet are too proud to be seen with a Badge, as many of them have confessed to me, and not a few in very injurious Terms, particularly the Females. They all look
upon

upon such an Obligation as a high Indignity done to their Office. I appeal to all indifferent People, whether such Wretches deserve to be relieved. As to myself, I must confess, this absurd Insolence hath so affected me, that for several Years past, I have not disposed of one single Farthing to a Street Beggar, nor intend to do so until I see a better Regulation; and I have endeavoured to persuade all my Brother-walkers to follow my Example, which most of them assure me they do. For, if Beggary be not able to beat out Pride, it cannot deserve Charity. However, as to Persons in Coaches and Chairs, they bear but little of the Persecution we suffer, and are willing to leave it entirely upon us.

To say the Truth, there is not a more undeserving vicious Race of human Kind, than the Bulk of those who are reduced to Beggary, even in this beggarly Country. For, as a great Part of our publick Miseries is originally owing to our own Fault (but, what those Faults are I am grown by Experience too wary to mention) so I am confident, that among the meaner People, nineteen in twenty of those who are reduced to a starving Condition, did not become so by what the Lawyers call the Work of God, either upon their Bodies or Goods; but
meerly

merely from their own Idleness, attended with all Manner of Vices, particularly Drunkenness, Thievery, and Cheating.

Whoever enquires, as I have frequently done, from those who have asked me an Alms, what was their former Course of Life, will find them to have been Servants in good Families, broken Tradesmen, Labourers, Cottagers, and what they call decayed Housekeepers; but (to use their own Cant) reduced by Losses and Crosses, by which nothing can be understood but Idleness and Vice.

As this is the only Christian Country where People, contrary to the old Maxim, are the Poverty and not the Riches of the Nation; so, the Blessing of Increase and Multiply is by us converted into a Curse: And, as Marriage hath been ever countenanced in all free Countries, so we should be less miserable if it were discouraged in ours, as far as can be consistent with Christianity. It is seldom known in *England*, that the Labourer, the lower Mechanick, the Servant, or the Cottager, thinks of marrying until he hath saved up a Stock of Money sufficient to carry on his Business; nor takes a Wife without a suitable Portion; and as seldom fails of making a yearly Addition

dition to that Stock, with a View of providing for his Children. But, in this Kingdom the Case is directly contrary, where many thousand Couples are yearly married, whose whole united Fortunes, bating the Rags on their Backs, would not be sufficient to purchase a Pint of Buttermilk for their Wedding Supper, nor have any Prospect of supporting their honourable State but by Service, or Labour, or Thievery. Nay, their Happiness is often deferred until they find Credit to borrow, or Cunning to steal a Shilling to pay their Popish Priest; or infamous Couple-Beggar. Surely no miraculous Portion of Wisdom would be required to find some Kind of Remedy against this destructive Evil, or at least, not to draw the Consequences of it upon our decaying City, the greatest Part whereof must of Course in a few Years become desolate, or in Ruins.

In all other Nations, that are not absolutely barbarous, Parents think themselves bound by the Law of Nature and Reason to make some Provision for their Children; but the Reasons offered by the Inhabitants of *Ireland* for marrying, is, that they may have Children to maintain them when they grow old and unable to work.

I am

I am informed that we have been for some Time past extremely obliged to *England* for one very beneficial Branch of Commerce: For, it seems they are grown so Gracious as to transmit us continually Colonies of Beggars, in Return of a Million of Money they receive Yearly from hence. That I may give no Offence, I profess to mean real *English* Beggars in the literal Meaning of the Word, as it is usually understood by Protestants. It seems, the Justices of the Peace and Parish Officers in the western Coasts of *England*, have a good while followed the Trade of exporting hither their supernumerary Beggars, in order to advance the *English* Protestant Interest among us; and, these they are so kind to send over Gratis and Duty free. I have had the Honour more than once to attend large Cargoes of them from *Chester* to *Dublin*: And I was then so ignorant as to give my Opinion, that our City should receive them into Bridewell, and after a Month's Residence, having been well whipt twice a Day, fed with Bran and Water, and put to hard Labour, they should be returned honestly back with Thanks as cheap as they came: Or, if that were not approved of, I proposed, that whereas one *Englishman* is allowed to be of equal intrinsick Value

with twelve born in *Ireland*, we should in Justice return them a Dozen for One, to dispose of as they pleased. But to return.

As to the native Poor of this City, there would be little or no Damage in confining them to their several Parishes. For Instance; a Beggar of the Parish of St. *Werburch's*, or any other Parish here, if he be an Object of Compassion, hath an equal Chance to receive his Proportion of Alms from every charitable Hand; because the Inhabitants, one or other, walk through every Street in Town, and give their Alms, without considering the Place, wherever they think it may be well disposed of: And, these Helps, added to what they get in Eatables by going from House to House, among the Gentry and Citizens, will, without being very burthensome, be sufficient to keep them alive.

It is true, the Poor of the Suburb Parishes will not have altogether the same Advantage, because they are not equally in the Road of Business and Passengers: But here it is to be considered, that the Beggars there have not so good a Title to Publick Charity, because most of them are Strollers from the Country, and compose a principal Part of that great Nuisance, which we ought to remove.

I should

I should be apt to think, that few Things can be more irksome to a City Minister, than a Number of Beggars who do not belong to his District, whom he hath no Obligation to take Care of, who are no Part of his Flock, and who take the Bread out of the Mouths of those, to whom it properly belongs. When I mention this Abuse to any Minister of a City Parish, he usually lays the Fault upon the Beadles, who he says are bribed by the Foreign Beggars; and as those Beadles often keep Alehouses, they find their Account in such Customers. This Evil might easily be remedied, if the Parishes would make some small Addition to the Salaries of a Beadle, and be more careful in the Choice of those Officers. But, I conceive there is one effectual Method, in the Power of every Minister to put in Practice; I mean, by making it the Interest of all his own original Poor, to drive out Intruders: For, if the Parish Beggars were absolutely forbidden by the Minister and Church Officers, to suffer Strollers to come into the Parish, upon Pain of themselves being not permitted to beg Alms at the Church Doors, or at the Houses and Shops of the Inhabitants; they would prevent Interlopers more effectually than twenty Beadles.

And, here I cannot but take Notice of the great Indiscretion in our City Shopkeepers, who suffer their Doors to be daily besieged by Crowds of Beggars, (as the Gates of a Lord are by Duns,) to the great Disgust and Vexation of many Customers, whom I have frequently observed to go to other Shops, rather than suffer such a Persecution ; which might easily be avoided, if no Foreign Beggars were allowed to infect them.

Wherefore, I do assert, that the Shopkeepers who are the greatest Complainers of this Grievance, lamenting that for every Customer, they are worried by fifty Beggars, do very well deserve what they suffer, when a 'Prentice with a Horsewhip is able to lash every Beggar from the Shop, who is not of the Parish, and doth not wear the Badge of that Parish on his Shoulder, well fastened and fairly visible ; and if this Practice were universal in every House, to all the sturdy Vagrants, we should in a few Weeks clear the Town of all Mendicants, except those who have a proper Title to our Charity : As for the Aged and Infirm, it would be sufficient to give them nothing, and then they must starve or follow their Brethren.

It

It was the City that first endowed this Hospital, and those who afterwards contributed, as they were such who generally inhabited here; so they intended what they gave to be for the Use of the City's Poor. The Revenues which have since been raised by Parliament, are wholly paid by the City, without the least Charge upon any other Part of the Kingdom; and therefore nothing could more defeat the original Design, than to misapply those Revenues on strolling Beggars, or Bastards from the Country, which bears no Share in the Charges we are at.

If some of the Out Parishes be overburthened with Poor, the Reason must be, that the greatest Part of those Poor are Strollers from the Country, who nestle themselves where they can find the cheapest Lodgings, and from thence infest every Part of the Town, out of which they ought to be whipped as a most insufferable Nuisance, being nothing else but a profligate Clan of Thieves, Drunkards, Heathens, and Whoremongers, fitter to be rooted out of the Face of the Earth, than suffered to levy a vast annual Tax upon the City, which shares too deep in the publick Miseries brought on us by the Oppressions we lie under

under from our Neighbours, our Brethren, our Countrymen, our Fellow Protestants, and Fellow Subjects.

Some Time ago I was appointed one of a Committee to enquire into the State of the Workhouse; where we found that a Charity was bestowed by a great Person for a certain Time, which in its Consequences operated very much to the Detriment of the House: For, when the Time was elapsed, all those who were supported by that Charity, continued on the same Foot with the rest on the Foundation; and being generally a Pack of profligate vagabond Wretches from several Parts of the Kingdom, corrupted all the rest; so partial, or treacherous, or interested, or ignorant, or mistaken, are generally all Recommenders, not only to Employments, but even to Charity itself.

I know it is complained, that the Difficulty of driving Foreign Beggars out of the City is charged upon the Bellowers (as they are called) who find their Accounts best in suffering those Vagrants to follow their Trade through every Part of the Town. But, this Abuse might easily be remedied, and very much to the Advantage of the whole City, if better Salaries were given

given to those who execute that Office in the several Parishes, and would make it their Interest to clear the Town of those Caterpillars, rather than hazard the Loss of an Employment that would give them an honest Livelihood. But, if that should fail, yet a general Resolution of never giving Charity to a Street Beggar out of his own Parish, or without a visible Badge, would infallibly force all Vagrants to depart.

There is generally a Vagabond Spirit in Beggars, which ought to be discouraged and severely punished. It is owing to the same Causes that drove them into Poverty; I mean, Idleness, Drunkenness, and rash Marriages without the least Prospect of supporting a Family by honest Endeavours; which never came into their Thoughts. It is observed, that hardly one Beggar in twenty looks upon himself to be relieved by receiving Bread or other Food; and they have in this Town been frequently seen to pour out of their Pitcher good Broth that hath been given them, into the Kennel; neither do they much regard Cloaths, unless to sell them; for, their Rags are Part of their Tools with which they work: They want only Ale, Brandy, and other strong Liquors, which cannot be had without Money; and Money as they conceive, always abounds in the Metropolis.

I had some other Thoughts to offer upon this Subject. But, as I am a Desponder in my Nature, and have tolerably well discovered the Disposition of our People, who never will move a Step towards easing themselves from any one single Grievance ; it will be thought, that I have already said too much, and to little or no Purpose ; which hath often been the Fate, or Fortune of the Writer.

J. SWIFT.

April 22,

1737.

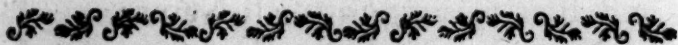
A
NEW SIMILE
FOR THE
L A D I E S,
WITH
Useful ANNOTATIONS.
AND AN
A N S W E R to it.

*To make a Writer miss his End,
You've nothing else to do but mend.*

Written in the Year 1733.



THE following Poem is writ
by the Reverend Dr. SH—N,
which we have thought proper to in-
sert here, as our supposed Author,
published an Answer to it, which im-
mediately follows this.



A
NEW SIMILE
FOR THE
LADIES, &c.

I OFTEN try'd in vain to find
a * *Simile* for Woman-kind,
A *Simile* I mean to fit 'em,
In every Circumstance to hit † 'em,
Thro' every Beast and Bird I went,
I ranack'd every Element,
And after peeping thro' all Nature,
To find so whimsical a Creature,

A Cloud

* Most Ladies in reading call this Word a Smile,
but they are to note, it consists of three Syllables, Si-
mile. In *English*, a Likeness.

† Not to hurt them.

A Cloud † presented to my View,
And straight this Parallel I drew ;

Clouds turn with ev'ry Wind about,
They keep us in Suspence and Doubt,
Yet oft perverse like Woman-kind
Are seen to scud against the Wind,
And are not Women just the same ?
For, who can tell at what they || aim ?

Clouds keep the stoutest Mortals under,
When § bellowing they discharge their
Thunder ;
So when the Alarm-Bell is rung,
Of ¶ *Xanti's* everlasting Tongue,

The

† Not like a Gun or Pistol.

|| This is not meant as to shooting, but resolving.

§ The Word bellowing is not here to be understood of a Bull ; but a Cloud ; which makes a Noise like a Bull when it thunders.

¶ *Xanti*, a Nick-name for *Xantippe*, that Scold of glorious Memory, who never let poor *Socrates* have one Moment's Peace of Mind, yet with unexampled Patience, he bore her pestilential Tongue. I shall beg the Ladies Pardon, if I insert a few Passages concerning her, and at the same Time I assure them, it is not to lessen those of the present Age, who are possessed of the like laudable Talents ; for, I will confess, that I know three in the City of *Dublin*, no Way inferior to *Xantippe*, but that they have not as great Men to work upon.

When a Friend asked *Socrates*, how he could bear the Scolding of his Wife *Xantippe*, he retorted, and
asked

The Husband dreads its Loudness more,
Than Lightning's Flash, or Thunder's Roar.

Clouds weep as they do without Pain,
And what are Tears but Women's Rain?

The *Clouds* about the Welkin * roam,
And Ladies never stay at home.

The *Clouds* build Castles in the Air,
A Thing peculiar to the Fair ;

For

asked him, how he could bear the gagling of his
Geese ; ay, but my Geese lay Eggs for me, reply'd
his Friend ; so doth my Wife bear Children, said So-
crates. *Diog. Laert.*

Being asked at another Time by a Friend, how he
could bear her Tongue, he said, she was of this Use
to him, that she taught him to bear the Impertinencies
of others with more Ease, when he went abroad.
Plut. de Capiend. ex host. utilit.

SOCRATES invited his Friend *Euthymedus* to Sup-
per. *Xantippe* in great Rage went in to them, and
overset the Table. *Euthymedus* rising in a Passion to
go off, My dear Friend, stay, said *Socrates*, did not a
Hen do the same Thing at your House the other Day,
and did I shew any Relentment ? *Plut. de irâ cobibendâ.*

I could give many more Instances of her Termagancy, and his Philosophy, if such a Proceeding might not look as if I were glad of an Opportunity to expose the fair Sex ; but to shew I have no such Design, I declare solemnly, that I had much worse Stories to tell of her Behaviour to her Husband, which I rather passed over on Account of the great Esteem which I bear the Ladies, especially those in the honourable Station of Matrimony.

* Ramble.

For all the Schemes of their † Forecasting,
Are not more solid, nor more lasting.

A *Cloud* is light by Turns, and dark,
Such is a Lady with her Spark;
Now, with a sudden ‡ pouting Gloom,
She seems to darken all the Room;
Again, she's pleas'd, his Fears § beguil'd,
And all is clear, when she has smil'd.
In this they're wondrously alike,
(I hope the *Simile* will ¶ strike)
Tho' in the darkeſt * Dumps you view 'em,
Stay but a Moment, you'll ſee through 'em.

The *Clouds* are apt to make || Reflection,
And frequently produce Infection;
So *Celia*, with ſmall Provocation,
Blaſts ev'ry Neighbour's Reputation.

The *Clouds* delight in gaudy Show,
For they like Ladies, have their Beau;
The

† Not vomiting.

‡ Thrusting out the Lip.

§ This is to be understood not in the Sense of Wort
when Brewers put Yest or Barm in it; but its true
Meaning is, Deceived, or Cheated.

¶ Hit your Fancy.

* Sullen Fits. We have a merry Jigg called,
Dumpty-Deary, invented to rouse Ladies from the
Dumps.

|| Reflection of the Sun.

The graveſt § Matron will confeſs,
That ſhe herſelf is fond of Dreſs.

Obſerve the *Clouds* in Pomp array'd,
What various Colours are diſplay'd,
The Pink, the Roſe, the V'let's Dye,
In that great Drawing-Room the Sky,
How do theſe differ from our ‡ Graces,
In Garden Silks, Brocades, and Laces?
Are they not ſuch another Sight,
When met upon a Birth-Day Night?

The *Clouds* delight to change their Faſhion,
(Dear Ladies, be not in a Paſſion)
Nor let this Whim to you ſeem ſtrange,
Who ev'ry Hour delight in Change.

In them and you alike are ſeen
The fullen Symptoms of the Spleen,
The Moment that your Vapours riſe,
We ſee them dropping from your Eyes.

In Ev'ning fair you may behold
The *Clouds* are fring'd with borrow'd Gold,
And this is many a Lady's Caſe,
Who flants about in || borrow'd Lace.

Grave

§ Motherly Women.

‡ Not Grace before and after Meat, nor their
Graces the Dutcheſſes, but the Graces which attended
on VENUS.

|| Not *Flanders-Lace*, but Gold and Silver Lace.
By borrowed, I mean, ſuch as run into honeſt Tradeſ-
men's Debts, for what they were not able to pay, as
many of them did for *French Silver Lace*, againſt the
laſt Birth Day, *Vid.* the Shop-keeper's Books.

Grave Matrons are like *Clouds* of Snow,
 Their Words fall thick, and soft, and flow,
 While brisk ¶ Coquets, like rattling Hail,
 Our Ears on ev'ry Side assail.

Clouds when they intercept our Sight,
 Deprive us of Celestial Light :
 So when my *Chloe* I pursue,
 No Heav'n besides, I have in View.

Thus, on * Comparison you see,
 In ev'ry Instance they agree,
 So like, so very much the same,
 That one may go by t'other's Name.
 Let me § proclaim it then aloud,
 That ev'ry Woman is a *Cloud*.

¶ Girls who love to hear themselves prate, and put
 on a Number of Monkey Airs to catch Men.

* I hope none will be so uncomplaisant to the Ladies,
 as to think these Comparisons odious.

§ Tell it to the whole World, not to proclaim them
 as Robbers and Rapperies.

A N

A N
A N S W E R

To a SCANDALOUS

P O E M,

W H E R E I N

The AUTHOR most audaciously
presumes to cast an Indignity upon their
H I G H N E S S E S the C L O U D S, by
comparing them to a W O M A N.

Written by DERMOT O-NEPHELY,
Chief * Cap of HOWTH.

* *The highest Point of HOWTH is called the
Cap of HOWTH.*

Written in the Year 1732.

ADVERTISEMENT

From the *CLOUDS*.

N. B. The following Answer to that
scurrilous Libel against us, should
have been published long ago in our
own Justification: But it was ad-
vised, that, considering the high
Importance of the Subject, it
should be deferred until the Meet-
ing of the Great Assembly of the
Nation.

But every leflany Dewy
The

ANSWER

To a SCANDALOUS

POEM, &c.

Presumptuous Bard! How could you dare
A Woman with a *Cloud* compare?
Strange Pride and Insolence you show,
Inferior Mortals *there* below.
And, is our Thunder in your Ears
So frequent or so loud as theirs?
Alas! Our Thunder soon goes out;
And only makes you more devout,
Then, is not Female Clatter worse,
That drives you, not to *pray*, but *curse*?

We hardly Thunder thrice a Year;
The Bolt discharg'd, the Sky grows clear:
R 2 But,

But, ev'ry sublunary Dowdy,
The more she scolds, the more she's cloudy.

Some Criticks may object, perhaps, 15
That *Clouds* are blam'd for giving *Claps*;
But, what alas are *Claps* Ætherial,
Compar'd for Mischief, to Venereal?
Can *Clouds* give Bubo's, Ulcers, Blotches,
Or from your Noses dig out Notches? 20
We leave the Body sweet and sound;
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound;

You know a *Cloudy* Sky bespeaks
Fair Weather, when the Morning breaks;
But, Women in a *Cloudy* Plight, 25
Foretel a Storm to last till Night.

A *Cloud*, in proper Seasons pours
His Blessings down in fruitful Show'rs;
But, Woman was by Fate design'd
To pour down Curses on Mankind. 30

When * *Syrius* o'er the Welkin rages,
Our kindly Help his Fire affwages;
But Woman is a curst Inflamer,
No Parish Ducking-Stool can tame her:
To kindle Strife, Dame Nature taught her:
Like Fire-works, she can burn in Water. 36

*The Dog-Star.

For

For Fickleness how durst you blame us?
 Who for our Constancy are famous.
 You'll see a *Cloud* in gentle Weather
 Keep the same Face an Hour together: 40
 While Women, if it could be reckon'd,
 Change ev'ry Feature, ev'ry Second.

Observe our Figure in a Morning:
 Of Foul or Fair we give you Warning:
 But, can you guess from Woman's Air, 45
 One Minute, whether Foul or Fair?

Go read in antient Books enroll'd,
 What Honours we possess'd of old!

To disappoint *Ixion's* Rape,
JOVE dress'd a *Cloud* in *Juno's* Shape: 50
 Which when he had enjoy'd, he swore
 No Goddess could have pleas'd him more,
 No Difference could he find between
 His *Cloud*, and *JOVE's* Imperial Queen:
 His *Cloud* produc'd a Race of *Centaur's*, 55
 Fam'd for a thousand bold Adventures;
 From us descended *ab Origine*;
 By learned Authors call'd, *Nubiginæ*.
 But say, what Earthly Nymph do you know,
 So beautiful to pass for *Juno*? 60

Before *Æneas* durst aspire
 To court her Majesty of *Tyre*,

His Mother begg'd of us to dress him,
 That *Dido* might the more caress him :
 A Coat we gave him, dy'd in Grain ; 65
 A *Flaxen* Wig, and *Clouded* Cane.
 (The Wig was powder'd round with Sleet,
 Which fell in *Clouds* beneath his Feet)
 With which he made a tearing Show ;
 And *Dido* quickly *snoak'd* the Beau. 70

Among your Females make Inquiries,
 What Nymph on Earth so fair as *Iris* ?
 With heav'nly Beauty so endow'd ?
 And yet her Father is a *Cloud*.
 We dress'd her in a Gold Brocade, 75
 Befitting *Juno's* fav'rite Maid.

'Tis known, that *Socrates* the wise,
 Ador'd us *Clouds* as Deities ;
 To us he made his daily Prayers,
 As *Aristophanes* declares ; 80
 From *Jupiter* took all Dominion,
 And dy'd defending his Opinion.
 By his Authority, 'tis plain
 You worship other Gods in vain ;
 And from your own Experience know, 85
 We govern all Things there below.
 You follow where we please to guide ;
 O'er all your Passions we preside ;
 Can raise them up, or sink them down,
 As we think fit to smile or frown : 90
 And just as we dispose your Brain,
 Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.

Compare

Compare us then to Female Race !
 We, to whom all the Gods give Place,
 Who better challenge your Allegiance, 95
 Because we dwell in higher Regions :
 You find, the Gods in *Homer* dwell,
 In Seas, and Streams, or low as Hell ;
 Ev'n *Jove*, and *Mercury* his Pimp,
 No higher climb than Mount *Olymp*, 100
 (Who makes you think the *Clouds* he pierces,
 He pierce the *Clouds* ! He kifs their Ar—es.)
 While we, o'er *Teneriffa* plac't,
 Are loftier by a Mile at least ;
 And when *Apollo* struts on *Pindus*, 105
 We see him from our Kitchen-windows,
 Or, to *Parnassus* looking down,
 Can p—fs upon his Lawrel Crown.

Fate never form'd the Gods to fly,
 In Vehicles they mount the Sky : 110
 When *Jove* would some fair Nymph inveigle,
 He comes full Gallop on his Eagle.
 Though *Venus* be as light as Air,
 She must have Doves to draw her Chair.
Apollo stirs not out of Door, 115
 Without his lacker'd Coach and Four,
 And, jealous *Juno*, ever snarling,
 Is drawn by Peacocks in her Berlin :
 But, we can fly where-e'er we please,
 O'er Cities, Rivers, Hills, and Seas, 120

From East to West, the World we roam,
 And in all Climates are at Home;
 With Care provide you as we go,
 With Sun-shine, Rain, and Hail, or Snow.
 You, when it rains, like Fools believe, 125
Jove p—es on you through a Sieve;
 An idle Tale, 'tis no such Matter,
 We only dip a Sponge in Water;
 Then, squeeze it close between our Thumbs,
 And shake it well, and down it comes.
 As you shall to your Sorrow know,
 We'll watch your Steps where'er you go;
 And since we find, you walk a-foot,
 We'll soundly souce your Frize Surtout.

'Tis but by our peculiar Grace, 135
 That *Phæbus* ever shows his Face:
 For, when we please, we open wide
 Our Curtains blue, from Side to Side,
 And then, how saucily he shows
 His brazen Face, and fiery Nose; 140
 And gives himself a haughty Air,
 As if He made the Weather fair.

'Tis sung, where-ever *Cælia* treads,
 The Vi'lets ope their Purple Heads;
 The Roses blow, the Cowslips springs; 145
 'Tis sung, but we know better Things.
 'Tis true, a Woman on her Mettle,
 Will often p—fs upon a Nettle;

But,

But, though we own, she makes it wetter,
The Nettle never thrives the better; 150
While we, by soft prolific Show'rs,
Can ev'ry Spring produce you Flow'rs.

Your Poets, *Chloe's* Beauty height'ning,
Compare her radiant Eyes to Light'ning;
And yet, I hope, 'twill be allow'd, 155
That Light'ning comes but from a *Cloud*.

But, Gods like us, have too much Sense
At Poet's Flights to take Offence,
Nor can Hyperboles demean us;
Each Drab has been compar'd to *Venus*: 160

We own, your Verses are melodious;
But such Comparisons are odious.

A LET-

A
L E T T E R
T O T H E
Reverend Dr. *SH--N*.

Written in the Year 1718.

S I R,

WHate'er your Predecessors taught us,
I have a great Esteem for *Plautus*;
And think your Boys may gather there-hence
More Wit and Humour than from *Terence*.
But as to Comic *Aristophanes*,
The Rogue too baudy and too prophane is,
I went in vain to look for *Eupolis*,
Down in the * *Strand* just where the new
Pole is,
For I can tell you one Thing, that I can,
You will not find it in the *Vatican* :

He

* N. B. The *Strand* in LONDON. The Fact may
be false, but the Rhyme cost me some Trouble.

He and *Cratinus* used, as *Horace* says,
 To take his greatest *Grandeess* for *Asses*.
 Poets, in those Days, used to venture high,
 But these are lost full many a Century.

Thus you may see, dear Friend, *ex pede*
 hence,
 My Judgment of the old Comedians.

Proceed to Tragicks, first *Euripides*
 (An Author, where I sometimes dip a Days.)
 Is rightly censured by the *Stagirite*,
 Who says, his Numbers do not fadge a-right.
 A Friend of mine, that Author despises }
 So much, he swears the very best Piece is }
 For ought he knows, as bad as *Thespis's*. }
 And that a Woman, in those Tragedies
 Commonly speaking, but a sad Jade is.
 At least, I'm well assured, that no Folk lays
 The Weight on him, they do on *Sophocles*.
 But above all, I prefer *Æschylus*,
 Whose moving Touches, when they please,
 kill us.

And now I find my Muse but ill able
 To hold out longer in Trysyllable.
 I chose these Rhymes out, for their Difficulty.
 Will you return as hard ones, if I call t'ye?

THE
Reverend Dr. *SH--N*.

TO
J. S. D. D. D. S. P. D.

DEAR Dean, since in *Cruxes* and *Puns*
you and I deal,
Pray why is a Woman a Sieve and a Riddle?
'Tis a Thought that came into my Noddle
this Morning,
In Bed as I lay, Sir, a tossing and turning;
You'll find, if you read but a few of your
Histories,
All Women, as *Eve*, all Women are
Mysteries.
To find out this Riddle, I know you'll be
eager,
And make every one of the Sex a *Bell-phagor*.
But

But that will not do, for I mean to come-
mend 'em,

I swear without Jest, I an Honour intend 'em.

In a Sieve, Sir, their ancient Extraction I
quite tell,

In a Riddle I give you their Power and
their Title,

This I told you before, do you know what
I mean, Sir?

* *Not I by my Troth, Sir.*—Then read it
again, Sir.

The Reason I fend you these Lines of
Rhymes double,

Is purely through Pity, to save you the
Trouble

Of thinking two Hours for a Rhyme, as
you did last,

When your *Pegasus* canter'd in triple, and
rid fast.

As for my little Nag, which I keep at
Parnassus

With *Phæbus's* Leave, to run with his Asses.

He goes slow and sure, and he never is jaded,

While your fiery Steed is whipp'd, spurr'd,
bastinaded.

* The Dean's Answer.

LETTER
But that will not do for I mean to come
D---n S-----'s Answer

T O T H E

Reverend Dr. SH—N.

S I R,

I N reading your Letter alone in my Hackny,
Your damnable Riddle my poor Brains
did rack nigh,
And when with much Labour the Matter I
crackt,
I found you mistaken in Matter of Fact.

A Woman's no Sieve (for with that you
begin)
Because she lets out more, than e'er she
takes in.
And that she's a Riddle, can never be right,
For a Riddle is dark, but a Woman is *light*.
But grant her a Sieve, I can say something
archer,
Pray what is a Man? he's a fine Linen
Searcher.

Now

Now tell me a Thing that wants Interpretation,
What Name for a * Maid was the first
Man's Damnation?
If your Worship will please to explain me
this *Rebus*,
I swear from henceforward you shall be my
Phæbus.

From my Hackney Coach,
Sept, 11, 1712. Past 12
at Noon.

* Vir Gin.

HAVING

Having found the following Letters in the first Volume of Mr. POPE's Literary Correspondence lately published by himself; and, as they relate to our supposed Author, we have thought proper to insert them here, together with his Answers, to make this Volume as compleat as possible.

Mr. POPE to Doctor SWIFT.

August, 1723.

I FIND a Rebuke in a late Letter of yours, that both stings and pleases me extremely. Your saying that I ought to have writ a Postscript to my Friend Gay's, makes me not content to write less than a whole Letter; and your seeming to take his kindly, gives me Hopes you will look upon this as a sincere Effect of Friendship. Indeed, as I cannot but own the Laziness with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have

from SEVERAL PERSONS. 257

have had (and one of us has both had and given) a Surfeit of Writing, so I really thought you would know yourself to be so certainly intitled to my Friendship, that it was a Possession you could not imagine stood in need of any further Deeds or Writings to assure you of it.

Whatever you seem to think of your withdrawn and separate State, at this Distance, and in this Absence, Dean *Swift* lives still in *England*, in every Place and Company where he would chuse to live, and I find him in all the Conversations I keep, and in all the Hearts in which I desire any Share.

We have never met these many Years without mention of you: Besides my old Acquaintance, I have found that all my Friends of a later Date are such as were yours before. Lord *Oxford*, Lord *Harcourt*, and Lord *Harley*, may look upon me as one intailed upon them by you. Lord *Bolingbroke* is now returned (as I hope) to take me with all his other hereditary Rights; and, indeed, he seems grown so much a Philosopher, as to set his Heart upon some of them as little, as upon the Poet you gave him. It is sure my ill Fate, that all those I most loved, and with whom I have most

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S

lived,

lived, must be banished: After both of you left *England*, my constant Host was the Bishop of *Rockester*; sure this is a Nation that is cursedly afraid of being overrun with too much Politeness, and cannot regain one great Genius, but at the Expence of another. I tremble for my Lord *Peterborough* (whom I now lodge with) he has too much Wit, as well as Courage, to make a solid General; and if he escapes being banished by others, I fear he will banish himself. This leads me to give you some Account of my Manner of Life and Conversation, which has been infinitely more various and dissipated than when you knew me and cared for me, and among all Sexes, Parties, and Professions. A Glut of Study and Retirement, in the first Part of my Life, cast me into this; and this I begin to see will throw me again into Study and Retirement.

The Civilities I have met with from opposite Sets of People, have hindered me from being violent or sour to any Party; but at the same Time the Observations and Experiences I cannot but have collected, have made me less fond of, and less surprized at any: I am therefore the more afflicted and the more angry at the Violences and Hardships I see practised by either. The
merry

merry Vein you knew me in, is sunk into
 a Turn of Reflection, that has made the
 World pretty indifferent to me; and yet I
 have acquired a Quietness of Mind which
 by Fits improves into a certain Degree of
 Cheerfulness, enough to make me just so
 good-humoured as to wish that World well.
 My Friendships are increased by new ones,
 yet no Part of the Warmth I felt for the
 old is diminished. Aversions I have none,
 but to Knaves (for Fools I have learned to
 bear with) and such I cannot be commonly
 civil to; for I think those next to Knaves
 who converse with them. The greatest
 Man in Power of this Sort, shall hardly
 make me bow to him, unless I had a Per-
 sonal Obligation to him, and that I will take
 Care not to have. The top Pleasure of my
 Life is one I learned from you, both how
 to gain and how to use, the Freedom of
 Friendship with Men much my Superiors.
 To have pleased great Men, according to
Horace, is a Praise; but not to have flattered
 them, and yet not have displeased them, is
 a greater. I have carefully avoided all In-
 tercourse with Poets and Scribblers, unless
 where by great Chance I have found a mo-
 dest one. By these Means I have had no
 Quarrels with any personally: None have
 been Enemies but who were also Strangers
 to me; and as there is no great Need of an

Ecclaircissement with such, whatever they writ or said I never retaliated; not only never seeming to know, but often really never knowing any Thing of the Matter. There are very few Things that give me the Anxiety of a Wish; the strongest I have would be to pass my Days with you, and a few such as you: But Fate has dispersed them all about the World; and I find to wish it is as vain, as to wish to live to see the Millennium and the Kingdom of the Just upon Earth.

If I have sinned in my long Silence, consider there is one to whom you yourself have been as great a Sinner. As soon as you see his Hand, you will learn to do me Justice, and feel in your Heart how long a Man may be silent to those he truly loves and respects.

LET-

from SEVERAL PERSONS. 261

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

I AM not so lazy as *Pope*, and therefore you must not expect from me the same Indulgence to Laziness; in defending his own Cause he pleads yours, and becomes your Advocate while he appeals to you as his Judge; you will do the same on your Part; and I, and the rest of your common Friends, shall have great Justice to expect from two such righteous Tribunals: You resemble perfectly the two Alehouse-Keepers in *Holland*, who were at the same Time Burgomasters of the Town, and taxed one anothers Bills alternately. I declare beforehand I will not stand to the Award; my Title to your Friendship is good, and wants neither Deeds nor Writings to confirm it: But annual Acknowledgments at least are necessary to preserve it; and I begin to suspect by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in Time to dispute it, and to urge Prescription against me. I would not say one Word to you about myself (since it is a Subject on which you appear to have no Curiosity) was it not to try, how far the Contrast between *Pope's* Fortune and Manner of Life, and mine, may be carried.

I have been then infinitely more uniform and less dissipated, than when you knew

me and cared for me. That Love which I used to scatter with some Profusion, among the whole Female Kind, has been these many Years devoted to one Object. A great many Misfortunes (for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly) and a Retirement from the World, have made that just and nice Discrimination between my Acquaintance and my Friends, which we have seldom Sagacity enough to make for ourselves; those Insects of various Hues, which used to hum and buz about me while I stood in the Sunshine, have disappeared since I lived in the Shade. No Man comes to a Hermitage but for the Sake of the Hermit; a few philosophical Friends come often to mine, and they are such as you would be glad to live with, if a dull Climate and duller Company have not altered you extremely from what you was nine Years ago.

The hoarse Voice of Party was never heard in this quiet Place; Gazettes and Pamphlets are banished from it, and if the Lucubrations of *Isaac Bickerstaff* are admitted, this Distinction is owing to some Strokes by which it is judged that this illustrious Philosopher, had (like the *Indian Fobu*, the *Grecian Pythagoras*, the *Persian Zoroaster*, and others his Precursors among the *Ara-*
bians,

bians, Magians, and the Egyptian Seers) both his outward and his inward Doctrine. and that he was of no Side at the Bottom, — When I am there, I forget I was ever of any Party myself; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted Reason of Things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any such Monster as Party. Alas, I am soon awakened from that pleasing Dream by the Greek and Roman Historians, by Guicciardini, by Machiavel, and by Thuanus; for I have vowed to read no History of our own Country, until that Body of it which you promise to finish appears.

I am under no Apprehensions that a Glut of Study and Retirement should cast me back into the Hurry of the World; on the contrary, the single Regret which I ever feel, is that I fell so late into this Course of Life: My Philosophy grows confirmed by Habit, and if you and I meet again I will extort this Approbation from you, I am *confilio bonus, sed more eo productus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nil non recte facere non possim*. The little Incivilities I have met with from opposite Sets of People, have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all; some have cured me of my Fears, by shewing me how impotent the

Malice of the World is ; others have cured me of my Hopes, by shewing how precarious popular Friendships are ; all have cured me of Surprise ; in driving me out of Party, they have driven me out of cursed Company ; and in stripping me of Titles, and Rank, and Estate, and such Trinkets, which every Man that will may spare, they have given me that which no Man can be happy without.

Reflection and Habit have rendered the World so indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased at what happens in it, any farther than personal Friendships interest me in the Affairs of it, and this Principle extends my Cares but a little Way. Perfect Tranquillity is the general Tenour of my Life : good Digestions, serene Weather, and some other mechanic Springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it ; I am sometimes gay, but I am never sad ; I have gained new Friends, and have lost some old ones ; my Acquisitions of this Kind give me a good deal of Pleasure, because they have not been made lightly : I know no Vows so solemn as those of Friendship, and therefore a pretty long Noviciate of Acquaintance should methinks precede them ; my Losses of this Kind give me but little Trouble,

Trouble, I contributed nothing to them, and a Friend who breaks with me unjustly is not worth preserving. As soon as I leave this Town (which will be in a few Days) I shall fall back into that Course of Life, which keeps Knaves and Fools at a great Distance from me; I have an Aversion to them both, but in the ordinary Course of Life I think I can bear the sensible Knave better than the Fool: One must indeed with the former be in some or other of the Attitudes of those wooden Men whom I have seen before a Sword Cutler's Shop in *Germany*; but even in these constrained Postures the witty Rascal will divert me; and he that diverts me does me a great deal of Good, and lays me under an Obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another Coin: The Fool obliges me to be almost as much upon my Guard as the Knave, and he make me no Amends; he numbs me like the Torpor, or he teizes me like the Fly. This is the Picture of an old Friend, and more like him than that will be which you once asked, and which he will send you, if you continue still to desire it.—Adieu, dear *Swift*, with all thy Faults I love thee intirely; make an Effort, and love me on with all mine.

L E T-

From Doctor SWIFT to Mr. POPE:

Dublin, Sept. 20, 1723.

RETURNING from a Summer Expedition of four Months on Account of my Health, I found a Letter from you, with an Appendix longer than yours from my Lord *Bolingbroke*. I believe there is not a more miserable Malady than an Unwillingness to write Letters to our best Friends, and a Man might be a Philosopher enough in finding out Reasons for it; one Thing is clear, that it shews a mighty Difference between Friendship and Love, for a Lover (as I have heard) is always scribbling to his Mistress. If I could permit myself to believe what your Civility makes you say, that I am still remembered by my Friends in *England*, I am in the right to keep myself here—*Non sum qualis eram*. I left you in a Period of Life when one Year doth more Execution than three at yours, to which if you add the Dulness of the Air, and of the People, it will make a terrible Sum. I have no very strong Faith in you Pretenders to Retirement; you are not of an Age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad Fortune enough, to go into a Corner, and form Conclusions *de contemptu mundi* & *fuga sæculi*, unless a Poet grows weary of
too

too much Applause, as Ministers do of too much Weight of Business.

Your Happiness is greater than your Merit, in chusing your Favourites so indifferently among either Party; this you owe partly to your Education, and partly to your Genius employing you in an Art in which Faction had nothing to do; for I suppose *Virgil* and *Horace* are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the Constitution of Church and State, than a Christian at *Constantinople*; and you are so much the wiser and the happier, because both Parties will approve your Poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your Notions of Friendship are new to me; I believe every Man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the first Place in my Friendship, but they are not in the Way: I am condemned to another Scene, and therefore I distribute it in Pennyworths to those about me, and who displease me least; and should do the same to my Fellow Prisoners if I were condemned to a Jail. I can likewise tolerate Knaves much better than Fools, because their Knavery doth me no Hurt in the Commerce I have with them,
which

which however I own is more dangerous, although not so troublesome as that of Fools. I have often endeavoured to establish a Friendship among all Men of Genius, and would fain have it done: They are seldom above three or four Contemporaries, and if they could be united, would drive the World before them. I think it was so among the Poets in the Time of *Augustus*; but Envy, and Party, and Pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the Subalterns, of which you are seldom without a large Tribe: Under the Name of Poets and Scribblers, I suppose you mean the Fools you are content to see sometimes, when they happen to be modest; which was not frequent among them while I was in the World.

I would describe to you my Way of Living, if any Method could be called so in this Country. I chuse my Companions among those of least Consequence and most Compliance: I read the most trifling Books I can find; and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling Subjects: But riding, walking, and sleeping take up eighteen of the twenty four Hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty Years ago, and have several Things to finish which I put off to twenty Years hence; *hec est vita Solutorum,*
 &c.

&c. I send you the Compliments of a Friend of yours, who hath passed four Months this Summer with two grave Acquaintance at his Country House, without ever once going to *Dublin*, which is but eight Miles distant; yet when he returns to *London*, I will engage you shall find him as deep in the Court of Requests, the Park, the Opera's, and the Coffee-house, as any Man there. I am now with him for a few Days.

You must remember me with great Affection to Dr. *Arburthnot*, Mr. *Congreve*, and *Gay*. — I think there are no more *eodem tertio's* between you and me, except Mr. J—— to whose House I address this, for want of knowing where you live; for it is not clear from your last whether you lodge with Lord *Peterborow*, or he with you? I am ever, &c.

L E T-

From Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

December 10, 1725.

I FIND myself the better acquainted with you for a long Absence, as Men are with themselves for a long Affliction; Absence does but hold off a Friend, to make one see him the more truly. I am infinitely more pleased to hear you are coming near us, than at any Thing you seem to think in my Favour; an Opinion which perhaps has been aggrandized by the Distance or Dulness of *Ireland*, (as Objects look larger through a Medium of Fogs) and yet I am infinitely pleased at that too. I am much the happier for finding (a better Thing than our Wits) our Judgments jump, in the Notion that all Scribblers should be past by in Silence. To vindicate one's self against such nasty Slander, is much as wise as it was in your Countryman, when the People imputed a Stink to him, to prove the contrary by showing his Backside. So let *Gildon* and *Philips* rest in Peace! What *Virgil* had to do with *Mævius*, that he should wear him upon his Sleeve to all Eternity, I don't know. I've been the longer upon this, that I may prepare you for the Reception both you and your Works may possibly meet in *England*. We your true Acquaintance

ance will look upon you as a good Man, and love you; others will look upon you as a Wit, and hate you. So you know the worst: unless you are vindictive as *Virgil*, or the aforesaid *Hibernian*.

I wish as warmly as you for an Hospital in which to lodge the Despisers of the World; only I fear it would be filled wholly like *Chelsea*, with maimed Soldiers, and such as had been disabled in its Service. I would rather have those, that out of such generous Principles as you and I despise it, fly in its Face, then retire from it. Not that I have much Anger against the Great; my Spleen is at the little Rogues of it: It would vex one more to be knocked on the Head with a Piss Pot than by a Thunderbolt. As to great Oppressors, they are like Kites or Eagles, one expects Mischief from them, but to be squirted to Death (as poor *Wycherly* said to me on his Death Bed) by Apothecaries Apprentices, by the Understrappers of Under Secretaries to Secretaries who were no Secretaries—this would provoke as dull a Dog as *P——*; himself.

So much for Enemies, now for Friends. Mr. *L——* thinks all this indiscreet: The Dr. not so: He loves Mischief the best of any good-natur'd Man in *England*. Lord
Bo-

Bolingbroke is above trifling: When he writes of any Thing in this World, he is more than mortal; if ever he trifles, it must be when he turns a Divine. *Gay* is writing Tales for Prince *William*: I suppose Mr. *Philips* will take this very ill, for two Reasons; one that he thinks all childish Things belong to him; and the other, because he'll take it ill to be taught that one may write Things to a Child without being childish. What have I more to add? But that Lord *Oxford* desires earnestly to see you: And that many others whom you do not think the worst of, will be gratified by it; none more (be assured) than yours, &c.

LET-

From the Earl of PETERBOROUGH to
Mr. POPE.

WHENEVER you apply as a good
Papist to your Female Mediatrix,
you are sure of Success; but there is not a
full Assurance of your entire Submission to
Mother-Church, and that abates a little of
your Authority. However, if you will ac-
cept of Country Letters, she will corres-
pond from the Haycock, and I will write to
you upon the Side of my Wheelbarrow:
Surely such Letters might escape Exami-
nation!

Your Idea of the Golden Age is, that
every Shepherd might pipe where he pleased.
As I have lived longer, I am more moderate
in my Wishes, and would be content with
the Liberty of not piping where I am not
pleased.

Oh how I wish, to myself and my
Friends, a Freedom which Fate seldom al-
lows, and which we often refuse ourselves!
Why is our Shepherdess in voluntary Slave-
ry? Why must our Dean submit to the Co-
lour of his Coat, and live absent from us?
And why are you confined to what you can-
not relieve?

VOL. VI.

T

I seldom

I seldom venture to give Accounts of my Journeys before hand, because I take Resolutions of going to *London*, and keep them no better than quarrelling Lovers do theirs. But the Devil will drive me thither about the Middle of next Month, and I will call upon you, to be sprinkled with Holy Water, before I enter the Place of Corruption. Yours, &c.

From

Oh how I wish to myself and my Friends a Freedom which Fate seldom allows, and which we often refuse ourselves! Why is our Shepherd in voluntary Slavery? Why must our Dean submit to the Court of his Coat, and live apart from us? And why are you confined to what you can not relieve?

I seldom
Vol VI

From the Same.

1732.

I AM under the greatest Impatience to see Dr. *Swift* at *Bevis Mount*, and must signify my Mind to him by another Hand, it not being permitted me to hold Correspondence with the said Dean, for no Letter of mine can come to his Hands.

And whereas it is apparent, in this Protestant Land most especially under the Care of Divine Providence, that nothing can succeed or come to a happy Issue but by Bribery; therefore let me know what he expects to comply with my Desires, and it shall be remitted unto him.

For though I would not corrupt any Man for the whole World, yet a Benevolence may be given without any Offence to Conscience; every one must confess that Gratification and Corruption are two distinct Terms; nay at worst many good Men hold, that for a good End some very naughty Measures may be made Use of.

But, Sir, I must give you some good News in relation to myself, because I know you wish me well; I am cured of some

276 L E T T E R S to and
Diseases in my old Age, which tormented
me very much in my Youth.

I was possess'd with violent and uneasy Passions, such as a peevish Concern for Truth, and a saucy Love for my Country.

When a Christian Priest preached against the Spirit of the Gospel, when an *English* Judge determined against *Magna Charta*, when the Minister acted against common Sense, I used to fret.

Now, Sir, let what will happen, I keep myself in Temper: As I have no flattering Hopes, so I banish all useless Fears: But as to the Things of this World, I find myself in a Condition beyond Expectation; it being evident from a late Parliamentary Inquiry, that I have as much ready Money, as much in the Funds, and as great a personal Estate as Sir *Robert S-t-t-n*.

If the Translator of *Homer* finds Fault with this unheroick Disposition, or what I more fear, if the Drapier of *Ireland* accuse the *Englishman* of want of Spirit; I silence you both with one Line out of your own *Horace*, *Quid te exempta juvat spinis e luribus una?* For I take the whole to be so corrupted, that a Cure in any Part would be of little Avail. Yours, &c.

From

From Dr. SWIFT to the Earl of PETERBOROUGH.

MY LORD,

I NEVER knew or heard of any Person so volatile and so fixt as your Lordship: You, while your Imagination is carrying you through every Corner of the World where you have, or have not been, can at the same Time remember to do Offices of Favour and Kindness to the meanest of your Friends; and in all the Scenes you have passed, have not been able to attain that one Quality peculiar to a great Man, of forgetting every Thing but Injuries. Of this I am a living Witness against you, for being the most insignificant of all your old humble Servants, you were so cruel as never to give me Time to ask a Favour, but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I desired, or could be for my Credit or Advantage.

I have often admired at the Capriciousness of Fortune in Regard to your Lordship. She hath forced Courts to act against their oldest, and most constant Maxims; to make you a General, because you had Courage and Conduct; an Ambassador, because you had Wisdom and Knowledge in the Interests of *Europe*; and an Admiral, on Ac-

count of your Skill in maritime Affairs ; whereas according to the usual Method of Court Proceedings, I should have been at the Head of the Army, and you of the Church, or rather a Curate under the Dean of *St. Patrick's*.

The * Archbishop of *Dublin* laments that he did not see your Lordship till he was just upon the Point of leaving the *Bath* ; I pray God you may have found Success in that Journey, else I shall continue to think there is a Fatality in all your Lordship's Undertakings, which only terminate in your own Honour, and the Good of the Publick, without the least Advantage to your Health or Fortune.

I remember Lord *Oxford's* Ministry used to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is so with me, for you are in one Thing an Evangelical Man, that you know not where to lay your Head, and I think you have no House. Pray my Lord write to me, that I may have the Pleasure in this enslaved Country, of going about, and shewing my depending Parsons a Letter from the Earl of *Peterborough*. I am, &c.

* Dr. King.

A TREA-

A
TREATISE
ON
Polite CONVERSATION.

By SIMON WAGSTAFF, *Esq;*

TREASURY

POLITE CONVERSATION.

By SIMON WAGSTAFF, Esq.

T A

A N

INTRODUCTION

To the following

TREATISE.

AS my Life hath been chiefly spent in consulting the Honour and Welfare of my Country, for more than forty Years past; not without answerable Success, if the World, and my Friends, have not flattered me; so, there is no Point wherein I have so much laboured, as that of improving, and polishing all Parts of Conversation between Persons of Quality, whether they meet by Accident or Invitation, at Meals, Tea, or Visits, Mornings, Noons, or Evenings.

I have passed, perhaps, more Time, than any other Man of my Age and Country, in Visits, and Assemblies, where the polite Persons, of both Sexes, distinguish themselves;

TREAST

Police Conversation.

By Simon Wacstaf, Esq.

A N

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I have passed, perhaps, more Time, than any other Man of my Age and Country, in Visits, and Assemblies, where the polite Persons, of both Sexes, distinguish themselves;

selves ; and could not, without much Grief observe, how frequently both Gentlemen and Ladies, are at a Loss for Questions, Answers, Replies, and Rejoinders. However, my Concern was much abated, when I found, that these Defects were not occasioned by any want of Materials, but because these Materials were not in every Hand. For Instance : One Lady can give an Answer better than ask a Question. One Gentleman is happy at a Reply ; another excels in a Rejoinder : One can revive a languishing Conversation, by a sudden surprizing Sentence ; another is more dextrous in seconding ; a third can fill the Gap with laughing, or commending what hath been said. Thus, fresh Hints may be started, and the Ball of Discourse kept up.

But alas, this is too seldom the Case, even in the most select Companies. How often do we see at Court, at publick visiting Days, or great Men's Levees, and other Places of general Meeting, that the Conversation falls and drops to nothing, like a Fire without Supply of Fuel. This is what we all ought to lament ; and against this dangerous Evil, I take upon me to affirm, that I have in the following Papers provided an infallible Remedy.

It

I N T R O D U C T I O N. 283

It was in the Year 1695, and the Sixth of his late Majesty King *William* the Third, of ever glorious and immortal Memory, who rescued three Kingdoms from Popery and Slavery ; when being about the Age of six and thirty, my Judgment mature, of good Reputation in the World, and well acquainted with the best Families in Town ; I determined to spend five Mornings, to dine four Times, pass three Afternoons, and six Evenings every Week, in the Houses of the most polite Families ; of which I would confine myself to fifty ; only changing as the Masters or Ladies died, or left the Town, or grew out of Vogue, or sunk in their Fortunes, or (which to me was of the highest Moment) became disaffected to the Government : Which Practice I have followed ever since, to this very Day ; except, when I happened at any Time to be sick, or in the Spleen upon cloudy Weather ; and except, when I entertained four of each Sex in my own Lodgings once a Month, by Way of Retaliation.

I always kept a large Table-Book in my Pocket ; and as soon as I left the Company, I immediately entered the choicest Expressions that passed during the Visit ; which, returning home, I transcribed in a fair Hand,
but

but somewhat enlarged : and had made the greatest Part of my Collection in twelve Years, but not digested into any Method : For, this I found was a Work of infinite Labour, and what required the nicest Judgment, and consequently could not be brought to any Degree of Perfection, in less than sixteen Years more : Herein, I resolved to exceed the Advice of *Horace*, a *Roman Poet*, (which I have read in Mr. *Creech's* admirable Translation) that an Author should keep his Works nine Years in his Closet, before he ventured to publish them ; and finding, that I still received some additional Flowers of Wit and Language, although in a very small Number, I determined to defer the Publication, to pursue my Design, and exhaust, if possible, the whole Subject, that I might present a compleat System to the World. For, I am convinced by long Experience, that the Criticks will be as severe as their old Envy against me can make them. I foresee they will object, that I have inserted many Answers and Replies, which are neither witty, humorous, polite, or authentick ; and have omitted others, that would have been highly useful, as well as entertaining. But let them come to Particulars, and I will boldly engage to confute their Malice.

For

For these last six or seven Years, I have not been able to add above nine valuable Sentences to enrich my Collection: From whence I conclude, that what remains, will amount only to a Trifle. However, if after the Publication of this Work, any Lady or Gentleman when they have read it, shall find the least Thing of Importance omitted, I desire they will please to supply my Defects, by communicating to me their Discoveries; and their Letters may be directed to *Simon Wagstaff*, Esq; at his Lodgings next Door to the *Gloucester Head* in *St. James's-street*, (paying the Postage) in return of which Favour, I shall make honourable mention of their Names in a short Preface to the second Edition.

In the mean Time, I cannot but with some Pride, and much Pleasure, congratulate with my dear Country, which hath outdone all the Nations of *Europe*, in advancing the whole Art of Conversation, to the greatest Height it is capable of reaching. And therefore, being entirely convinced, that the Collection I now offer to the Publick, is full and compleat; I may at the same Time boldly affirm, that the whole Genius, Humour, Politeness, and Eloquence of *England*, are summed up in it.

Nor

Nor, is the Treasure small, wherein are to be found, at least, a thousand shining Questions, Answers, Repartees, Replies, and Rejoinders, fitted to adorn every Kind of Discourse that an Assembly of *English* Ladies and Gentlemen, met together for their mutual Entertainment, can possibly want; especially when the several Flowers shall be set off and improved by the Speakers with every Circumstance of Preface and Circumlocution in proper Terms; and attended with Praise, Laughter, or Admiration. There is a natural involuntary Distortion of the Muscles, which is the anatomical Cause of Laughter: But there is another Cause of Laughter which Decency requires, and is the undoubted Mark of a good Taste, as well as of a polite obliging Behaviour; neither is this to be acquired without much Observation, long Practice, and a sound Judgment. I did therefore once intend, for the Ease of the Learner, to set down in all Parts of the following Dialogues, certain Marks, Asterisks, or Nota Bene's, (in *English*, Markwell's) after most Questions, and every Reply or Answer; directing exactly the Moment when one, two, or all the Company are to laugh. But, having duly considered that this Expedient would too much enlarge the Bulk of the Volume, and consequently the Price; and likewise, that

some-

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something ought to be left for ingenious Readers to find out: I have determined to leave the whole Affair, although of great Importance, to their own Discretion.

The Reader must learn by all Means to distinguish between Proverbs, and those polite Speeches which beautify Conversation: For, as to the former, I utterly reject them out of all ingenious Discourse. I acknowledge indeed, that there may possibly be found in this Treatise a few Sayings among so great a Number of smart Turns of Wit and Humour as I have produced, which have a proverbial Air. However, I hope it will be considered, that even these were not originally Proverbs, but the genuine Productions of superior Wits, to embellish and support Conversation; from whence, with great Impropriety, as well as Plagiarism, (if you will forgive a hard Word) they have most injuriously been transferred into proverbial Maxims; and therefore, ought in Justice to be resumed out of vulgar Hands, to adorn the Drawing Rooms of Princes, both Male and Female, the Levees of great Ministers, as well as the Toylet and Tea-Table of the Ladies.

I can faithfully assure the Reader, that there is not one single witty Phrase in this
whole

whole Collection, which hath not received the Stamp and Approbation of at least one hundred Years; and, how much longer, it is hard to determine; he may therefore be secure to find them all genuine, sterling, and authentick.

But, before this elaborate Treatise can become of universal Use and Ornament to my native Country, two Points that will require Time and much Application, are absolutely necessary. For, first, whatever Person would aspire to be compleatly Witty, Smart, Humorous, and Polite; must by hard Labour be able to retain in his Memory every single Sentence contained in this Work; so as never to be once at a Loss in applying the right Answers, Questions, Repartees, and the like immediately, and without Study or Hesitation. And secondly, after a Lady or Gentleman hath so well overcome this Difficulty as to be never at a Loss upon any Emergency; the true Management of every Feature, and almost of every Limb is equally necessary; without which an infinite Number of Absurdities will inevitably ensue. For Instance; there is hardly a polite Sentence in the following Dialogue, which doth not absolutely require some peculiar graceful Motion in the Eyes, or Nose, or Mouth, or Forehead, or Chin;
or

or suitable Toss of the Head, with certain Offices assigned to each Hand; and in Ladies, the whole Exercise of the Fan, fitted to the Energy of every Word she delivers: By no Means omitting the various Turns and Cadences of the Voice, the Twistings, and Movements, and different Postures of the Body; the several Kinds and Gradations of Laughter, which the Ladies must daily practise by their Looking-Glass, and consult upon them with their Waiting Maids.

My Readers will soon observe what a great Compass of real and useful Knowledge this Science includes; wherein, although Nature assisted by a Genius, may be very instrumental, yet a strong Memory and constant Application, together with Example and Precept, will be highly necessary. For these Reasons, I have often wished, that certain Male and Female Instructors, perfectly versed in this Science, would set up Schools for the Instruction of young Ladies and Gentlemen therein. I remember about thirty Years ago, there was a *Bohemian* Woman, of that Species commonly known by the Name of Gypsies, who came over hither from *France*, and generally attended *Isaac* the Dancing Master, when he was teaching his Art to Misses of Quality; and while the young Ladies were thus employ-

ed, the *Bohemian* standing at some Distance, but full in their Sight, acted before them all proper Airs, and Heavings of the Head, and Motions of the Hands, and Twistings of the Body; whereof you may still observe the good Effects in several of our elder Ladies. After the same Manner, it were much to be desired, that some expert Gentlewomen, gone to Decay, would set up publick Schools, wherein young Girls of Quality or great Fortunes, might first be taught to repeat this following System of Conversation, which I have been at so much Pains to compile; and then to adapt every Feature of their Countenances, every Turn of their Hands, every screwing of their Bodies, every Exercise of their Fans, to the Humour of the Sentences they hear or deliver in Conversation. But above all, to instruct them in every Species and Degree of Laughing, in the proper Seasons at their own Wit, or that of the Company. And, if the Sons of the Nobility and Gentry, instead of being sent to common Schools, or put into the Hands of Tutors at Home, to learn nothing but Words, were consigned to able Instructors in the same Art; I cannot find what Use there could be of Books, except in the Hands of those who are to make Learning their Trade; which is below the Dignity of Persons born to Titles or Estates.

It would be another infinite Advantage, that by cultivating this Science, we should wholly avoid the Vexations and Impertinence of Pedants ; who affect to talk in a Language not to be understood ; and, whenever a polite Person offers accidentally to use any of their Jargon Terms, have the Presumption to laugh at us for pronouncing those Words in a genteeler Manner : Whereas, I do here affirm, that whenever any fine Gentleman or Lady condescends to let a hard Word pass out of their Mouths, every Syllable is smoothed and polished in the Passage ; and, it is a true Mark of Politeness both in Writing and Reading, to vary the Orthography as well as the Sound, because we are infinitely better Judges of what will please a distinguishing Ear, than those who call themselves Scholars, can possibly be ; who consequently ought to correct their Books, and Manner of pronouncing by the Authority of our Example, from whose Lips they proceed with infinite more Beauty and Significancy.

But in the mean Time, until so great, so useful, and so necessary a Design can be put in Execution, (which considering the good Disposition of our Country at present, I shall not despair of living to see) let me recom-

mend the following Treatise, to be carried about as a Pocket Companion, by all Gentlemen and Ladies, when they are going to visit, or dine, or drink Tea; or, where they happen to pass the Evening without Cards; (as I have sometimes known it to be the Case, upon Disappointments, or Accidents unforeseen) desiring they would read their several Parts in their Chairs or Coaches, to prepare themselves for every Kind of Conversation, that can probably happen.

Although I have, in Justice to my Country, allowed the Genius of our People to excel that of any other Nation upon Earth; and have confirmed this Truth by an Argument not to be controuled, I mean by producing so great a Number of witty Sentences in the ensuing Dialogues, all of undoubted Authority, as well as of our own Production; yet I must confess, at the same Time, that we are wholly indebted for them to our Ancestors; at least, for as long as my Memory reached, I do not recollect one new Phrase of Importance to have been added: Which Defect in us Moderns, I take to have been occasioned by the Introduction of Cant Words, in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second. And these have so often varied, that hardly one
of

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of them of above a Year's Standing is now intelligible ; nor any where to be found, excepting a small Number strewed here and there in the Comedies, and other fantastick Writings of that Age. The Honourable Colonel *James Graham*, my old Friend and Companion, did likewise towards the end of the same Reign, invent a Set of Words and Phrases, which continued almost to the Time of his Death. But, as these Terms of Art were adapted only to Courts and Politicians, and extended little further than among his particular Acquaintance, (of whom I had the Honour to be one) they are now almost forgotten. Nor did the late D— of R——, and E— of E—— succeed better, although they proceeded no further than single Words, whereof, except Bite, Bamboozle, and one or two more, the whole Vocabulary is antiquated. The same Fate hath already attended those other Town Wits, who furnish us with a great Variety of new Terms, which are annually changed, and those of the last Season sunk in Oblivion. Of these, I was once favoured with a compleat List, by the Right Honourable the Lord and Lady H—, with which I made a considerable Figure, one Summer, in the Country, but returning up to Town in Winter, and venturing to produce them again, I was partly hooted, and partly not understood.

The only Invention of late Years, which hath any Way contributed to advance Politeness in Discourse, is that of abbreviating, or reducing Words of many Syllables into one, by lopping off the rest. This Refinement, having begun about the Time of the Revolution, I had some Share in the Honour of promoting it; and I observe to my great Satisfaction, that it makes daily Advancements; and, I hope, in Time will raise our Language to the utmost Perfection: Although, I must confess, to avoid Obscurity, I have been very sparing of this Ornament in the following Dialogues.

But, as for Phrases invented to cultivate Conversation, I defy all the Clubs and Coffee-Houses in this Town, to invent a new one, equal in Wit, Humour, Smartness, or Politeness, to the very worst of my Set; which clearly shews, either that we are much degenerated, or that the whole Stock of Materials hath been already employed. I would willingly hope, as I do confidently believe, the latter: Because, having myself for several Months racked my Invention, if possible, to enrich this Treasury with some Additions of my own, (which, however, should have been printed in a different Character, that I might not be charged with imposing

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ing upon the Publick) and having shewn them to some judicious Friends, they dealt very sincerely with me; all unanimously agreeing, that mine were infinitely below the true old Helps to Discourse, drawn up in my present Collection, and confirmed their Opinion with Reasons by which I was perfectly convinced, as well as ashamed of my great Presumption.

But, I lately met a much stronger Argument to confirm me in the same Sentiments. For, as the great Bishop *Burnet*, of *Salisbury*, informs us, in the Preface to his admirable History of his own Times; that he intended to employ himself in polishing it every Day of his Life, (and, indeed in its Kind, it is almost equally polished with this Work of mine) so, it hath been my constant Business, for some Years past, to examine with the utmost Strictness, whether I could possibly find the smallest Lapse in Style, or Propriety through my whole Collection, that in Emulation with the Bishop I might send it abroad, as the most finished Piece of the Age. It happened one Day, as I was dining in good Company of both Sexes, and watching, according to my Custom, for new Materials, wherewith to fill my Pocket Book, I succeeded well enough, until after Dinner, when the Ladies retired

to their Tea, and left us over a Bottle of Wine. But, I found we were not able to furnish any more Materials that were worth the Pains of transcribing. For, the Discourse of the Company was all degenerated into smart Sayings of their own Invention, and not of the true old Standard; so, that in absolute Despair, I withdrew, and went to attend the Ladies at their Tea. From whence, I did then conclude, and still continue to believe, either that Wine doth not inspire Politeness, or that our Sex is not able to support it without the Company of Women, who never fail to lead us into the right Way, and there to keep us.

It much increaseth the Value of these Apophthegms, that unto them we owe the Continuance of our Language for at least an hundred Years; neither is this to be wondered at: Because, indeed, besides the Smartness of the Wit, and Fineness of the Raillery, such is the Propriety and Energy of Expression in them all, that they never can be changed but to Disadvantage, except in the Circumstance of using Abbreviations, which, however, I do not despair, in due Time, to see introduced, having already met them at some of the choice Companies in Town.

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Although this Work be calculated for all Persons of Quality and Fortune, of both Sexes, yet the Reader may perceive, that my particular View was to the Officers of the Army, the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court, and of both the Universities; to all Courtiers, Male and Female; but, principally, to the Maids of Honour, of whom I have been personally acquainted with two and twenty Setts, all excelling in this noble Endowment; until some Years past, I know not how, they came to degenerate into selling of Bargains, and Free-Thinking, not that I am against either of these Entertainments at proper Seasons, in Compliance with Company, who may want a Taste for more exalted Discourse, whose Memories may be short; who are too young to be perfect in their Lessons: Or, (although it be hard to conceive) who have no Inclination to read and learn my Instructions. Besides, I confess, there is a strong Temptation for Court Ladies to fall into the two Amusements above mentioned, that they may avoid the Censure of affecting Singularity, against the general Current and Fashion of all about them: But however, no Man will pretend to affirm, that either Bargains or Blasphemy, which are the principal Ornaments of Free-Thinking, are so good a Fund

Fund of polite Discourse, as what is to be met with in my Collection. For, as to Bargains; few of them seem to be excellent in their Kind, and have not much Variety, because they all terminate in one single Point; and, to multiply them would require more Invention than People have to spare. And, as to Blasphemy or Free-Thinking, I have known some scrupulous Persons of both Sexes, who, by a prejudiced Education, are afraid of Sprights. I must however except the Maids of Honour, who have been fully convinced, by a famous Court Chaplain, that there is no such Place as Hell.

I cannot, indeed, controvert the Lawfulness of Free-Thinking, because it hath been universally allowed, that Thought is free. But however, although it may afford a large Field of Matter, yet, in my poor Opinion, it seems to contain very little, either of Wit or Humour; because, it hath not been antient enough among us, to furnish established authentick Expressions; I mean such as must receive a Sanction from the polite World, before their Authority can be allowed; neither was the Art of Blasphemy or Free-Thinking, invented by the Court, or by Persons of great Quality, who properly speaking, were Patrons rather than Invent-

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ors of it, but first brought in by the Fanatick Faction, towards the End of their Power; and, after the Restoration, carried to *Whitehall* by the converted Rumpers, with very good Reason; because, they knew, that King *Charles* the Second, from a wrong Education, occasioned by the Troubles of his Father, had Time enough to observe, that Fanatick Enthusiasm directly led to Atheism; which agreed with the dissolute Inclinations of his Youth: And, perhaps these Principles were farther cultivated in him by the *French* Huguenots, who have been often charged for spreading them among us: However, I cannot see where the Necessity lies of introducing new and foreign Topicks for Conversation, while we have so plentiful a Stock of our own Growth.

I have likewise, for some Reasons of equal Weight, been very sparing in Double-entendres, because, they often put Ladies upon affected Constraints, and affected Ignorance. In short, they break, or very much entangle the Thread of Discourse; neither am I Master of any Rules to settle the disconcerted Countenances of the Females in such a Juncture: I can therefore only allow Innuendos of this Kind to be delivered in Whispers, and only to young Ladies
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under Twenty, who being in Honour obliged to blush, it may produce a new Subject for Discourse.

Perhaps the Criticks may accuse me of a Defect in my following System of Polite Conversation; that there is one great Ornament of Discourse, whereof I have not produced a single Example; which, indeed, I purposely omitted, for some Reasons, that I shall immediately offer; and, if those Reasons will not satisfy the Male Part of my Gentle Readers; the Defect may be supplied, in some Manner, by an Appendix to the second Edition: Which Appendix shall be printed by itself, and sold for Sixpence stitched, and with a Marble Cover; that my Readers may have no Occasion to complain of being defrauded: The Defect I mean, is, my not having inserted into the Body of my Book, all the Oaths now most in Fashion for embellishing Discourse; especially, since it could give no Offence to the Clergy, who are seldom or never admitted to these polite Assemblies. And, it must be allowed, that Oaths well chosen, are not only very useful Expletives to Matter, but great Ornaments of Style.

What I shall here offer in my own Defence, upon this important Article, will, I hope,

hope, be some Extenuation of my Fault. First, I reasoned with myself, that a just Collection of Oaths, repeated as often as the Fashion requires, must have enlarged this Volume, at least to double the Bulk; whereby, it would not only double the Charge, but likewise make the Volume less commodious for Pocket Carriage. Secondly, I have been assured by some judicious Friends, that themselves have known certain Ladies to take Offence (whether seriously or no) at too great a Profusion of Cursing and Swearing; even, when that Kind of Ornament was not improperly introduced: Which, I confess, did startle me not a little; having never observed the like, in the Compass of my own Female Acquaintance, at least for twenty Years past. However, I was forced to submit to wiser Judgments than my own. Thirdly, as this most useful Treatise is calculated for all future Times; I considered, in this Maturity of my Age, how great a Variety of Oaths I have heard, since I began to study the World, and to know Men and Manners. And here, I found it to be true, what I have read in an ancient Poet:

*“ For, now adays, Men change their Oaths,
“ As often as they change their Cloaths.”*

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In short, Oaths are the Children of Fashion ; they are in some Sense, almost Annuals, like what I observed before of Cant Words ; and I myself can remember about forty different Setts. The old Stock-oaths, I am confident, do not amount to above forty five, or fifty at most ; but, the Way of mingling and compounding them, is almost as various as that of the Alphabet. Sir *John Perrot*, was the first Man of Quality, whom I find upon Record, to have sworn by G——'s W——'s. He lived in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, and was supposed to have been a natural Son of *Harry VIII.* who might also have probably been his Instructor. This Oath, indeed, still continues, and is a Stock-oath to this Day ; so do several others, that have kept their primitive natural Simplicity : But, infinitely the greater Number hath been so frequently changed, and dislocated, that if the Inventors were now alive, they could hardly understand them.

Upon these Considerations, I began to apprehend, that if I should insert all the Oaths as now current ; my Book would be out of Vogue with the first Change of Fashion, and grow useless as an old Dictionary. Whereas, the Case is quite otherwise with my

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my Collection of polite Discourse; which, as I before observed, hath descended by Tradition, for at least, an hundred Years, without any Change in the Phraseology. I therefore determined with myself, to leave out the whole System of Swearing; because, both the Male and Female Oaths are all perfectly well known and distinguished; new ones are easily learnt, and with a moderate Share of Discretion, may be properly applied on every fit Occasion. However, I must here upon this Article of Swearing, most earnestly recommend to my Readers, that they would please a little to study Variety. For, it is the Opinion of our most refined Swearers, that the same Oath or Curse, cannot, consistent with true Politeness, be repeated above nine Times, in the same Company, by the same Person, and at one Sitting.

I am far from desiring, or expecting, that all the polite ingenious Speeches contained in this Work, should in the general Conversation between Ladies and Gentlemen, come in so quick and so close, as I have here delivered them. By no Means: On the contrary, they ought to be husbanded better, and spread much thinner. Nor, do I make the least Question, but that by a discreet, thrifty Management, they may serve for the
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Entertainment of a whole Year; to any Person who does not make too long, or too frequent Visits in the same Family. The Flowers of Wit, Fancy, Wisdom, Humour, and Politeness, scattered in this Volume, amount to one thousand, seventy and four. Allowing then to every Gentleman and Lady thirty visiting Families, (not insisting upon Fractions) there will want but little of an hundred polite Questions, Answers, Replies, Rejoinders, Repartees, and Remarks, to be daily delivered, fresh in every Company, for twelve solar Months; and, even this, is a higher Pitch of Delicacy than the World insists on, or, hath Reason to expect. But, I am altogether for exalting this Science to its utmost Perfection.

It may be objected, that the Publication of my Book, may, in a long Course of Time, prostitute this noble Art to mean and vulgar People. But, I answer; that it is not so easily acquired, as a few ignorant Pretenders may imagine. A Footman can swear; but he cannot swear like a Lord. He can swear as often: But can he swear with equal Delicacy, Propriety, and Judgement? No certainly; unless he be a Lad of superior Parts, of good Memory, a diligent Observer, one who hath a skilful Ear, some Knowledge in Musick, and an exact Taste;

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Taste ; which hardly falls to the Share of one in a thousand among that Fraternity, in as high Favour as they now stand with their Ladies ; neither perhaps hath one Footman in six, so fine a Genius, as to relish and apply those exalted Sentences compromised in this Volume, which I offer to the World : It is true, I cannot see that the same ill Consequences would follow from the Waiting-woman, who, if she hath been bred to read Romances, may have some small Subaltern or Second-hand Politeness ; and, if she constantly attends the Tea, and be a good Listner, may, in some Years, make a tolerable Figure ; which will serve, perhaps, to draw in the young Chaplain, or the old Steward. But alas ! after all, how can she acquire those hundreds of Graces and Motions, and Airs, the whole military Management of the Fan, the Contortions of every muscular Motion in the Face ; the risings and fallings, the quickness and slackness of the Voice, with the several Tones and Cadences ; the proper Junctures of smiling and frowning ; how often, and how loud to laugh ; when to jibe and when to flout ; with all the other Branches of Doctrine and Discipline above recited. I am therefore, not under the least Apprehension, that this Art will be ever in Danger of falling into common Hands, which requires

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so much Time, Study, Practice, and Genius, before it arrives to Perfection : And therefore, I must repeat my Proposal for erecting publick Schools, provided with the best and ablest Masters and Mistresses, at the Charge of the Nation.

I have drawn this Work into the Form of a Dialogue, after the Pattern of other famous Writers in History, Law, Politicks, and most other Arts and Sciences, and I hope it will have the same Success : For, who can contest it to be of greater Consequence to the Happiness of these Kingdoms, than all human Knowledge put together. Dialogue is held the best Method of inculcating any Part of Knowledge : And, as I am confident, that publick Schools will soon be founded for teaching Wit and Politeness after my Scheme, to young People of Quality and Fortune ; so I have determined, next Sessions, to deliver a Petition to the House of Lords, for an Act of Parliament to establish my Book, as the standard Grammar, in all the principal Cities of both Kingdoms, where this Art is to be taught by able Masters, who are to be approved and recommended by me ; which is no more than *Lilly* obtained, only for teaching Words in a Language wholly useless : Neither shall I be so far wanting to myself,

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myself, as not to desire a Patent, granted of Course to all useful Projectors; I mean, that I may have the sole Profit of giving a Licence to every such School, to read my Grammar for fourteen Years.

The Reader cannot but observe, what Pains I have been at in polishing the Style of my Book to the greatest Exactness: Nor, have I been less diligent in refining the Orthography, by spelling the Words in the very same Manner that they are pronounced, wherein I follow the chief Patterns of Politeness, at Court, at Levees, at Assemblies, at Play-houses, at the prime visiting Places, by young Templars, and by Gentlemen Commoners of both Universities, who have lived, at least, a Twelvemonth in Town, and kept the best Company: Of these Spellings, the Publick will meet with many Examples, in the following Book: For Instance, can't, ha'v't, sha'n't, didn't, coodn't, woodn't, isn't, en't; with many more. Besides several Words, which Scholars pretend, are derived from *Greek* and *Latin*; but now pared into a polite Sound, by Ladies, Officers of the Army, Courtiers and Templars; such as Jommetry for Geometry, Verdi for Verdict, Lard for Lord, Larnin for Learning; together with some Abbreviations equally refined: As, Pozz for Positively,

sitively, Mobb for Mobile, Phizz for Physiognomy, Rep for Reputation, Plenipo for Plenipotentiary, Incog for Incognito, Hipps or Hippo for Hypochondriacks, Bam for Bamboozle, and Bamboozle for God knows what; whereby much Time is saved, and the high Road to Conversation, cut short by many a Mile.

I have, as it will be apparent, laboured very much, and I hope with Felicity enough, to make every Character in the Dialogue, agreeable with itself; to a Degree, that whenever any judicious Person shall read my Book aloud for the Entertainment and Instruction of a select Company, he need not so much as name the particular Speakers; because, all the Persons throughout the several Subjects of Conversation, strictly observes a different Manner peculiar to their Characters, which are of different Kinds; but, this I leave entirely to the prudent and impartial Reader's Discernment.

Perhaps, the very Manner of introducing the several Points of Wit and Humour, may not be less entertaining and instructing than the Matter itself: In the latter, I can pretend to little Merit; because, it entirely depends upon Memory, and the Happiness of having kept polite Company. But, the

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Art of contriving that those Speeches should be introduced naturally, as the most proper Sentiments to be delivered upon so great a Variety of Subjects; I take to be a Talent somewhat uncommon, and a Labour that few People could hope to succeed in; unless, they had a Genius particularly turned that Way, added to a sincere disinterested Love of the Publick.

Although, every curious Question, smart Answer, and witty Reply, be little known to many People, yet, there is not one single Sentence in the whole Collection, for which I cannot bring most authentick Vouchers, whenever I shall be called: And, even for some Expressions, which to a few nicer Ears, may perhaps appear somewhat gross, I can produce the Stamp of Authority from Courts, Chocolate-houses, Theatres, Assemblies, Drawing-rooms, Levees, Card-meetings, Balls, and Masquerades; from Persons of both Sexes, and of the highest Titles next to Royal. However, to say the Truth, I have been very sparing in my Quotations of such Sentiments that seem to be over free; because, when I began my Collection, such Kind of Converse was almost in its Infancy, until it was taken into the Protection of my honoured Patronesses at Court; by whose Countenance and Sanction,

it hath become a choice Flower, in the Nosegay of Wit and Politeness.

Some will, perhaps, object, that when I bring my Company to Dinner, I mention too great a Variety of Dishes, not always consistent with the Art of Cookery, or proper for the Season of the Year; and Part of the first Course mingled with the second; besides a Failure in Politeness, by introducing Black-Pudding to a Lord's Table, and at a great Entertainment: But, if I had omitted the Black-Pudding, I desire to know, what would have become of that exquisite Reason given by Miss *Notable* for not eating it. The World perhaps might have lost it for ever, and I should have been justly answerable for having left it out of my Collection. I therefore cannot but hope, that such Hypercritical Readers, will please to consider, my Business was to make so full and complete a Body of refined Sayings, as compact as I could; only taking Care, to produce them in the most natural and probable Manner, in order to allure my Readers into the very Substance and Marrow of this most admirable and necessary Art.

I am heartily sorry, and was much disappointed to find; that so universal and polite an Entertainment as Cards, hath hither-

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to contributed very little to the Enlargement of my Work. I have sat by many hundred Times with the utmost Vigilance, and my Table Book ready, without being able in eight Hours, to gather Matter for one single Phrase in my Book. But, this I think, may be easily accounted for, by the Turbulence and Jostling of Passions upon the various and surprizing Turns, Incidents, Revolutions, and Events, of good and evil Fortune, that arrive in the Course of a long Evening at Play; the Mind being wholly taken up, and the Consequences of Non-Attention so fatal. Play is supported upon the two great Pillars of Deliberation and Action. The Terms of Art are few; prescribed by Law and Custom. No Time allowed for Digressions or Trials of Wit, *Quadrille* in particular, bears some Resemblance to a State of Nature, which we are told, is a State of War, wherein every Woman is against every Woman: The Unions short, inconstant, and soon broke; the League made this Minute, without knowing the Ally; and dissolved in the next. Thus, at the Game of *Quadrille*, Female Brains are always employed in Stratagem, or their Hands in Action.

Neither can I find, that our Art hath gained much by the happy Revival of Mas-

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querading among us: The whole Dialogue in these Meetings, being summed up in one sprightly (I confess, but) single Question; and as sprightly an Answer. Do you know me? Yes I do. And, Do you know me? Yes I do. For this Reason, I did not think it proper, to give my Readers the Trouble of introducing a Masquerade, merely for the Sake of a single Question and a single Answer. Especially, when to perform this in a proper Manner, I must have brought in a hundred Persons together of both Sexes, dressed in fantastick Habits for one Minute, and dismissed them the next. Neither is it reasonable to conceive, that our Science can be much improved by Masquerades, where the Wit of both Sexes is altogether taken up in contriving singular and humourfome Disguises; and their Thoughts entirely employed in bringing Intrigues, and Assignations of Gallantry to an happy Conclusion.

The judicious Reader will readily discover, that I make Miss *Notable*, my Heroine; and Mr. *Thomas Neverout* my Hero: I have laboured both their Characters with my utmost Ability. It is into their Mouths that I have put the liveliest Questions, Answers, Repartees, and Rejoinders; because, my Design was to propose them both as Patterns for all young Bachelors, and single Ladies to

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copy after. By which, I hope, very soon, to see polite Conversation flourish between both Sexes, in a more consummate Degree of Perfection than these Kingdoms have yet ever known.

I have drawn some Lines of Sir *John Linger's* Character, the *Derbyshire* Knight, on Purpose to place it in Counterview, or Contrast, with that of the other Company. Wherein, I can assure the Reader, that I intended not the least Reflection upon *Derbyshire*, the Place of my Nativity. But, my Intention was only to shew the Misfortune of those Persons, who have the Disadvantage to be bred out of the Circle of Politeness, whereof I take the present Limits, to extend no further than *London*, and ten Miles round, although others are pleased to confine it within the Bills of Mortality. If you compare the Discourses of my Ladies and Gentlemen with those of Sir *John*; you will hardly conceive him to have been bred in the same Climate, or under the same Laws, Language, Religion, or Government: And, accordingly, I have introduced him speaking in his own rude Dialect, for no other Reason than to teach my Scholars how to avoid it.

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The curious Reader will observe, that where Conversation appears in Danger to flag; which, in some Places, I have artfully contrived; I took Care to invent some sudden Question, or Turn of Wit to revive it. Such as these that follow. What? I think here is a silent Meeting. Come, Madam, a Penny for your Thought; with several others of the like Sort.

I have rejected all Provincial, or Country Turns of Wit and Fancy, because I am acquainted with a very few; but indeed, chiefly, because I found them so very much inferior to those at Court, especially among the Gentlemen Ushers, the Ladies of the Bed-Chamber, and the Maids of Honour. I must also add the hither End of our noble Metropolis.

When this happy Art of polite conversing, shall be thoroughly improved; good Company will be no longer pestered with dull, dry, tedious Story-tellers, or brangling Disputers. For, a right Scholar of either Sex, in our Science, will perpetually interrupt them with some sudden surprizing Piece of Wit, that shall engage all the Company in a loud Laugh; and, if after a Pause, the grave Companion resumes his Thread in
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the following Manner; well; but to go on with my Story; new Interruptions come from the Left and Right, until he be forced to give over.

I have likewise made some few Essays, towards selling of Bargains, as well for instructing those who delight in that Accomplishment, as in Compliance with my Female Friends at Court. However, I have transgressed a little in this Point, by doing it in a Manner somewhat more reserved, than as it is now practised at St. James's. At the same Time, I can hardly allow this Accomplishment to pass properly for a Branch of that perfect polite Conversation, which makes the constituent Subject of my Treatise; and, for this, I have already given my Reasons. I have, likewise, for further Caution, left a Blank in the critical Point of each Bargain, which the sagacious Reader may fill up in his own Mind.

As for myself; I am proud to own, that except some Smattering in the *French*, I am what the Pedants, and Scholars call, a Man wholly illiterate: that is to say, unlearned. But, as to my own Language, I shall not readily yield to many Persons: I have read most of the Plays, and all the Miscellany Poems that have been published for twenty Years

Years past. I have read Mr. *Thomas Brown's* Works entire, and had the Honour to be his intimate Friend, who was universally allowed to be the greatest Genius of his Age. Upon what Foot I stand, with the present chief reigning Wits, their Verses recommendatory, which they have commanded me to prefix before my Book, will be more than a thousand Witnesses. I am, and have been likewise, particularly acquainted with Mr. *Charles Gildon*, Mr. *Ward*, Mr. *Dennis*, that admirable Critick and Poet; and several others. Each of these eminent Persons, (I mean those who are still alive) have done me the Honour to read this Production, five Times over, with the strictest Eye of friendly Severity; and proposed some, although very few Amendments, which, I gratefully accepted; and, do here publicly return my Acknowledgements for so singular a Favour. And, I cannot conceal, without Ingratitude, the great Assistance I have received from those two illustrious Writers Mr. *Ozel*, and Captain *Stephens*. These, and some others of distinguished Eminency, in whose Company I have passed so many agreeable Hours; as they have been the great Refiners of our Language, so, it hath been my chief Ambition to imitate them. Let the *Popes*, the *Gays*, the *Arbutnots*, the *Youngs*, and the rest

rest of that snarling Brood, burst with Envy at the Praises we receive from the Court and Kingdom. But, to return from this Digression.

The Reader will find, that the following Collection of polite Expressions, will easily incorporate with all Subjects of genteel and fashionable Life. Those which are proper for Morning Tea, will be equally useful at the same Entertainment in the Afternoon, even in the same Company, only by shifting the several Questions, Answers, and Replies, into different Hands; and, such as are adapted to Meals, will indifferently serve for Dinners, or Suppers, only distinguishing between Day-Light and Candle-Light. By this Method, no diligent Person of a tolerable Memory, can ever be at a Loss.

It hath been my constant Opinion, that every Man who is intrusted by Nature, with any useful Talent of the Mind, is bound by all the Tyes of Honour; and, that Justice which we all owe our Country, to propose to himself some one illustrious Action to be performed in his Life, for the publick Emolument: And, I freely confess, that so grand, so important an Enterprize as I have undertaken, and executed to the best of my Power, well deserved a much abler Hand,

as

as well as a liberal Encouragement from the Crown. However, I am bound so far to acquit myself, as to declare, that I have often, and most earnestly intreated several of my above-named Friends, universally allowed to be of the first Rank in Wit and Politeness, that they would undertake a Work so honourable to themselves, and so beneficial to the Kingdom: But, so great was their Modesty, that they all thought fit to excuse themselves, and impose the Task on me; yet, in so obliging a Manner, and attended with such Compliments on my poor Qualifications, that I dare not repeat. And, at last, their Intreaties, or rather, their Commands, added to that inviolable Love I bear to the Land of my Nativity, prevailed upon me to engage in so bold an Attempt.

I may venture to affirm, without the least Violation of Modesty, that there is no Man now alive, who hath by many Degrees, so just Pretensions as myself, to the highest Encouragement from the Crown, the Parliament, and the Ministry, towards bringing this Work to its due Perfection. I have been assured, that several great Heroes of Antiquity, were worshipped as Gods, upon the Merit of having civilized a fierce and barbarous People. It is manifest, I could have no other Intentions; and, I dare appeal

peal to my very Enemies, if such a Treatise as mine had been published some Years ago, and with as much Success, as I am confident this will meet; I mean, by turning the Thoughts of the whole Nobility and Gentry, to the Study and Practice of polite Conversation; whether such mean, stupid Writers as the *Craftsman*, and his Abettors, could have been able to corrupt the Principles of so many hundred thousand Subjects, as to the Shame and Grief of every whiggish, loyal, true Protestant Heart, it is too manifest they have done. For, I desire the honest, judicious Reader, to make one Remark; that, after I have exhausted the whole * infickly Pay-Day (if I may so call it) of Politeness and Refinement, and faithfully digested it into the following Dialogues, there cannot be found one Expression relating to Politicks: That the Ministry is never mentioned, nor the Word King above twice or thrice; and then, only to the Honour of Majesty. So very cautious were our wiser Ancestors, in forming Rules for Conversation, as never to give Offence to Crowned Heads, nor interfere with Party Disputes in the State. And indeed, although there seem to be a close Resemblance between the two,

Words

* This Word is spelt by Latinists *Encyclopædia*: But, the judicious Author, wisely prefers the Polite Reading before the Pedantick.

Words, Politeness, and Politicks, yet no Ideas are more inconsistent in their Natures. However, to avoid all Appearance of Disaffection, I have taken Care to enforce Loyalty, by an invincible Argument, drawn from the Fountain of this noble Science, in the following short Terms, that ought to be writ in Gold, MUST, IS FOR THE KING. Which uncontrollable Maxim, I took particular Care of introducing in the first Page of my Book; thereby, to instil only the best Protestant loyal Notions into the Minds of my Readers. Neither is it merely my own private Opinion, that Politeness is the firmest Foundation upon which Loyalty can be supported: For, thus happily sings the never-to-be-too-much-admired † Lord H—, in his truly sublime Poem, called, Loyalty defined.

*Who's not polite, for the Pretender, is;
A Jacobite, I know him by his Phizz.*

In the like Manner, the divine Mr. Tibbalds, or Theobalds, in one of his Birth-day Poems.

*I am no Scollard, but I am polite,
Therefore be sure, I am no Jacobite.*

Here

† It is erroneously printed in the London Edition, Mr. Stephen Duck.

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Here likewise, to the same Purpose, that great Master of the poetick Quire, our most illustrious Laureat, Mr. *Colly Cibber*.

*Who in his Talk, can't say a polite Thing,
Will never loyal be, to George our King.*

I could produce many more shining Passages out of our principal Poets of both Sexes, to confirm this momentous Truth. From whence, I think it may be fairly concluded, that whoever can most contribute towards propagating the Science contained in the following Sheets, through the Kingdoms of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*, may justly demand all the Favour that the wisest Court, and most judicious Senate, are able to confer on the most deserving Subject. I leave the Application to my Readers.

This is the Work, which I have been so hardy to attempt, and without the least mercenary View. Neither do I doubt of succeeding to my full Wish, except among the Tories and their Abettors; who being all Jacobites, and consequently Papists in their Hearts, may perhaps resolve not to read my Book; chusing, from a want of true Taste, or by strong Affectation, rather to deny themselves the Pleasure and Honour

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of sharing in polite Company, among the principal Genius's of both Sexes throughout the Kingdom, than adorn their Minds with this noble Art; and probably apprehending (as I confess, nothing is more likely to happen) that a true Spirit of Loyalty to the Protestant Succession should steal in along with it.

If my favourable and gentle Readers could possibly conceive the perpetual Watchings, the numberless Toils, the frequent Risings in the Night, to set down several ingenious Sentences, that I suddenly, or accidentally recollected; and which, without my utmost Vigilance, had been irrecoverably lost for ever: If they would consider, with what incredible Diligence I daily and nightly attended, at those Houses where Persons of both Sexes, and of the most distinguished Merit, used to meet and display their Talents: With what Attention I listened to all their Discourses, the better to retain them in my Memory; and then, at proper Seasons withdrew unobserved, to enter them in my Table-Book, while the Company little suspected what a noble Work I had then in Embrio: I say, if all this were known to the World, I think it would be no great Presumption in me to expect at a proper Juncture, the publick Thanks of both Houses

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Houses of Parliament, for the Service and Honour I have done to the whole Nation, by my single Pen.

Although I have never been once charged with the least Tincture of Vanity, the Reader will, I hope, give me Leave to put an easy Question. What is become of all the King of *Sweden's* Victories? Where are the Fruits of them at this Day? Or, of what Benefit will they be to Posterity? Were not many of his greatest Actions owing, at least, in Part, to Fortune? Were not all of them owing to the Valour of his Troops, as much as to his own Conduct? Could he have conquered the *Polish* King, or the Czar of *Muscovy*, with his single Arm. Far be it from me, to envy or lessen the Fame he hath acquired: But, at the same Time, I will venture to say, without Breach of Modesty, that I, who have alone with this Right Hand, subdued Barbarism, Rudeness, and Rusticity; who have established, and fixed for ever, the whole System of all true Politeness, and Refinement in Conversation; should think myself most inhumanly treated by my Countrymen, and would accordingly resent it as the highest Indignity, to be put upon the Level, in Point of Fame, in after Ages, with *Charles XII.* late King of *Sweden*.

And yet, so incurable is the Love of Detraction, perhaps, beyond what the charitable Reader will easily believe, that I have been assured by more than one credible Person, how some of my Enemies have industriously whispered about, that one *Isaac Newton*, an Instrument-Maker, formerly living near *Leicester Fields*, and afterwards a Workman in the Mint, at the Tower, might possibly pretend to vye with me for Fame in future Times. The Man, it seems, was knighted for making Sundials better than others of his Trade, and was thought to be a Conjuror, because he knew how to draw Lines and Circles upon a Slate, which no Body could understand. But, adieu to all noble Attempts for endless Renown, if the Ghost of an obscure Mechanick, should be raised up, to enter into Competition with me, only for his Skill in making Pot-hooks and Hangers, with a Pencil; which many thousand accomplished Gentlemen and Ladies can perform as well, with a Pen and Ink, upon a Piece of Paper, and in a Manner as little intelligible as those of Sir *Isaac*.

My most ingenious Friend already mentioned, Mr. *Colly Cibber*, who doth so much Honour to the Laurel Crown he deservedly wears

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wears (as he hath often done to many imperial Diadems placed on his Head) was pleased to tell me, that if my Treatise were shaped into a Comedy, the Representation performed to Advantage on our Theatre, might very much contribute to the spreading of Polite Conversation among all Persons of Distinction through the whole Kingdom. I own the Thought was ingenious, and my Friend's Intention good: But, I cannot agree to his Proposal. For, Mr. *Cibber* himself allowed, that the Subjects handled in my Work being so numerous, and extensive, it would be absolutely impossible for one, two, or even six Comedies to contain them. From whence it will follow, that many admirable and essential Rules for Polite Conversation must be omitted. And here, let me do Justice to my Friend Mr. *Tibbalds*, who plainly confessed before Mr. *Cibber* himself, that such a Project, as it would be a great Diminution to my Honour, so it would intolerably mangle my Scheme, and thereby destroy the principal End at which I aimed; to form a compleat Body, or System, of this most useful Science in all its Parts. And therefore Mr. *Tibbalds*, whose Judgment was never disputed, chose rather to fall in with my Proposal mentioned before, of erecting publick Schools and Seminaries, all over the Kingdom, to instruct

the young People of both Sexes, in this Art, according to my Rules, and in the Method that I have laid down.

I shall conclude this long, but necessary Introduction, with a Request, or, indeed, rather, a just and reasonable Demand from all Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, that, while they are entertaining and improving each other with those polite Questions, Answers, Repartees, Replies, and Rejoinders, which I have with infinite Labour, and close Application, during the Space of thirty-six Years been collecting for their Service and Improvement, they shall, as an Instance of Gratitude, on every proper Ocasion, quote my Name, after this, or the like Manner: Madam, as our Master *Wagstaff* says. My Lord, as our Friend *Wagstaff* hath it. I do likewise expect, that all my Pupils shall drink my Health every Day at Dinner and Supper, during my Life; and that they, or their Posterity, shall continue the same Ceremony, to my not inglorious Memory, after my Decease, for ever.

A COM-

A COMPLEAT
COLLECTION

Of genteel and

Ingenious Conversation,

ACCORDING

To the most polite Mode and Method,
now used at Court, and in the best
Companies of *England*.

In several Dialogues.



The MEN.

The LADIES.

Lord SPARKISH

Lord SMART

Sir JOHN LINGER

Mr. NEVEROUT

Colonel ATWIT



Lady SMART

Miss NOTABLE

Lady ANSWERALL



In several Dialogues.

The ARGUMENT.

Lord Sparkish and Colonel Atwit meet in the Morning upon the Mall; Mr. Neverout joins them; they all go to Breakfast at Lady Smart's. Their Conversation over their Tea: After which they part; but my Lord and the two Gentlemen are invited to Dinner. Sir John Linger invited likewise; and, comes a little too late. Their whole Conversation at Dinner: After which, the Ladies retire to their Tea. The Conversation of the Ladies without the Men; who are supposed to stay and drink a Bottle; but in some Time, go to the Ladies and drink Tea with them. The Conversation there. After which a Party at Quadrille until Three in the Morning; but no Conversation set down. They all take Leave, and go Home.

A COMPLEAT
COLLECTION

Of genteel and
Ingenious Conversation, &c.

St. *James's-Park.*

[*Lord Sparkish meeting Colonel Atwit.*]

Colonel WELL met, my Lord.
Lord Sp. Thank ye Colonel; a Parson would have said, I hope we shall meet in Heaven. When did you see *Tom. Neverout*.

Col. He's just coming towards us. Talk of the Devil.—

[*Neverout comes up.*]

Col. How do you do *Tom*?

New.

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Nev. Never the better for you.

Col. I hope you're never the worse. But where's your Manners? Don't you see my Lord *Sparkish*?

Nev. My Lord, I beg your Lordship's Pardon.

Lord Sp. Tom, How is it? what, you can't see the Wood for Trees? What Wind blew you hither?

Nev. Why, my Lord, it is an ill Wind that blows no Body Good; for it gives me the Honour of seeing your Lordship.

Col. Tom, you must go with us to Lady *Smart's* to Breakfast.

Nev. Must! why Colonel, *Must* is for the King.

[*Colonel offering in Jest to draw his Sword*]

Col. Have you spoke with all your Friends?

Nev. Colonel, as you are stout, be merciful.

Lord Sp. Come, agree, agree, the Law's costly.

[*Colonel taking his Hand from the Hilt.*]

Nev. What, do you think I was born in a Wood to be scar'd by an Owl?

Col. Well *Tom,* you are never the worse Man for being afraid of me. Come along.

Nev.

332 POLITE CONVERSATION!

Nev. I'll wait on you. I hope Miss *Notable* will be there. I'gad she's very handsome, and has Wit at Will.

Col. Why; every one as they like; as the good Woman said when she kiss'd her Cow.

[*Lord Smart's House. They knook at the Door; Porter comes out.*]

Lord Sp. Pray are you the Porter?

Port. Yes, for want of a better.

Lord Sp. Is your Lady at Home?

Port. She was at Home just now, but she is not gone out yet.

Nev. I warrant this Rogue's Tongue is well hung.

[*Lady Smart's Anti-Chamber.*]

[*Lady Smart, Lady Answerall, Miss Notable, at the Tea-Table.*]

Lady Sm. My Lord, your Lordship's most humble Servant.

Lord Sp. Madam, you spoke too late, I was your Ladyship's before.

Lady Sm. O! Colonel, are you here?

Col. As sure as you're there, Madam.

Lady Sm. Oh! Mr. *Neverout*, what! such a Man alive!

Nev.

POLITE CONVERSATION. 333

Nev. Ay Madam, alive, and alive like to be, at your Ladyship's Service.

Lady Sm. Well, I'll get a Knife, and nick it down, that Mr. *Neverout* came to our House. And, pray what News Mr. *Neverout*?

Nev. News; why Madam, Queen *Elizabeth's* dead.

Lady Sm. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, I see you are no Changeling.

[*Miss Notable comes in.*]

Nev. Miss, your Slave; I hope your early Rising will do you no Harm: I find you are but just come out of the *Cloth-Market*.

Miss. I always rise at Eleven, whether it be Day or no.

Col. Miss, I hope you're up for all Day.

Miss. Yes, if I don't get a Fall before Night.

Col. Miss, I heard you were out of Order. Pray how are you now.

Miss. Pretty well Colonel, I thank you.

Col. Pretty, and Well, Miss, that's two very good Things.

Miss. I mean, I am better than I was.

Nev. Why, then 'tis well you were sick.

Miss. What, Mr. *Neverout*, you take me up, before I'm down.

Lord Sp. Come, let us leave off Children's Play, and go to Push-Pin.

Miss.

334 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Miss. [to *Lady Smart*] Pray Madam, give me some more Sugar to my Tea.

Col. Oh, Miss, you must needs be very good-humoured, you love sweet Things so well.

New. Stir it up with the Spoon Miss, for the deeper the sweeter.

Lady Sm. I assure you, Miss, the Colonel has made you a great Compliment.

Miss. I'm sorry for it; for I have heard 'em say, that Complimenting is lying.

Lady Sm. [to *Lord Sparkish*] My Lord, methinks the Sight of you is good for fore Eyes: If we had known of your coming, we should have strown Rushes for you. How has your Lordship done this long Time?

Col. Faith Madam, he's better in Health than good Condition.

Lord Sp. Well; I see there's no worse Friend than one brings from Home with one; and I'm not the first Man thar has carried a Rod to whip himself.

New. Here's poor Miss, that has not a Word to throw at a Dog. Come, a Penny for your Thought.

Miss. It is not worth a Farthing; I was thinking of you.

[*Colonel rising up.*]

Lady Sm. Colonel, where are you going so soon? What, I hope you did not come to fetch Fire?

Col.

POLITE CONVERSATION. 335

Col. Madam, I must needs go Home for half an Hour.

Miss. Why, Colonel, they say the Devil's at Home.

Lady Answ. Well, but sit while you stay; 'tis as cheap sitting, as standing.

Col. No, Madam, while I'm standing, I'm going.

Miss. Nay, let him go, I promise we won't tear his Cloaths to hold him.

Lady Sm. I suppose, Colonel, we keep you from better Company; I mean only, as to myself.

Col. Madam, I'm all Obedience.

[*Colonel sits down.*]

Lady Sm. Lord, Miss, how can you drink your Tea so hot? Sure your Mouth is paved.

Lady Sm. How do you like this Tea, Colonel?

Col. Well enough, Madam, but methinks it is a little Morish.

Lady Sm. Oh, Colonel, I understand you, Betty bring the Canister. I have but very little of this Tea left; but I don't love to make two Wants of one, want when I have it, and want when I have it not. He, he, he, he, [Laughs.]

Lady

336 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Lady Anf. [*To the Maid.*] Why, sure Betty, thou art bewitcht, this Cream is burnt too.

Lady Sm. Why, Madam, the Bishop has let his Foot in it.

Lady Sm. Go, run Girl, and warm some fresh Cream.

Betty. Indeed, Madam, there's none left, for the Cat has eaten it all.

Lady Sm. I doubt it was a Cat with two Legs.

Miss. Colonel, don't you love Bread and Butter with your Tea?

Col. Yes in a Morning Miss. For they say Butter is Gold in a Morning, and Silver at Noon, but it is Lead at Night.

Miss. The Weather is so hot, that my Butter melts on my Bread.

Lady Anf. Why, Butter I've heard 'em say, is mad twice a Year.

Lord Sp. [*To the Maid.*] Mrs. Betty, how does your Body Politick?

Col. Fye, my Lord, you'll make Mrs. Betty blush.

Lady Sm. Blush! ay, blush like a blue Dog.

Never. Pray, Mrs. Betty, are not you Tom Johnson's Daughter?

Betty. So my Mother tells me, Sir.

Lord Sp. But, Mrs. Betty I hear you are in Love.

Betty

POLITE CONVERSATION. 337

Betty. My Lord, I thank God, I hate no Body, I am in Charity with all the World.

Lady Sm. Why, Wench, I think thy Tongue runs upon Wheels this Morning. How came you by that Scratch on your Nose? Have you been fighting with the Cats?

Col. [*to Miss.*] Miss, when will you be married?

Miss. One of these odd-come-shortlies, Colonel.

Nev. Yes, they say the Match is half made; the Spark is willing, but Miss is not.

Miss. I suppose the Gentleman has got his own Consent for it.

Lady Ans. Pray my Lord, did you walk through the Park in this Rain.

Lord Sp. Yes, Madam, we were neither Sugar, nor Salt, we were not afraid the Rain would melt us, He, he, he. [*Laughs.*]

Col. It rained, and the Sun shone at the same Time.

Nev. Why, then the Devil was beating his Wife behind the Door with a Shoulder of Mutton. [*Here a loud Laugh.*]

Col. A blind Man would be glad to see that.

Lady Sm. Mr. Neverout, methinks you stand in your own Light.

338 POLITE CONVERSATION.

New. Ah, Madam, I have done for all my Life.

Lord Sp. I am sure he fits in mine: Prithce Tom, sit a little further, I believe your Father was no Glazier.

Lady Sm. Miss, dear Girl, fill me a Dish of Tea; for I'm very lazy.

[*Miss fills a Dish of Tea, sweetens it, and then tastes it.*]

Lady Sm. What, Miss, will you be my Taster?

Miss. No, Madam, but they say, she's an ill Cook that can't lick her own Fingers.

New. Pray, Miss, fill me another.

Miss. Will you have it now, or stay till you get it.

Lady Ans. But, Colonel, they say, you went to Court last Night very drunk: Nay, I am told for certain, you had been among the *Philistians*. No Wonder the Cat winked when both her Eyes were out.

Col. Indeed, Madam, that's a Lye.

Lady Ans. Well, 'tis better I should lye, than you should lose your Manners. Besides I don't lye, I sit.

New. O faith, Colonel, you must own you had a Drop in your Eye; for when I left you, you were half Seas over.

Lord

POLITE CONVERSATION. 339

Lord Sp. Well, I fear *Lady Answer* all, can't live long, she has so much Wit.

New. No, she can't live, that's certain; but she may linger thirty or forty Years.

Miss. Live long! Ay, longer than a Cat, or a Dog, or a better Thing.

Lady Ans. Oh, Miss, you must give your *Vardi* too.

Lord Sp. Miss, shall I fill you another Dish of Tea?

Miss. Indeed, my Lord, I have drank enough.

Lord Sp. Come, it will do you more Good than a Month's Fasting. Here, take it.

Miss. No, I thank your Lordship, enough's as good as a Feast.

Lord Sp. Well, but if you always say no, you'll never be married.

Lady Ans. Do, my Lord, give her a Dish, for they say Maids will say no, and take it.

Lord Sp. Well, and I dare say, Miss is a Maid in Thought, Word, and Deed.

New. I would not take my Oath of that.

Miss. Pray, Sir, speak for yourself.

Lady Sm. Fye, Miss: Maids they say, should be seen, and not heard.

Lady Ans. Good Miss, stir the Fire, that the Tea-Kettle may boil. You have done it very well, now it burns purely. Well, Miss, you'll have a chearful Husband.

340 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Miss. Indeed, your Ladyship could have stirr'd it much better.

Lady Ans. I know that very well Hussy, but I won't keep a Dog, and bark myself.

New. What; you are stuck Miss?

Miss. Not at all; for her Ladyship meant you.

New. O, faith Miss, you are in Lob's Pound, get out as you can.

Miss. I won't quarrel with my Bread and Butter, for all that; I know when I'm well.

Lady Ans. Well, but Miss.

New. Ah, dear Madam, let the Matter fall; take Pity upon poor Miss; don't throw Water upon a drowned Rat.

Miss. Indeed Mr. *Neverout*, you should be cut for the Simples this Morning. Say a Word more, and you had as good eat your Nails.

Lord Sp. Pray Miss, will you please to favour us with a Song?

Miss. Indeed my Lord I can't; I have got a great Cold?

Col. Oh Miss, they say all good Singers have Colds.

Lord Sp. Pray Madam, does not Miss sing very well?

Lady Ans. She sings, as one may say, in my Lord.

Miss. I hear Mr. *Neverout* has a very good Voice.

Col.

POLITE CONVERSATION. ~~M~~

Col. Yes, *Tom* sings well; but his Luck's naught.

New. Faith, Colonel, there you hit yourself a devilish Box of the Ear.

Col. Miss, will you take a Pinch of 'Snuff?

Miss. No, Colonel, you must know, I never take Snuff but when I'm angry.

Lady Ans. Yes, yes, she can take Snuff, but she has never a Box to put it in.

Miss. Pray Colonel let me see that Box?

Col. Madam, there is never a C. upon it.

Miss. May be there is Colonel.

Col. Ay, but May-bees don't fly now Miss.

New. Colonel, why so hard upon poor Miss? Don't set your Wit against a Child: Miss give me a Blow, and I'll beat him.

Miss. So she pray'd me to tell you.

Lord Sp. Pray, my Lady Smart, what Kin are you to Lord Pozz?

Lady Sm. Why, his Grandmother and mine had four Elbows.

Lady Ans. Well; methinks here's a silent Meeting. Come Miss, hold up your Head Girl, there's Money bid for you. [*Miss starts.*]

Miss. Lord, Madam, you frighten me out of my seven Senses!

Lord Sp. Well, I must be going.

Lady Ans. I have seen hastier People than you stay all Night.

342 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Col. [to *Lady Smart.*] *Tom Neverout* and I are to leap To-morrow for a Guinea.

Miss. I believe Colonel, *Mr. Neverout* can leap at a Crust better than you.

Nev. *Miss.*, your Tongue runs before your Wit: Nothing can tame you but a Husband.

Miss. Peace, I think I hear the Church Clock.

Nev. Why, you know as the Fool thinks, the Bell chinks.

Lady Sm. *Mr. Neverout*, your Handkerchief's fallen.

Miss. Let him set his Foot upon it, that it mayn't fly in his Face.

Nev. Well *Miss.*

Miss. Ay, ay, many a One says *Well*, that thinks *Ill*.

Nev. Well *Miss.*, I'll think of this.

Miss. That's Rhyme, if you take it in Time.

Nev. What! I see you are a Poet.

Miss. Yes, if I had but Wit to shew it.

Nev. *Miss.*, will you be so kind to fill me a Dish of Tea?

Miss. Pray let your Betters be served before you; I am just going to fill one for myself; And, you know the Parson always christens his own Child first.

Nev. But, I saw you fill a Dish just now for the Colonel; Well, I find Kissing goes by Favour.

Col.

POLITE CONVERSATION. 343

Col. Ods so, I have cut my Thumb with this cursed Knife.

Lady Ans. Ay, that was your Mother's Fault; because she only warned you not to cut your Fingers.

Lady Sm. No, no; 'tis only Fools cut their Fingers, but wise Folks cut their Thumbs.

Miss. I'm sorry for it, but I can't cry. But pray, Mr. *Neverout*, what Lady was that you were talking with in the Side-Box last *Tuesday*?

Nev. Miss; can you keep a Secret?

Miss. Yes, I can.

Nev. Well Miss, and so can I.

Col. Don't you think Miss is grown?

Lady Ans. Ay, ay, ill Weeds grow a-pace.

Miss. No, Madam, with Submission, 'tis Weeds of Grace that grow a-pace.

[*A Puff of Smoak comes down the Chimney.*]

Lady Ans. Lord Madam! does your Ladyship's Chimney smoak?

Col. No Madam, but they say Smoak always pursues the Fair, and your Ladyship sat nearest.

Lady Sm. Madam, do you love Bohea Tea?

Lady Ans. Why really Madam, I must confess I do love it ; but it does not love me.

Miss. [*to Lady Smart.*] Indeed Madam, your Ladyship is very sparing of your Tea ; I protest, the last Dish I took, was no more than Water bewitcht.

Col. Pray Miss, if I may be so bold, what Lover gave you that fine Etuy ?

Miss. Don't you know ? Then keep Council.

Lady Ans. I'll tell you Colonel who gave it her ; it was the best Lover she will ever have while she lives ; even her own dear Papa.

New. Methinks Miss, I don't much like the Colour of that Ribband.

Miss. Why then, Mr. *Newerout*, if you don't like it, dy'e see, you may look off of it.

Lord Sp. I don't doubt Madam, but your Ladyship has heard that Sir *John Bearish*, has got an Employment at Court.

Lady Sm. Yes, yes, and I warrant he thinks himself no small Fool now.

New. Yet, Madam, I have heard some People take him for a wise Man.

Lady Sm. Ay, some are Wise, and some are otherwise.

Lady Ans. Do you know him Mr. *Newerout* ?

New.

POLITE CONVERSATION. 345

Nev. Know him; ay Madam as well as a Beggar knows his Dish.

Col. Well, I can only say he has better Luck than honefter Folks: But, pray how came he to get this Employment.

Lord Sp. Why, by Chance, as the Man kill'd the Devil.

Nev. Why Miss, you are in a brown Study. What's the Matter; methinks you look like Mum chance, that was hang'd for saying nothing.

Miss. I'd have you to know I scorn your Words.

Nev. Well, ay but scornful Dogs, they say, will eat dirty Puddings.

Miss. Well, my Comfort is, your Tongue's no Slander. What, you would not have one be always upon the high Grin?

Nev. Cry Mapsticks, Madam, no Offence I hope.

[*Lady Smart breaks a Tea-Cup.*]

Lady Ans. Lord, Madam, how came you to break your Cup?

Lady Sm. I can't help it, if I would cry my Eyes out.

Miss. Why sell it, Madam, and buy a new one with some of the Money.

Col. Why, if Things do not break or wear out, how should Tradesmen live?

Miss.

346 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Miss. Well, I am very sick, if any Body cared for it. [*She spits.*] I believe I shall die, for I can't spit from me.

Nev. Come then, Miss, e'en make a Die of it; and then we shall have a Burying of our own.

Miss. The Devil take you, *Neverout*, besides all small Curses.

Lady Ans. Marry come up: What, plain *Neverout*, methinks you might have an M under your Girdle, Miss.

Lady Sm. Well, well; naught's ne'er in Danger, I warrant, Miss will spit in her Hand, and hold fast. Colonel, do you like this Bisket?

Col. I'm like all Fools, I love every Thing's that good.

Lady Sm. Well and isn't it pure good?

Col. 'Tis better than a worse.

[*Footman brings the Colonel a Letter.*]

Lady Ans. I suppose, Colonel, that's a Billet-deaux from your Mistress.

Col. I'gad I don't know whence it comes, but whoever writ it, writes a Hand like a Foot.

Miss. Well you may make a Secret of it, but we can spell and put together.

Nev. Miss, what spells B double uzzard?

Miss. Buzzard in your Teeth, Mr. *Neverout*.

Lady

POLITE CONVERSATION. 347

Lady Sm. Mr. *Neverout*, now you are up, will you do me the Favour to do me the Kindness to take off the Tea-Kettle.

Lord Sp. I wonder what makes these Bells ring?

Lady Ans. Why my Lord, I suppose because they pull the Ropes. [*Here all laugh.*]

[*Neverout plays with a Tea-Cup.*]

Miss. Now a Child would have cried half an Hour before he could have found out such a pretty Play-Thing.

Lady Sm. Well said, *Miss*: I vow Mr. *Neverout*, the Girl is too hard for you.

New. Ay, *Miss* will say any Thing but her Prayers, and those she whistles.

Miss. Pray, Colonel, make me a Present of that pretty Knife.

New. Ay, *Miss*, catch him at that, and hang him.

Col. Not for the World, dear *Miss*, it will cut Love.

Lord Sp. Colonel, you shall be married first, I was just going to say that.

Lady Sm. Well, but for all that, I can tell you who is a great Admirer of *Miss*: Pray, *Miss*, how do you like Mr. *Spruce*, I swear I have seen him often cast a Sheep's Eye out of a Calve's Head at you, deny it if you can,

Miss.

348 POLITE CONVERSATION!

Miss. O Madam, all the World knows, that Mr. *Spruce* is a general Lover.

Col. Come, Miss, it is too true to make a Jest on. [*Miss blushes.*]

Lady Ans. Well, however blushing is some Sign of Grace.

Nev. Miss says nothing, but I warrant she pays it off with thinking.

Miss. Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, I find you are pleased to divert yourselves; but as I hope to be saved there is nothing in it.

Lady Sm. Ah, Miss, Love will creep where it can't go: They say, touch a gall'd Horse, and he'll wince.

Miss. I'd hold a hundred Pound Mr. *Neverout* was the Inventor of that Story; and, Colonel, I doubt you had a Finger in the Pye.

Lady Ans. But, Colonel, you forgot to salute Miss when you came in; she said, you had not seen her a long Time.

Miss. Fye, Madam, I vow, Colonel, I said no such Thing; I wonder at your Ladyship.

Col. Miss, I beg your Pardon.

[*Going to salute her, she struggles a little.*]

Miss. Well, I had rather give a Knave a Kiss for once, than be troubled with him:

But,

But, upon my Word, you are more bold than welcome.

Lady Sm. Fye, fye, Miss, for Shame of the World, and Speech of good People.

[Neverout to Miss, who is cooking her Tea and Bread and Butter.]

Nev. Come, come, Miss, make much of naught, good Folks are scarce.

Miss. What, and you must come in with your two Eggs a Penny, and three of them rotten.

Col. [to Lord Sparkish.] But, my Lord, I forgot to ask you, how you like my new Cloaths?

Lord Sp. Why, very well, Colonel, only to deal plainly with you, methinks the worst Piece is in the Middle.

[Here a loud Laugh often repeated.]

Col. My Lord, you are too severe on your Friends.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, I'm hot, are you a Sot?

Nev. Miss, I'm cold, are you a Scold? Take you that.

Lady Sm. I confess that was home: I find, Mr. Neverout, you won't give your Head for the washing, as they say.

Miss.

350 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Miss. O, he's a fore Man where the Skin's off: I see Mr. *Neverout* has a Mind to sharpen the Edge of his Wit on the Whetstone of my Ignorance.

Lord Sp. Faith *Tom*, you are stuck; I never heard a better Thing.

New. Pray, *Miss*, give me Leave to scratch you for that fine Speech.

Miss. Pox on your Picture, it cost me a Groat the Drawing.

New. [To *Lady Smart*.] 'Sbuds, Madam, I have burnt my Hand with your plaguy Tea-Kettle.

Lady Sm. Why then, Mr. *Neverout*, you must say God save the King.

New. Did you ever see the like?

Miss. Never but once at a Wedding.

Col. *Miss*, pray how old are you?

Miss. Why, I am as old as my Tongue, and a little older than my Teeth?

Lord Sp. [To *Lady Answerall*.] Pray, Madam, is *Miss Buxom* married? I hear it is all over the Town.

Lady Ans. My Lord, she's either married, or worse.

Col. If she ben't marry'd, at least she's lustily promised. But is it certain that Sir *John Blunderbuz* is dead at last?

Lord Sp. Yes, or else he's sadly wrong'd; for they have bury'd him.

Miss. Why, if he be dead, he'll eat no more Bread.

Col.

POLITE CONVERSATION. 351

Col. But is he really dead?

Lady Ans. Yes, Colonel, as sure as you're alive.

Col. They say he was an honest Man.

Lady Ans. Yes, with good looking to.

[Miss feels a Pimple on her Face.]

Miss. Lord, I think my Goodness is coming out: Madam, will your Ladyship please to lend me a Patch?

Nev. Miss, if you are a Maid, put your Hand upon your Spot.

Miss. There, [covering her whole Face with both her Hands.]

Lady Sm. Well, thou art a mad Girl. [Gives her a Tap.]

Miss. Lord, Madam, is that a Blow to give a Child.

[Lady Smart lets fall her Handkerchief, and the Colonel stoops for it.]

Lady Sm. Colonel, you shall have a better Office.

Col. Oh, Madam, I can't have a better than to serve your Ladyship.

Col. [To Lady Sparkish.] Madam, has your Ladyship read the new Play written by a Lord, it is called, *Love in a hollow Tree*?

Lady Sp. No, Colonel.

Col.

352 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Col. Why then, your Ladyship has a new Pleasure to come.

[Miss sighs.]

Nev. Pray, Miss, why do you sigh?

Miss. To make a Fool ask, and you are the first.

Nev. Why, Miss, I find there is nothing but a Word and a Blow with you.

Lady Ans. Why, you must know, Miss is in Love.

Miss. I wish my Head may never ache till that Day.

Lord Sp. Come Miss, never sigh but fend for him.

[Lady Smart and Lady Answerall, speaking together.]

If he be hang'd, he'll come hopping, and if he be drown'd, he'll come dropping.

Miss. Well, I'll swear you'd make one die with laughing.

[Miss plays with a Tea-cup, and Neverout plays with another.]

Nev. Well, I see one Fool makes many.

Miss. And you're the greatest Fool of any.

Nev.

Nev. Pray, Miss, will you be so kind to tie this String for me, with your fair Hands? It will go all in your Day's Work.

Miss. Marry come up indeed; tie it yourself, you have as many Hands as I; your Man's Man will have a fine Office truly. Come, pray stand out of my spitting Place.

Nev. Well, but Miss, don't be angry.

Miss. No, I was never angry in my Life but once, and then no Body cared for it; so, I resolved never to be angry again.

Nev. Well; but if you'll tie it, you shall never know what I'll do for you.

Miss. So I suppose truly.

Nev. Well, but I'll make you a fine Present one of these Days.

Miss. Ay, when the Devil is blind, and his Eyes are not sore yet.

Nev. No, Miss, I'll send it you To-morrow.

Miss. Well, well, To-morrow's a new Day: But I suppose, you mean To-morrow come never.

Nev. O, 'tis the prettiest Thing; I assure you there came but two of them over in three Ships.

Miss. Would I could see it, quoth blind *Hugh*: But, why did you not bring me a Present of Snuff this Morning?

Nev. Because, Miss, you never askt me; and 'tis an ill Dog that is not worth whistling for.

354 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Lord Sp. [to *Lady Answerall.*] Pray, Madam, how came your Ladyship last *Tburf-day* to go to that odious Puppet-Show?

Col. Why, to be sure her Ladyship went to see, and to be seen.

Lady Ans. You have made a fine Speech, Colonel; pray, what will you take for your Mouth-piece?

Lord Sp. Take that, Colonel. But, pray Madam, was my Lady *Dimple* there? They say she is extreamly handsome.

Lady Sm. They must not see with my Eyes that think so.

Nev. She may pass Muster, and that's all.

Lady Ans. Pray how old do you take her to be?

Col. Why, about five or six and twenty.

Miss. I swear she's no Chicken, she's on the wrong Side of thirty, if she be a Day.

Lady Ans. Depend upon't, she'll never see five and thirty, and a Bit to spare.

Col. Why they say, she's one of the chief Toasts in Town.

Lady Sm. Ay, when all the rest are out of it.

Miss. Well; I would not be as sick, as she's proud, for all the World.

Lady Ans. She looks as if Butter would not melt in her Mouth; but I warrant Cheese won't choak her.

Nev.

POLITE CONVERSATION. 355

Nev. I hear, my Lord, what d'ye call 'um is courting her.

Lord Sp. What Lord d'ye mean, *Tom*?

Miss. Why, my Lord, I suppose, Mr. *Neverout* means the Lord of the Lord knows what.

Col. They say she dances very fine.

Lady Ans. She did; but I doubt her dancing Days are over.

Col. I can't pardon her for her Rudeness to me.

Lady Sm. Well, but you must forget and forgive.

[*Footman comes in.*]

Lady Sm. Did you call *Betty*?

Footman. She's coming, Madam.

Lady Sm. Coming? Ay so is *Christmas*.

[*Betty comes in.*]

Lady Sm. Come, get ready my Things, where has the Wench been these three Hours?

Betty. Madam, I can't go faster than my Legs will carry me?

Lady Sm. Ay, thou hast a Head, and so has a Pin.—But, my Lord, all the Town has it, that *Miss Caper* is to be married to Sir *Peter Gibeall*. One Thing is certain, that she has promised to have him.

356 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Lord Sp. Why, Madam, you know Promises are either broken or kept.

Lady Ans. I beg your Pardon, my Lord, Promises and Pye-Crusts, they say, are made to be broken.

Lady Sm. Nay, I had it from my Lady Carrilye's own Mouth; I tell my Tale, and my Tale's Author; if it be a Lye, you had it as cheap as I.

Lady Ans. She and I had some Words last Sunday at Church; but, I think I gave her own.

Lady Sm. Her Tongue runs like the Clapper of a Mill; she talks enough for herself and all the Company.

New. And yet she simpers like a Furmity Kettle.

Miss. [*Looking in a Glass.*] Lord, how my Head is drest To-day!

Col. O Madam, a good Face needs no Band.

Miss. No, and a bad one deserves none.

Col. Pray, Miss, where is your old Acquaintance Mrs. Wayward?

Miss. Why where should she be? If you must needs know; she's in her Skin.

Col. I can answer that? What if you were as far out, as she's in?

Miss.

POLITE CONVERSATION. 357

Miss. Well, I promised to go this Evening to *Hide-Park* on the * *Water*; but, I protest, I'm half afraid.

New. Miss, Never fear: You have the old Proverb on your Side; naught's never in Danger.

Col. Why, Miss, let *Tom Neverout* wait on you, and then I warrant you will be as safe as a Thief in a Mill; for you know, he that is born to be hang'd, will never be drown'd.

New. Thank ye, Colonel, for your good Word; but faith, if ever I hang, it shall be about a fair Lady's Neck.

Lady Sm. Who's there? Bid the Children be quiet, and not laugh so loud.

Lady Ans. O, Madam, let 'em laugh; they'll ne'er laugh younger.

New. Miss, I'll tell you a Secret, if you'll promise never to tell it again.

Miss. No, to be sure, I'll tell it to no Body but Friends and Strangers.

New. Why then here's some Dirt in my Tea-Cup.

Miss. Come, come; the more there's in't, the more there's on't.

Lady Ans. Poh, you must eat a Peck of Dirt before you dye.

A a 3 *Col.*

* A Cant Phrase for taking Pleasure on the River *Thames* in a Boat.

358 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Col. Ay, ay, it all goes one Way.

New. Pray Miss, what's o'Clock.

Miss. Why, you must know 'tis a Thing like a Bell; and you're a Fool that can't tell.

New. [*to Lady* *Ans.*] Pray Madam do you tell me, for I let my Watch run down.

Lady Ans. Why, 'tis half an Hour past Hanging Time.

Col. Well; I am like the Butcher, that was looking for his Knife, and had it in his Mouth: I have been searching my Pockets for my Snuff-Box, and, I gad, here it is in my Hand.

Miss. If it had been a Bear, 'twould have bit you, Colonel: Well, I wish I had such a Snuff-Box.

New. You'll be long enough before you wish your Skin full of Eyelet-Holes.

Col. Wish in one Hand——

Miss. Out upon you; Lord; what can the Man mean?

Lord Sp. This Tea's very hot.

Lady Ans. Why, it came from a hot Place my Lord.

[*Colonel spills his Tea.*]

Lady Sm. That's as well done, as if I had done it myself.

Col. Madam, I find you live by ill Neighbours, when you are forc'd to praise yourself.

New.

POLITE CONVERSATION. 339

New. Well ; I won't drink a Drop more :
If I do, 'twill go down like chopt Hay.

Miss. Pray don't say no 'till you are
ask'd.

New. Well ; what you please, and the
rest again.

Miss. [*stooping for a Pin.*] I have heard
'em say, a Pin a Day, is a Groat a Year.
Well, as I hope to be marryed (forgive me
for Swearing) I vow it is a Needle.

Col. O the wonderful Works of Nature !
that a black Hen should have a white Egg.

New. What ; you have found a Mare's
Nest and laugh at the Eggs.

Miss. Pray keep your Breath to cool your
Porridge.

New. Miss there was a very pleasant Ac-
cident last Night in St. James-Park.

Miss. [*to Lady Smart.*] What was it your
Ladyship was going to say just now ?

New. Well Miss ; tell a Mare a Tale——

Miss. I find you love to hear yourself
talk.

New. Why, if you won't hear my Tale,
kiss my, &c.

Miss. Out upon you for a filthy Creater.

New. What, Miss ; must I tell you a
Story, and find you Ears ?

Lord Sp. [*to Lady Smart.*] Pray Madam,
don't you think Mrs. Spendal very genteel ?

360 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Lady Sm. Why, my Lord, I think she was cut out for a Gentlewoman, but she was spoil'd in the making. She wears her Cloaths as if they were thrown on with a Pitchfork ; and, for the Fashion, I believe they were made in the Days of *Queen Bess*.

Nev. Well, that's neither here nor there ; for, you know the more careless, the more modish.

Col. Well, I'd hold a Wager there will be a Match between her and *Dick Dolt* ; and I believe I can see as far into a Millstone as another Man.

Miss. Colonel, I must beg your Pardon a thousand Times, but they say, an old Ape has an old Eye.

Nev. Miss, what do you mean ? you'll spoil the Colonel's Marriage if you call him old.

Col. Not so old nor yet so cold—You know the rest Miss.

Miss. Manners is a fine Thing truly.

Col. Faith Miss, depend upon it, I'll give you as good as you bring. What ? If you give a Jest, you must take a Jest.

Lady Sm. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, you'll never have done till you break that Knife, and then the Man won't take it again.

Miss. Why Madam, Fools will be meddling ; I wish he may cut his Fingers : I hope, you can see your own Blood without fainting ?

Nev.

POLITE CONVERSATION. 361

New. Why, Miss you shine this Morning like a sh— Barn-Door; you'll never hold out at this Rate; pray saye a little Wit for To-morrow.

Miss. Well, you have said your Say: If People will be rude, I have done. My Comfort is, it will be all one a thousand Years hence.

New. Miss, and you have shot your Bolt: I find you must have the last Word: Well, I'll go to the Opera to Night.—No, I can't neither, for I have some Business—and yet I think I must; for I promised to squire the Countess to her Box.

Miss. The Countess of *Puddledock* I suppose.

New. Peace or War, Miss?

Lady Sm. Well, Mr. *Neverout* you'll never be mad, you are of so many Minds.

[*As Miss rises, the Chair falls behind her.*]

Miss. Well, I shan't be Lady Mayorefs this Year.

New. No, Miss, 'tis worse than that, you won't be married this Year.

Miss. Lord! you make me laugh, though I a'n't well.

[*Neverout as Miss is standing pulls her suddenly on his Lap.*]

New.

362 POLITE CONVERSATION.

New. Colonel, come sit down on my Lap; more Sacks on the Mill.

Miss. Let me go: An't you sorry for my Heaviness?

New. No Miss; you are very light, but I don't say you are a light Hussey. Pray take up the Chair for your Pains.

Miss. 'Tis but one Body's Labour, you may do it yourself. I wish you would be quiet, you have more Tricks than a dancing Bear.

[*Neverout rises to take up the Chair, and Miss sits in his.*]

New. You would not be so soon in my Grave, Madam.

Miss. Lord, I have torn my Petticoat with your odious Romping; my Rents are coming in; I'm afraid I shall fall into the Ragman's Hands.

New. I'll mend it, Miss.

Miss. You mend it! Go teach your Grannum to suck Eggs.

New. Why, Miss, you are so cross, I could find in my Heart to hate you.

Miss. With all my Heart; I can assure you there will be no Love lost between us.

New. But, pray my Lady Smart, does not Miss look as if she could eat me without Salt?

Miss.

POLITE CONVERSATION. 363

Miss. I'll make you one Day sup Sorrow for this.

Nev. Well, follow your own Way, you'll live the longer.

Miss. See, Madam, how well I have mended it.

Lady Sm. 'Tis indifferent, as *Doll* danc'd.

Nev. 'Twill last as many Nights as Days.

Miss. Well, I knew I should never have your good Word.

Lady Sm. My Lord; *Lady Answerall* and I, were walking in the Park last Night till near Eleven; 'twas a very fine Night.

Nev. I'gad so was I, and I'll tell you a comical Accident. I'gad I lost my Understanding.

Miss. I'm glad you had any to lose.

Lady Sm. Well, but what do you mean?

Nev. I'gad I kickt my Foot against a Stone, and tore off the Heel of my Shoe, and was forced to limp to a Cobbler in the Pellmell, to have it put on. He, he, he.
[All laugh.]

Col. O, 'twas a delicate Night to run away with another Man's Wife.

[Neverout sneezes.]

Miss. God bless you, if you have not taken Snuff.

Nev. Why, what if I have, Miss?

Miss.

364 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Miss. Why then the Duce take you.

New. Miss, I want that Diamond Ring of yours.

Miss. Why then, Want's like to be your Master.

[*Neverout looking at the Ring.*]

New. Ay marry, this is not only, but also; pray, where did you get it?

Miss. Why, where it was to be had; where the Devil got the Fryar.

New. Well, if I had such a fine Diamond Ring, I would not stay a Day in *England*. But you know, far fetch'd and dear bought, is fit for Ladies. I warrant this cost your Father two Pence half Penny.

[*Miss sitting between Neverout and the Colonel.*]

Miss. Well, here's a Rose between two Nettles.

New. No, Madam, with Submission, there's a Nettle between two Roses.

[*Colonel stretching himself.*]

Lady Sm. Why, Colonel, you break the King's Laws, you stretch without a Halter.

Lady

Lady Ans. Colonel, some Ladies of your Acquaintance have promised to Breakfast with you, and I am to wait on them; what will you give us?

Col. Why Faith, Madam, Batchelor's Fare, Bread and Cheese, and Kisses.

Lady Ans. Poh, what have you Batchelors to do with your Money, but to treat the Ladies? You have nothing to keep but your own four Quarters.

Lady Ans. My Lord; has Captain *Strut* the Honour to be related to your Lordship?

Lord Sp. Very nearly, Madam; he's my Cousin German quite removed.

Lady Ans. Pray is not he rich?

Lord Sp. Ay, a rich Rogue, two Shirts and a Rag.

Col. Well; however they say he has a great Estate, but only the right Owner keeps him out of it.

Lady Sm. What Religion is he of?

Lord Sp. Why he is an Anythingarian.

Lady Ans. I believe, he has his Religion to chuse, my Lord.

[*Neverout scratches his Neck.*]

Miss. Fye, Mr. *Neverout*, an't you ashamed? I beg Pardon for the Expression; but I'm afraid your Bosom Friends are become your Backbiters.

Never.

366 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Nev. Well, Miss, I saw a Flea once on your Pinner; and a Louse is a Man's Companion, but a Flea is a Dog's Companion. However, I wish you would scratch my Neck with your pretty white Hand.

Miss. And who would be Fool then? I would not touch a Man's Flesh for the Universe: You have the wrong Sow by the Ear; I assure you that's Meat for your Master.

Col. Well, I must be plain, here's a very bad Smell.

Miss. Perhaps, Colonel, the Fox is the Finder.

Nev. No, Colonel, 'tis only your Teeth against Rain. But,

Miss. Colonel, I find you would make a very good poor Man's Sow. But,

Nev. Miss *Notable*; all Quarrels laid aside, pray step hither for a Moment.

Miss. I'll wash my Hands and wait on you, Sir; but pray come you hither, and try to open this Lock.

Nev. We'll try what we can do.

Miss. We! what, have you Pigs in your Belly?

Nev. I assure you, Miss, I am very handy at all Things.

Miss. Marry hang them, that can't give themselves a good Word, I believe you may have an even Hand to throw a Louse into the Fire.

Colonel

[Colonel coughing.]

Col. I have got a sad Cold.

Lady Anf. Ay, 'tis well if one can get any Thing these hard Times.

Miss. [To Colonel.] Choak Chicken, there's another a Hatching.

Lady Sm. Pray, Colonel, how did you get that Cold?

Lord Sp. Why, Madam, I suppose the Colonel got it by lying a-Bed barefoot.

Lady Anf. Why then, Colonel, you must take it for better for worse, as a Man takes his Wife.

Col. Well, Ladies, I apprehend you without a Constable.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, Mr. Neverout, come hither this Moment.

Lady Sm. [imitating her.] Mr. Neverout, Mr. Neverout, I wish he were ty'd to your Girdle.

New. What's the Matter? Whose Mare's dead now?

Miss. Take your Labour for your Pains, you may go back again like a Fool as you came.

New. Well, Miss, if you deceive me a second Time, it's my Fault.

Lady Sm. Colonel, methinks your Coat is too short.

Col.

368. POLITE CONVERSATION.

Col. It will be long enough, before I get another, Madam.

Miss. Come, come, the Coat's a good Coat, and come of good Friends.

Nev. Ladies, you are mistaken in the Stuff; 'tis half Silk.

Col. *Tom Neverout*, you're a Fool, and that's your Fault.

[*A great Noise below.*]

Lady Sm. Hey, what a Clattering is there; one would think Hell was broke loose.

Miss. Indeed, Madam, I must take my Leave, for I an't well.

Lady Sm. What, you are sick of the Mulligrubs with eating chopt Hay.

Miss. No indeed, Madam, to say the Truth of it, I'm sick and hungry, more need of a Cook than a Doctor.

Lady Ans. Poor Miss, she's sick as a Cushion, she wants nothing but Stuffing.

Col. If you are sick, you shall have a Caudle of Calves Eggs.

Nev. I can't find my Gloves.

Miss. I saw the Dog running away with some dirty Thing a while ago.

Col. Miss, you have got my Handkerchief; pray let me have it.

Lady Sm. No, keep it Miss, for they say Possession is eleven Points of the Law.

Miss.

POLITE CONVERSATION. 369

Miss. Madam, he shall never have it again; it is in Hucksters Hands.

Lady Ans. What; I see 'tis raining again.

Lord Sp. Why then, Madam, we must do as they do in Spain.

Lady Sm. Pray, my Lord, how is that?

Lord Sp. Why, Madam, we must let it rain.

[*Miss whispers Lady Smart.*]

New. Miss, there's no whispering but there's lying.

Miss. Lord! Mr. Neverout, you are grown as pert as a Pearmonger this Morning.

New. Indeed, Miss, you are very handsome.

Miss. Poh, I know that already, tell me News.

[*Some Body knocks at the Door.*]

[*Footman comes in.*]

Footman. [to Col.] An please your Honour, there's a Man below wants to speak to you.

Col. Ladies, your Pardon for a Minute.

[*Colonel goes out.*]

370 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Lady Sm. Miss, I sent Yesterday to know how you did, but you were gone abroad early.

Miss. Why, Madam, I was huncht up in a Hackney Coach with three Country Acquaintance, who called upon me to take the Air as far as *Highbgate*.

Lady Sm. And had you a pleasant Airing?

Miss. No, Madam, it rain'd all the Time: I was jolted to Death, and the Road was so bad, that I scream'd every Moment, and call'd to the Coachman, pray Friend don't spill us.

Nev. So, Miss, you were afraid that Pride should have a Fall.

Miss. Mr. *Neverout*, when I want a Fool, I'll send for you.

Lord Sp. Miss, did not your left Ear burn last Night.

Miss. Pray why, my Lord?

Lord Sp. Because I was then in some Company, where you were extolled to the Skies, I assure you.

Miss. My Lord, that was more their Goodness, than my Desert.

Lord Sp. They said you were a compleat Beauty.

Miss. My Lord, I am as God made me.

Lady Sm. The Girl's well enough if she had but another Nose.

Miss.

POLITE CONVERSATION. 371

Miss. O, Madam, I know I shall always have your good Word ; you love to help a lame Dog over the Style.

[*One knocks.*]

Lady Sm. Who's there ? You're on the wrong Side of the Door ; come in if you be fat.

[*Colonel comes in again.*]

Lord Sp. Why, Colonel, you are a Man of great Business.

Col. Ay, my Lord ; I'm like my Lord Mayor's Fool ; full of Business, and nothing to do.

Lady Sm. My Lord, don't you think the Colonel's mightily fallen away of late.

Lord Sp. Ay, fallen from a Horse Load to a Cart-Load.

Col. Why, my Lord, I'gad I am like a Rabbit, fat and lean in four and twenty Hours.

Lady Sm. I assure you, the Colonel walks as strait as a Pin.

Miss. Yes, he's a handsome bodied Man in the Face.

Nev. A handsome Foot and Leg, God a-Mercy Shoe and Stocking.

Col. What ? three upon one, that's foul Play. This would make a Parson swear.

Nev. Why Miss ; what's the Matter ? You look as if you had neither won nor lost.

Col. Why, you must know, Miss lives upon Love.

Miss. Yes, upon Love and Lumps of the Cupboard.

Lady Ans. Ay, they say Love and Pease-porridge are two dangerous Things ; one breaks the Heart, and t'other the Belly.

[*Miss imitating Lady Answerall's Tone.*]

Miss. Very pretty, one breaks the Heart, and t'other the Belly.

Lady Ans. Have a Care, Miss, they say mocking is catching.

Miss. I never heard that.

Nev. Why then, Miss, you have one Wrinkle — more than ever you had before.

Miss. Well ; live and learn.

Nev. Ay, and be hang'd, and forget all.

Miss. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, take it as you please ; but I swear, you're a sawcy Jack for using such Expressions.

Nev. Why then, Miss, if you go to that, I must tell you, that there's never a Jack, but there's a Jill.

Miss. O, Mr. *Neverout*, every one knows that you are the Pink of Courtesy.

Nev.

Nev. And, Miss, all the World allows that you are the Flower of Civility.

Lady Sm. Miss, I hear there was a great deal of Company where you visited last Night : Pray who were they ?

Miss. Why, there was Lady *Forward*, Miss *Toandagain*, Sir *John Ogle*, my Lady *Clapper* ; and I, quoth the Dog.

Col. Was your Visit long, Miss ?

Miss. Why truly, they went all to the Opera, and so poor *Pillgarlick* came home alone.

Nev. Alack a Day, poor Miss, methinks it grieves me to pity you.

Miss. What, you think you said a fine Thing now ; well, if I had a Dog with no more Wit, I would hang him.

Lady Sm. Miss, if it be Manners, may I ask which is oldest, you, or Lady *Scuttle* ?

Miss. Why, my Lord, when I die for Age, she may quake for fear.

Lady Sm. She's a very great Gadder abroad.

Lady Sm. Lord ! she made me follow her last Week through all the Shops like a Tantiny Pig,

Lady Sm. I remember you told me, you had been with her from *Dan* to *Bersheba*.

Miss. O, Mr. *Neverout*, my little Countess has just littered ; speak me fair, and I'll set you down for a Puppy.

374 POLITE CONVERSATION.

New. Why Miss, if I speak you fair, perhaps I mayn't tell Truth.

Lord Sp. Ay, but Tom, smooak that, she calls you Puppy by Craft.

New. Well, Miss, you ride the fore Horse To-Day.

Miss. Ay, many a one says well, that thinks ill.

New. Fye, Miss, you said that once before; and you know, too much of one Thing is good for nothing.

Miss. Why sure, one can't say a good Thing too often.

Lord Sp. Well; so much for that, and Butter for Fish. Let us call another Cause, Pray, Madam, does your Ladyship know Mrs. Nice?

Lady Sm. Perfectly well, my Lord; she is nice by Name, and nice by Nature.

Lord Sp. Is it possible that she could take that Booby Tom Blunder for Love?

Miss. She had good Skill in Horse Flesh, that could chuse a Goose to ride on.

Lady Ans. Why, my Lord, it was her Fate; they say Marriage and Hanging go by Destiny.

Col. I believe, she'll never be burnt for a Witch.

Lord Sp. They say Marriages are made in Heaven; but I doubt when she was marry'd she had no Friends there.

New.

POLITE CONVERSATION. 375

Nev. Well, she's got out of God's Blessing into the warm Sun.

Col. The Fellow's well enough, if he had any Guts in his Brains.

Lady Sm. They say, thereby hangs a Tale.

Lord Sp. Why he's a mere Hobbledehoy, neither Man nor Boy.

Miss. Well, if I were to chuse a Husband, I would never be marry'd to a little Man.

Nev. Pray why so, Miss? For they say of all Evils we ought to chuse the least.

Miss. Because Folks would say, when they saw us together; there goes the Woman and her Husband.

Col. [*To Lady Smart.*] Will your Ladyship be on the Mall To-morrow Night?

Lady Sm. No, that won't be proper; you know To-morrow is Sunday.

Lord Sp. What then, Madam, they say, the better Day the better Deed.

Lady Ans. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, how do you like my Lady *Fruzz*?

Nev. Pox on her, she's as old as *Pole's*.

Miss. So will you be, if you ben't hang'd when you're young.

Nev. Come, Miss, let us be Friends; will you go to the Park this Evening?

Miss. With all my Heart, and a Piece of my Liver; but not with you.

Lady Sm. I'll tell you one Thing, and that's not two: I'm afraid I shall get a Fit of the Head-ach To-day.

Col. O, Madam, don't be afraid, it comes with a Fright.

Miss. [To *Lady* Answerall.] Madam, one of your Ladyship's Lappets is longer than t'other.

Lady Ans. Well, no Matter; they that ride on a trotting Horse will ne'er perceive it.

New. Indeed, Miss, your Lappets hang worse.

Miss. Well, I love a Lyar in my Heart, and you fit me to a Hair.

[*Miss rises up.*]

New. Duce take you, Miss, you trod on my Foot, I hope you don't intend to come to my Bed Side.

Miss. In troth, you are afraid of your Friends, and none of them near you.

Lord Sp. Well said, Girl, [giving her a Chuck.] take that, they say a Chuck under the Chin is worth two Kisses.

Lady Ans. But, Mr. *Neverout*, I wonder why such a handsome strait young Gentleman as you, does not get some rich Widow.

Lord Sp. Strait! ay, strait as my Leg, and that's crooked at Knee.

New.

New. Faith, Madam, if it rain'd rich Widows, none of them would fall upon me. I'gad I was born under a three Penny Planet, never to be worth a Groat.

Lady Ans. No, Mr. *Neverout*, I believe you were born with a Cawl on your Head; you are such a Favourite among the Ladies. But, what think you of Widow *Prim*, she's immenſly rich.

New. Hang her, they ſay her Father was a Baker.

Lady Sm. Ay, but it is not what is ſhe, but what has ſhe now a-Days.

Col. Tom, Faith put on a bold Face for once, and have at the Widow. I'll ſpeak a good Word for you to her.

Lady Ans. Ay, I'll warrant you'll ſpeak one Word for him, and two for yourſelf.

Miſs. Well, I had that juſt at my Tongue's End.

Lady Ans. Why, Miſs, they ſay good Wits jump.

New. Faith, Madam, I had rather marry a Woman I lov'd in her Smock, than Widow *Prim*, if ſhe had her Weight in Gold.

Lady Sm. Come, come, Mr. *Neverout*, Marriage is honourable; but, Houſekeeping is a Shrew.

Lady Ans. Conſider, Mr. *Neverout*, your bare Legs in a Bed; and you are a Brother.

378 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Col. Well, Madam, the younger Brother is the better Gentleman. However, *Tom*, I would advise you to look before you leap.

Lord Sp. The Colonel says true: Besides, you can't expect to wive and thrive in the same Year.

Miss. [*Shuddering.*] Lord, there's some Body walking over my Grave.

Col. Pray, Lady *Answerall*, where was you last Wednesday, when I did myself the Honour to wait on you? I think your Ladyship is one of the Tribe of Gad.

Lady Anf. Why, Colonel; I was at Church.

Col. Nay, then I will be hang'd, and my Horse too.

Nev. I believe her Ladyship was at a Church, with a Chimney in it.

Miss. Lord! my Pettycoat, how it hangs by Jommetry.

Nev. Perhaps, the Fault may be in your Shape.

Miss. [*Looking gravely.*] Come, Mr. *Neverout*, there's no Jest like a true Jest: But, I suppose, you think my Back's broad enough to bear every Thing.

Nev. Madam; I humbly beg your Pardon.

Miss. Well, Sir, your Pardon's granted.

Nev. Well, all Things have an End, and a Pudden has two, up up on my my Word. [*Stutters.*]

Miss.

POLITE CONVERSATION. 379

Miss. What; Mr. *Neverout*, can't you speak without a Spoon?

Lady Sp. [*To Lady Smart.*] Has your Ladyship seen the Duchess since your Falling-out?

Lady Sm. Never, my Lord, but once at a Visit; and she look'd at me, as the Devil look'd over *Lincoln*.

Nev. Pray Miss, take a Pinch of my Snuff.

Miss. What; you break my Head, and give me a Plaister; well, with all my Heart; once and not use it.

Nev. Well, Miss, if you wanted me and your Victuals, you'd want your two best Friends.

Col. [*To Neverout.*] *Tom*, Miss and you must kiss and be Friends.

[*Neverout salutes Miss.*]

Miss. Any Thing for a quiet Life. My Nose itch'd, and I knew I should drink Wine, or kiss a Fool.

Col. Well, *Tom*, if that ben't fair, hang fair.

Nev. I never said a rude Thing to a Lady in my Life.

Miss. Here's a Pin for that Lye. I'm sure Lyars had need of good Memories. Pray, Colonel, was not he very uncivil to me but just now?

Nev.

380 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Lady Anf. Mr. *Neverout*, if Miss will be angry for nothing, take my Council, and bid her turn the Buckle of her Girdle behind her.

New. Come, Lady *Answerall*, I know better Things, Miss and I are good Friends: Don't put Tricks upon Travellers.

Col. Tom, not a Word of the Pudden, I beg you.

Lady Sm. Ah, Colonel, you'll never be good, nor then neither.

Lord Sp. Which of the Goods d'ye mean? Good for something, or good for nothing.

Miss. I have a Blister on my Tongue; yet I don't remember I told a Lye.

Lady Anf. I thought you did just now.

Lord Sp. Pray, Madam, what did Thought do?

Lady Anf. Well, for my Life I cannot conceive what your Lordship means.

Lord Sp. Indeed, Madam, I mean no Harm.

Lady Sm. No to be sure, my Lord, you are as innocent as a Devil of two Years old.

New. Madam, they say, ill Doers, are ill Deemers; but I don't apply it to your Ladyship.

[*Miss mending a Hole in her Lace.*]

Miss. Well; you see I'm mending; I hope, I shall be good in Time. Look, Lady *Answerall*, is it not well mended?

Lady

POLITE CONVERSATION. 381

Lady Ans. Ay, this is something like a Tanzy.

Lady Sm. Pray Colonel, are you not very much tann'd?

Col. Yes, Madam, but a Cup of Christmas Ale, will soon wash it off.

Lord Sp. Lady Smart, does not your Ladyship think Mrs. Fade, is mightily altered since her Marriage?

Lady Ans. Why, my Lord, she was handsome in her Time; but, she can't eat her Cake, and have her Cake. I hear she's grown a mere Otomy.

Lady Ans. Poor Creature, the black Ox has set his Foot upon her already.

Miss. Ay, she has quite lost the Blue on the Plum.

Lady Sm. And yet, they say he is very fond of her still.

Lady Ans. O Madam! if she would eat Gold, he would give it her.

* *Nev.* [To Lady Smart.] Madam, have you heard that Lady Queasy, was lately at the Play-House in Cog?

Lady Sm. What Lady Queasy, of all Women in the World! Do you say it upon Rep?

Nev.

* Here the Author, for Variety, runs into some Cant Words.

382 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Nev. Pozz ; I saw her with my own Eyes ; she sat among the Mobb in the Gallery, her own ugly Fizz, and she saw me look at her.

Col. Her Ladyship was plaguily bamb'd ; I warrant it put her into the Hipps.

Nev. I smoakt her huge Nose ; and I'gad, she put me in Mind of the Woodcock, that strives to hide his long Bill, and then thinks no Body sees him.

Col. Tom, I advise you to hold your Tongue ; for you'll never say so good a Thing again.

Lady Sm. Miss, what are you looking for ?

Miss. O ! Madam, I have lost the finest Needle.

Lady Ans. Why, seek 'till you find it, and you won't lose your Labour.

Nev. The Loop of my Hat is broke. How shall I mend it ? [*He fastens it with a Pin.*] well, hang them, say I, that have no Shift.

Miss. Ay, and hang them that has one too many.

Miss. Well, but I don't like such Jestings.

Nev. Oh Miss ! I have heard a sad Story of you.

Miss. I defy you, Mr. *Neverout* ; no Body can say, black's my Eye.

Nev. I believe you would wish they could.

Miss.

POLITE CONVERSATION. 383

Miss. Well, but who was your Author? Come, tell Truth for once, and shame the Devil.

Nev. Come, then Miss; guess who it was that told me; come, put on your considering Cap.

Miss. Well, who was it?

Nev. Why, one that lives within a Mile of an Oak.

Miss. Well; go hang yourself in your own Garter; for I'm sure the Gallows groans for you.

Nev. Bite! Miss, I was but in Jest.

Miss. Well, but don't let that stick in your Gizzard.

Col. [To Lord Smart.] My Lord, does your Lordship know Mrs. Talkall?

Lord Sm. Only by Sight: But, I hear she has a great deal of Wit; and I'gad, as the Saying is, Mettle to the Back-Bone?

Lady Sm. So I hear.

Col. Why; *Dick Lubber*, said to her t'other Day; Madam, you can't cry Bo to a Goose: Yes, but I can said she; and I'gad cry'd Bo full in his Face. We all thought we should break our Hearts with laughing.

Lord Sp. That was cutting with a Vengeance. And, prithee how did the Fool look?

Col. Look: I'gad, he look'd for all the World, like an Owl in an Ivy Bush.

Child

[*Child comes in screaming.*]

Miss. Well, if that Child was mine, I'd whip it till the Blood came. Peace you little Vixen; if I were near you, I wou'd not be far from you.

Lady Sm. Ay, ay, Batchelor's Wives, and Maid's Children, are finely tutor'd.

Lady Ans. Come to me Master, and I'll give you a Sugar-Plum: Why Miss, you forget that ever you was a Child yourself.

[*She gives the Child a Lump of Sugar.*]

I have heard 'em say Boys will long.

Col. My Lord, I suppose you know, that Mr. *Buzzard* has married again.

Lady Sm. This is his fourth Wife; then he has been shod round.

Col. Why, you must know, she had a Month's Mind to *Dick Frontless*, and thought to run away with him; but, her Parents forced her to take the old Fellow, for a good Settlement.

Lord Sp. So the Man got his Mare again.

Lady Sm. I'm told he said a very good Thing to *Dick*; said he, you *think* us old Fellows are Fools. But we old Fellows *know* young Fellows are Fools.

Col.

Col. I know nothing of that; but I know, he's devilish Old; and she's very Young.

Lady Anf. Why, they call that a Match of the World's making.

Miss. What, if he had been Young, and the Old?

New. Why, Miss, that would have been a Match of the Devil's making: But, when both are Young, that's a Match of God's making.

[*Miss searches her Pocket for a Thimble, brings out a Nutmeg.*]

New. O Miss! have a Care; for if you carry a Nutmeg in your Pocket, you'll certainly be married to an old Man.

Miss. Well, and if ever I be married, it shall be to an old Man; they always make the best Husbands: And it is better to be an old Man's Darling, than a young Man's Warling.

New. Faith, Miss, if you speak as you think, I'll give you my Mother for a Maid.

[*Lady Smart rings the Bell.*]

[*Footman comes in.*]

Lady Sm. Harkee, you Fellow, run to my Lady Match; and desire she will re-

386 POLITE CONVERSATION.

member to be here at Six to play at Quadrille, d'ye hear, if you fall by the Way, don't stay to get up again.

Footman. Madam, I don't know the House.

Lady Sm. Well, that's not for want of Ignorance, follow your Nose. Go enquire among the Servants.

[*Footman goes out, and leaves the Door open.*]

Lady Sm. Here, come back you Fellow, why did you leave the Door open: Remember, that a good Servant must always come, when he's call'd, do what he's bid, and shut the Door after him.

[*The Footman goes out again, and falls down Stairs.*]

Lady Anf. Neck, or nothing. Come down, or I'll fetch you down: Well, but I hope the poor Fellow has not sav'd the Hangman a Labour.

Nev. Pray, Madam, smook Miss yonder biting her Lips, and playing with her Fan.

Miss. Who's that takes my Name in vain?

[*She runs up to them, and falls down.*]

Lady

POLITE CONVERSATION. 387

Lady Sm. What, more falling ? Do you intend the Frolick should go round ?

Lady Ans. Why, Miss, I wish you may not have broke her Ladyship's Floor.

Nev. Miss, come to me, and I'll take you up.

Lord Sp. Well, but without a Jest, I hope, Miss, you are not hurt.

Col. Nay, she must be hurt for certain ; for you see her Head is all of a Lump.

Miss. Well ; remember this Colonel, when I have Money, and you have none.

Lady Sm. But, Colonel, when do you design to get a House, and a Wife, and a Fire to put her in ?

Miss. Lord ! who would be marry'd to a Soldier, and carry his Knap-Sack.

Nev. O, Madam, *Mars* and *Venus*, you know.

Col. I gad, Madam, I'd marry To-morrow, if I thought I could bury my Wife just when the Honey Moon is over ; but they say, a Woman has as many Lives as a Cat.

Lady Ans. I find, the Colonel thinks a dead Wife under the Table, is the best Goods in a Man's House.

Lady Sm. O, but Colonel, if you had a good Wife, it would break your Heart to part with her.

388 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Col. Yes, Madam, for they say, he that has lost his Wife and Sixpence, has lost a Tester.

Lady Sm. But, Colonel, they say, that every married Man should believe there is but one good Wife in the World, and that's his own.

Col. For all that, I doubt, a good Wife must be bespoke; for there is none ready made.

Miss. I suppose, the Gentleman's a Woman-Hater; but, Sir, I think you ought to remember that once you had a Mother. And, pray, if it had not been for a Woman, where would you have been, Colonel?

Col. Nay, Miss, you cry'd Whore first, when you talk'd of the Knap-Sack.

Lady Ans. But, I hope, you won't blame the whole Sex, because some are bad.

Nev. And, they say, he that hates Women, suck'd a Sow.

Col. O, Madam, there's no general Rule without an Exception.

Lady Sm. Then, why don't you marry and settle.

Col. I gad, Madam, there's nothing will settle me but a Bullet.

Miss. I suppose, the Colonel was cross'd in his first Love; which makes him so severe on all the Sex.

Lady

POLITE CONVERSATION. 389

Lady Anf. Yes, and I'd hold a hundred to one, that the Colonel has been over Head and Ears in Love with some Lady that has made his Heart ach.

Col. O, Madam, we Soldiers are Admirers of all the Fair Sex.

Miss. I wish I could see the Colonel in Love, 'till he was ready to dye.

Lady Sm. Ay, but I doubt, few People dye for Love in these Days.

Nev. Well, I confess, I differ from the Colonel, for I hope to have a rich, and a handsome Wife yet, before I dye.

Col. Ay, *Tom*, live Horse, and thou shalt have Grass.

Miss. Well, Colonel, but whatever you say against Women, they are better Creatures than Men; for Men were made of Clay, but Woman was made of Man.

Col. Miss, you may say what you please; but faith, you'll never lead Apes in Hell.

Nev. No, no, I'll be sworn, Miss has not an Inch of Nun's Flesh about her.

Miss. I underfumble you, Gentlemen.

Nev. Madam, your humblecumdumble.

Lord Sp. Pray, Miss, when did you see your old Acquaintance Mrs. *Cloudy*? You and she are two, I hear.

Miss. See her: Marry I don't Care whether I ever see her again, God bless my Eye-sight.

390 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Lady Anf. Lord; why she and you were as great as two Inkle-Weavers. I am sure I have seen her hug you, as the Devil hugg'd the Witch.

Miss. That's true; but I'm told for certain, she's no better than she should be.

Lady Sm. Well; God mend us all; but you must allow, the World is very censorious. I never heard that she was naughty.

Col. [To Neverout.] Come, Sir Thomas, when the King pleases, when do you intend to march?

Lord Sp. Have Patience; Tom, is your Friend Ned Rattle married?

Nev. Yes, Faith, my Lord; he has tyed a Knot with his Tongue, that he can never untie with his Teeth.

Lady Sm. Ay, marry in haste, and repent at leisure.

Lady Anf. Has he got a good Fortune with his Lady? For, they say, something has some Savour, but nothing has no Flavour.

Nev. Faith, Madam, all he gets by her, he may put into his Eye, and see never the worse.

Miss. Then, I believe, he heartily wishes her in Abraham's Bosom.

Col. Pray, my Lord, how does Charles Limber, and his fine Wife agree?

Lord

POLITE CONVERSATION. 391

Lord Sp. Why, they say, he's the greatest Cuckold in Town.

Nev. O but, my Lord, you should always except my Lord Mayor.

Miss. Mr. *Neverout*.

Nev. Hay, Madam, did you call me?

Miss. Hay! Why; Hay is for Horses.

Nev. Why, Miss, than you may—

Col. Pray, my Lord, what's a Clock by your Oracle?

Lord Sp. Faith, I can't tell; I think my Watch runs upon Wheels.

Nev. Miss, pray be so kind to call a Servant to bring me a Glass of Small-Beer. I know you are at Home here.

Miss. Every Fool can do as they're bid. Make a Page of your own Age, and do it yourself.

Nev. Chuse proud Fool; I did but ask you.

[*Miss puts her Hand to her Knee.*]

What, Miss, are you thinking of your Sweetheart? Is your Garter slipping down.

Miss. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, keep your Breath to cool your Porridge. You measure my Corn by your Bushel.

Nev. Indeed, Miss, you Lye—

Miss. Did you ever hear any Thing so rude.

New. I mean, you lye—under a Mistake.

Miss. If a thousand Lies could choak you, you would have been choak'd many a Day ago.

[*Miss tries to snatch Mr. Neverout's Snuff-Box.*]

New. Madam, you miss'd that, as you miss'd your Mother's Blessing.

[*She tries again and misses.*]

New. Snap short, makes you look so lean, Miss.

Miss. Poh ; you are so robustious : You had like to put out my Eye : I assure you, if you blind me, you must lead me.

Lady Sm. Dear Miss, be quiet ; and bring me a Pin-Cushion out of that Clofet.

[*Miss opens the Door and squals.*]

Lady Sm. Lord bless the Girl, what's the Matter now ?

Miss. I vow, Madam, I saw something in black, I thought it was a Spirit.

Col. Why, Miss, did you ever see a Spirit ?

Miss. No, Sir, I thank God, I never saw any Thing worse than myself.

New.

Neu. Well, I did a very foolish Thing Yesterday, and was a great Puppy for my Pains.

Miss. Very likely; for they say, many a true Word spoken in Jest.

[*Footman returns.*]

Lady Sm. Well, did you deliver your Message? You are fit to be sent for Sorrow, you stay so long by the Way.

Footman. Madam, my Lady was not at home; so I did not leave the Message.

Lady Sm. This it is to send a Fool of an Errand.

[*Lord Sparkish looking at his Watch.*]

Lord Sp. 'Tis past twelve a Clock.

Lady Sm. Well, what is that among us all?

Lord Sp. Madam, I must take my Leave.

Lady Sm. Well, but your Lordship, and the Colonel, will dine with us To-Day; and Mr. *Neverout*, I hope, we shall have your good Company. There will be no Soul else, besides my own Lord, and these Ladies. For every Body knows, I hate a Crowd: I would rather want Vittels, than Elbow Room. We dine punctually at three.

Lord

394 **POLITE CONVERSATION.**

Lord Sp. Madam, we'll be sure to attend your Ladyship.

Col. Madam, my Stomach serves me instead of a Clock.

[*Another Footman comes back.*]

Lady Sm. O, you are the other Fellow I sent: Well, have you been with my Lady Club. You are good to send of a dead Man's Errand.

Footman. Madam, my Lady Club begs your Ladyship's Pardon; but she is engaged To-Night.

Miss. Well, Mr. Neverout; here's the Back of my Hand to you.

New. Miss, I find you will have the last Word. Ladies, I am more yours than my own.

Second

POINTED CONVERSATION

Second CONVERSATION.

[*Lord Smart, and the former Company, at three o'Clock, coming to dine.*]

[*After Salutations.*]

Lord Sm. I'M sorry I was not at home this Morning, when you all did us the Honour to call here. But I went to the Levee To-Day.

Lord Sp. O, my Lord; I'm sure the Loss was ours.

Lady Sm. Gentlemen, and Ladies, you are come into a sad dirty House, I am sorry for it, but we have had our Hands in Mortar.

Lord Sp. O, Madam, your Ladyship is pleas'd to say so, but I never saw any Thing so clean and so fine. I profess it is a perfect Paradise.

Lady Sm. My Lord, your Lordship is always very obliging.

Lord Sp. Pray, Madam, whose Picture is that?

Lady

396 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Lady Sm. Why, my Lord, it was drawn for me.

Lord Sp. I'll swear the Painter did not flatter your Ladyship.

Col. My Lord, the Day is finely cleared up.

Lord Sm. Ay, Colonel, 'tis a Pity that fair Weather should ever do any Harm. [*to Neverout.*] Why, Tom, you are high in the Mode.

Nev. My Lord, it is better to be out of the World, than out of the Fashion.

Lord Sm. But, Tom, I hear, you and Miss, are always quarrelling: I fear, it is your Fault, for I can assure you, she is very good humoured.

Nev. Ay, my Lord, so is the Devil when he's pleas'd.

Lord Sm. Miss, what do you think of my Friend Tom?

Miss. My Lord, I think he's not the wisest Man in the World; and truly, he's sometimes very rude.

Lord Sp. That may be true; but yet, he that hangs Tom for a Fool, may find a Knave in the Halter.

Miss. Well, however, I wish he were hang'd, if it were only to try.

Nev. Well, Miss, if I must be hanged, I won't go far to chuse my Gallows: It shall be about your fair Neck.

Miss.

POLITE CONVERSATION. 397

Miss. I'll see your Nose Cheese first, and the Dogs eating it. But, my Lord, Mr. *Neverout's* Wit begins to run low, for I vow he said this before. Pray, Colonel, give him a Pinch, and I'll do as much for you.

Lord Sp. My Lady *Smart*, your Ladyship has a very fine Scarf.

Lady Sm. Yes, my Lord, it will make a flaming Figure in a Country Church.

[*Footman comes in.*]

Footman. Madam, Dinner's upon the Table.

Col. Faith, I'm glad of it; my Belly began to cry Cupboard.

Nev. I wish I may never hear worse News.

Miss. What; Mr. *Neverout*, you are in great haste; I believe your Belly thinks your Throat's cut.

Nev. No, faith *Miss*, three Meals a Day, and a good Supper at Night, will serve my Turn.

Miss. To say the Truth, I'm hungry.

Nev. And I'm angry, so let us both go fight.

[*They go in to Dinner, and after the usual Compliments, take their Seats.*]

Lord

398 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Lord Sm. Ladies and Gentlemen, will you eat any Oysters before Dinner.

Col. With all my Heart. [*Takes an Oyster.*] He was a bold Man that first eat an Oyster.

Lady Sm. They say, Oysters are a cruel Meat; because we eat them alive: Then, they are an uncharitable Meat; for we leave nothing to the Poor. And, they are an ungodly Meat, because we never say Grace to them.

Nev. Faith, that's as well said, as if I had said it myself.

Lady Sm. Well, we are all well set, if we be but as well serv'd. Come, Colonel, handle your Arms: Shall I help you to some Beef?

Col. If your Ladyship pleases; and pray don't cut like a Mother-in-law, but send me a large Slice; for I love to lay a good Foundation: I vow 'tis a noble Sirloyn.

Nev. Ay, here's Cut and come again, Miss. But pray, why is it called a Sirloyn?

Lord Sp. Why, you must know, that our King *James I.* who loved good Eating, being invited to Dinner by one of his Nobles, and seeing a large Loyn of Beef at his Table; he drew out his Sword, and in a Frolick Knighted it. Few People know the Secret of this.

Lord Sp. Beef is Man's Meat, my Lord.

Lord

POLITE CONVERSATION. 399

Lord Sm. But, my Lord, I say, Beef is the King of Meat.

Miss. Pray, what have I done, that I must not have a Plate?

Lady Sm. [to *Lady Answerall.*] What will your Ladyship please to eat?

Lady Ans. Pray, Madam, help yourself.

Col. They say Eating and Scratching wants but a Beginning. If you will give me Leave, I'll help myself to a Slice of this Shoulder of Veal.

Lady Sm. Colonel, you can't do a kinder Thing. Well, you are all heartily welcome, as I may say.

Col. They say there are thirty and two good Bits in a Shoulder of Veal.

Lady Sm. Ay, Colonel; thirty bad Bits, and two good ones; you see I understand you; but, I hope you have got one of the two good ones?

Nev. Colonel, I'll be of your Mefs.

Col. Then, pray *Tom*, carve for yourself: They say, two Hands in a Dish, and one in a Purse. Hah, said I well, *Tom*?

Nev. Colonel, you spoke like an Oracle.

[*Miss to Lady Answerall.*]

Miss. Madam, will your Ladyship help me to some Fish?

Lord

Lord Sm. [To Neverout:] *Tom*, they say Fish should swim thrice.

Nev. How is that, my Lord?

Lord Sm. Why, *Tom*, first it should swim in the Sea; (do you mind me?) then it should swim in Butter; and at last Sirrah, it should swim in good Claret. I think I have made it out.

[Footman to Lord Smart.]

Footman. My Lord, *Sir John Linger* is coming up.

Lord Sm. God so! I invited him to Dinner with me To-day, and forgot it. Well, desire him to walk in.

[*Sir John Linger comes in.*]

Sir John. What; are you at it? Why, then I'll be gone.

Lady Sm. *Sir John*, I beg you will set down; come, the more, the merrier.

Sir John. Ay; but the fewer the better Cheer.

Lady Sm. Well, I am the worst in the World at making Apologies. It was my Lord's Fault. I doubt you must kiss the Hare's Foot.

Sir John. I see you are fast by the Teeth.

POLITE CONVERSATION. 401

Col. Faith, Sir John, we are killing that would kill us.

Lord Sp. You see, *Sir John,* we are upon a Business of Life and Death. Come, will you do as we do. You are come in Pudden Time.

Sir John. Ay, this you would be doing if I were dead. What, you keep Court Hours I see. I'll be going, and get a Bit of Meat at my Inn.

Lady Sm. Why, we won't eat you, *Sir John.*

Sir John. It is my own Fault; but, I was kept by a Fellow, who bought some *Derbyshire Oxen* from me.

Nev. You see, *Sir John,* we stayed for you, as one Horse does for another.

Lady Sm. My Lord, will you help *Sir John* to some Beef. *Lady Answerall,* pray eat, you see your Dinner. I am sure, if we had known we should have such good Company, we should have been better provided; but, you must take the Will for the Deed. I'm afraid you're invited to your Loss.

Col. And, pray, *Sir John,* how do you like the Town? You have been absent a long Time.

Sir John. Why, I find little *London* stands just where it did when I left it last.

402 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Neu. What do you think of *Hanover-Square*, why, *Sir John*, *London* is gone out of *Town* since you saw it.

Lady Sm. *Sir John*, I can only say, you are heartily welcome; and I wish I had something better for you.

Col. Here's no Salt; Cuckolds will run away with the Meat.

Lord Sm. Pray edge a little, to make more Room for *Sir John*. *Sir John* fall to, you know half an Hour is soon lost at Dinner.

Sir John. I protest, I can't eat a Bit; for I took Share of a Beef-Stake, and two Mugs of Ale with my Chapman, besides a Tankard of *March Beer* as soon as I got out of Bed.

Lady Ans. Not fresh and fasting, I hope.

Sir John. Yes faith, Madam, I always wash my Kettle before I put the Meat in it.

Lady Sm. Poh! *Sir John*, you have seen nine Houses since you eat last: Come, you have kept a Corner of your Stomach for a Bit of Venison-Pasty.

Sir John. Well, I'll try what I can do when it comes up.

Lady Ans. Come, *Sir John*, you may go further, and fare worse.

Miss. [To *Neverout*.] Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, will you please to send me a Piece of Tongue?

Neu.

POLITE CONVERSATION. 403

Nev. By no Means, Madam ; one Tongue's enough for a Woman,

Col. Miss, here's a Tongue that never told a Lye,

Miss. That was because it could not speak. Why, Colonel, I never told a Lye in my Life.

Nev. I appeal to all the Company, whether that be not the greatest Lye that ever was told.

Col. [To Neverout.] Prethee, Tom, send me the two Legs, and Rump, and Liver, of that Pigeon ; for you must know I love what no Body else loves.

Nev. But what if any of the Ladies should long. Well, here take it, and the Devil do you good with it.

Lady Ans. Well ; this eating and drinking takes away a Body's Stomach.

Nev. I'm sure I have lost mine.

Miss. What ! the Bottom of it, I suppose.

Nev. No really, Miss, I have quite lost it.

Miss. I should be sorry a poor Body had found it.

Lady Sm. But, Sir John, we hear you are married since we saw you last. What ; you have stolen a Wedding it seems.

Sir John. Well, one can't do a foolish Thing once in one's Life, but one must hear of it a hundred Times.

404 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Col. And pray, *Sir John*, how does your Lady unknown?

Sir John. My Wife's well, Colonel; and at your Service in a civil Way. Ha, ha, [*He laughs.*]

Miss. Pray, *Sir John*, is your Lady tall or short?

Sir John. Why, *Miss*, I thank God, she's little Evil.

Lord Sp. Come, give me a Glass of Claret.

[*Footman fills him a Bumper.*]

Why do you fill so much?

Nev. My Lord, he fills as he loves you.

Lady Sm. *Miss*, shall I send you some Cucumber?

Miss. Madam, I dare not touch it; for they say, Cucumbers are cold in the third Degree.

Lady Sm. Mr. *Neverout*, do you love Pudden?

Nev. Madam, I'm like all Fools; I love every Thing that is good: But the Proof of the Pudden, is in the eating.

Col. *Sir John*, I hear you are a great Walker, when you are at Home.

Sir John. No, Faith, Colonel, I always love to walk with a Horse in my Hand. But I have had devilish bad Luck in Horse-Flesh of late.

Lady

POLITE CONVERSATION. 405

Lady Sm. Why then, Sir *John*, you must kiss a Parson's Wife.

Lady Sm. They say, Sir *John*, that your Lady has a great deal of Wit.

Sir John. Madam, she can make a Pudden, and has just Wit enough to know her Husband's Breeches from another Man's.

Lady Sm. My Lord *Sparkish*, I have some excellent Cyder, will you please to taste it.

Lord Sp. My Lord, I should like it well enough, if it were not so treacherous.

Lord Sm. Pray, my Lord, how is it treacherous.

Lord Sp. Because it smiles in my Face, and cuts my Throat. [*Here a loud Laugh.*]

Miss. Ods so, Madam, your Knives are very sharp, for I have cut my Finger.

Lady Sm. I'm sorry for it, pray which Finger?

Miss. Why, this Finger, (God bless the Mark) no, 'tis this; I vow, I can't find which it is.

Nev. Ay, the Fox had a Wound, and he could not tell where, &c. Bring some Water to throw in her Face.

Miss. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, did you ever draw a Sword in Anger? I warrant you would faint at the Sight of your own Blood.

Lady Sm. Mr. *Neverout*, shall I send you some Veal.

Nev. No, Madam, I don't love it.

Miss. Then, pray for them that do. I desire your Ladyship will send me a Bit.

Lord Sm. *Tom* my Service to you.

Nev. My Lord; this Moment, I did myself the Honour to drink to your Lordship.

Lord Sm. Why then, that's *Hartfordshire* Kindness.

Lord Sp. Why then, Colonel, my humble Service to you.

Nev. Pray, my Lord, don't make a Bridge of my Nose.

Lord Sp. Well, a Glass of this Wine is as comfortable, as Matrimony to an old Maid.

Col. Sir John, I design one of these Days to come and beat up your Quarters in *Derbyshire*.

Sir John. Faith, Colonel, come and welcome; and stay away, and heartily welcome. But you were born within the Sound of Bow Bell, and don't care to stir so far from *London*.

Miss. Pray, Colonel, send me some Fritters.

[*Colonel takes them out with his Hand.*]

Col. Here, *Miss*, they say, Fingers were made before Forks, and Hands before Knives.

Lady

POLITE CONVERSATION. 407

Lady Sm. Methinks, this Pudden is too much boyl'd.

Lady Ans. O, Madam, they say a Pudden is Poison, when it's too much boyl'd.

Nev. Miss, shall I help you to a Pigeon? Here's a Pigeon so finely roasted, it cries, Come eat me.

Miss. No, Sir, I thank you.

Nev. Why then, you may chuse.

Miss. I have chosen already.

Nev. Well; you may be worse offered, before you are twice married.

[*The Colonel fills a large Plate of Soupe.*]

Lord Sm. Why, Colonel, you don't mean to eat all that Soupe?

Col. O, my Lord, this is my sick Dish; when I am well, I have a Bigger.

Miss. [*To Colonel.*] Sup *Simon*; good Broth.

Nev. This seems to be a good Pullet.

Miss. I warrant, Mr. *Neverout*, knows what's good for himself.

Lord Sp. Tom, I shan't take your Word for it, help me to a Wing.

[*Neverout tries to cut off a Wing.*]

Nev. I gad, I can't hit the Joynt.

Lord Sp. Why then, think of a Cuckold.

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Nev. O, now I have nickt it.

[*Gives it Lord Sparkish.*]

Lord Sp. Why, a Man may eat this, though his Wife lay a Dying.

Col. Pray, Friend, give me a Glas of Small-Beer, if it be good.

Lord Sm. Why, Colonel, they say, there is no such Thing as good Small-Beer, good brown Bread, or a good old Woman.

Lady Sm. [*To Lady Answerall.*] Madam, I beg your Ladyship's Pardon, I did not see you when I was cutting that Bit.

Lady Ans. O, Madam, after you is good Manners.

Lady Sm. Lord, Here's a Hair in the Sawce.

Lord Sp. Then, Madam, fet the Hounds after it.

Nev. Pray, Colonel, help me, however, to some of that same Sawce.

Col. Come, I think you are more Sawce than Pig.

Lord Sm. Sir *John*, chear up, my Service to you: Well, what do you think of the World to come.

Sir John. Truly, my Lord, I think of it as little as I can.

Lady Sm. [*Putting a Skewer on a Plate.*] Here, take this Skewer, and carry it

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it down to the Cook, to dress it for her own Dinner.

New. I beg your Ladyship's Pardon; but this Small-Beer is dead.

Lady Sm. Why then, let it be bury'd.

Col. This is admirable Black-Pudden; Miss, shall I carve you some? I am the worst Carver in the World; I should never make a good Chaplain. I can just carve Pudden, and that's all.

Miss. No, thank ye, Colonel; for they say, those that eat black Pudden, will dream of the Devil.

Lord Sm. O, here comes the Venison-Pasty: Here, take the Soupe away.

[He cuts it up and tastes the Venison.]

S'buds this Venison is musty.

[Neverout eats a Piece, and burns his Mouth.]

Lord Sm. What's the Matter, Tom? You have Tears in your Eyes, I think. What dost cry for, Man?

New. My Lord, I was just thinking of my poor Grandmother; she died just this very Day seven Years.

[Miss takes a Bit, and burns her Mouth.]

New,

410 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Nev. And pray, Miss, why do you cry too?

Miss. Because you were not hang'd the Day your Grandmother dyed,

Lord Sm. I'd have given forty Pounds, Miss, to have said that.

Col. I'gad, I think, the more I eat, the hungrier I am.

Lord Sp. Why, Colonel, they say, one Shoulder of Mutton drives down another.

Nev. I'gad, if I were to fast for my Life, I would take a good Breakfast in the Morning, a good Dinner at Noon, and a good Supper at Night.

Lord Sp. My Lord, this Venison is plausibly pepper'd. Your Cook has a heavy Hand.

Lord Sm. My Lord, I hope you are Pepper Proof. Come, here's a Health to the Founders.

Lady Sm. Ay, and to the Confounders too.

Lord Sm. Lady Sparkish, does your Ladyship love Venison?

Lady Sp. No, my Lord, I can't endure it in my Sight; therefore please to send me a good Piece of Meat and Crust.

Lord Sp. [*Drinks to Neverout.*] Come, Tom, not always to my Friends, but once to you.

Nev.

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Nev. [*Drinks to Lady Smart.*] Come, Madam, here's a Health to our Friends, and hang the rest of our Kin.

Lady Sm. [*to Lady Answerall.*] Madam, will your Ladyship have any of this Hare?

Lady Ans. No, Madam; they say 'tis melancholy Meat.

Lady Sm. Then, Madam, shall I send you the Brains; I beg your Ladyship's Pardon, for they say, 'tis not good Manners to offer Brains.

Lady Ans. No, Madam, for perhaps it will make me Hair-brain'd.

Nev. Miss I must tell you one Thing.

Miss. [*With a Glass in her Hand.*] Hold your Tongue, Mr. *Neverout*; don't speak in my Tip.

Col. Well, he was an ingenious Man that first found out eating and drinking.

Lord Sp. Of all Vittels, Drink digests the quickest. Give me a Glass of Wine.

Nev. My Lord, your Wine is too strong.

Lord Sm. Ay, *Tom*, as much as you are too good.

Miss. This Almond Pudden was pure good, but it is grown quite cold.

Nev. So much the better, Miss; cold Pudden will settle your Love.

Miss. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, are you going to take a Voyage?

Nev. Why do you ask, Miss?

Miss.

412 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Miss. Because, you have laid in so much Beef.

Sir John. You two have eat up the whole Pudden betwixt you.

Miss. *Sir John*, here's a little Bit left, will you please to have it?

Sir John. No, thankée, I don't love to make a Fool of my Mouth.

Col [*Calling to the Butler.*] *John*, is your Small-Beer good?

Butler. An please your Honour, my Lord and Lady like it; I think it is good.

Col. Why then, *John*, d'ye see, if you are sure your Small-Beer is good, d'ye mark? Then give me a Glas of Wine. [*All laugh.*]

Lady Sm. *Sir John*, how does your Neighbour *Gatherall* of the Park? I hear he has lately made a Purchase.

Sir John. Oh; *Dick Gatherall* knows how to butter his Bread, as well as any Man in *Derbyshire*.

Lady Sm. Why he used to go very fine, when he was here in Town.

Sir John. Ay, and it became him, as a Saddle becomes a Sow.

Col. I knew his Lady; and, I think, she's a very good Woman.

Sir John. Faith, she has more Goodness in her little Finger, than he has in his whole Body.

[*Colonel tasting the Wine.*]

Lord

POLITE CONVERSATION. 413

Lord Sm. Well, Colonel, how do you like that Wine?

Col. This Wine should be eaten; 'tis too good to be drank.

Lord Sm. I'm very glad you like it; and, pray don't spare it.

Col. No, my Lord; I'll never starve in a Cook's Shop.

Lady Sm. And, pray Sir *John*, what do you say to my Wine.

Sir John. I'll take another Glass first: Second Thoughts are best.

Lord Sp. Pray, Lady *Smart*, you sit near that Ham, will you please to send me a Bit?

Lady Sm. With all my Heart. [*She sends him a Piece.*] Pray, my Lord, how do you like it?

Lord Sp. I think it is a Limb of *Lot's* Wife. [*He eats it with Mustard.*] I'gad, my Lord, your Mustard is very uncivil.

Lady Sm. Why uncivil, my Lord?

Lord Sp. Because, it takes me by the Nose, I'gad.

Lady Sm. Mr. *Neverout*, I find you are a very good Carver.

Col. Oh Madam, that's no Wonder; for you must know *Tom Neverout* carves a-Sundays.

[*Mr. Neverout overturns the Saltcellar.*]

Lady

414 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Lady Sm. Mr. *Neverout*, you have overturn'd the Salt ; and that's a Sign of Anger. I'm afraid Miss and you will fall out.

Lady Ans. No, no ; throw a little of it into the Fire, and all will be well.

Nev. O Madam the falling out of Lovers you know——

Miss. Lovers ! very fine ! fall out with him ! I wonder when we were in.

Sir John. For my Part, I believe the young Gentlewoman is his Sweet-Heart ; there is such Fooling and Fidling betwixt them. I am sure, they say in our Country, that shiddle come sh—'s the Beginning of Love.

Miss. Nay, I love Mr. *Neverout*, as the Devil loves holy Water. I love him like Pye, I'd rather the Devil would have him than I.

Miss. Come, here's t'ye to stop your Mouth.

Nev. I'd rather you would stop it with a Kifs.

Miss. A Kifs ! marry come up my dirty Cousin : Are you no sicker ? Lord ! I wonder what Fool it was, that first invented Kissing ?

Nev. Well, I'm very dry.

Miss. Then you are the better to burn, and the worse to fry.

Lady

POLITE CONVERSATION. 415

Lady Anf. God bless you, Colonel, you have a good Stroak with you.

Col. O Madam, formerly I could eat all, but now I leave nothing ; I eat but one Meal a-Day.

Miss. What ? I suppose, Colonel, that's from Morning till Night.

Nev. Faith, Miss, and well was his Want.

Lord Sm. Pray, Lady *Answerall*, taste this Bit of Venison.

Lady Anf. I hope, your Lordship, will set me a good Example.

Lord Sm. Here's a Glass of Cyder fill'd. Miss, you must drink it.

Miss. Indeed my Lord, I can't.

Nev. Come Miss ; better Belly burst, than good Liquor be lost.

Miss. Pish, well in Life there never was any Thing so teizing ; I had rather shed it in my Shoes : I wish it were in your Guts, for my Share.

Lord Sm. Mr. *Neverout*, you ha'n't tasted my Cyder yet.

Nev. No, my Lord, I have been just eating Soupe ; and they say, if one drinks in one's Porridge, one will cough in one's Grave.

Lord Sm. Come, take Miss's Glass, she wish't it was in your Guts ; let her have her Wish for once ; Ladies can't abide to have their Inclinations cross't.

Lady

416 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Lady Sm. [*To Sir John.*] I think, Sir *John*, you have not tasted the Venifon yet.

Sir John. I seldom eat it, Madam : However, please to fend me a little of the Crust.

Lord Sp. Why, Sir *John*, you had as good eat the Devil, as the Broth he's boyl'd in.

New. I have dined as well as my Lord-Mayor.

Miss. I thought I could have eaten this Wing of a Chicken ; but, I find, my Eye's bigger than my Belly.

Lord Sm. Indeed, my Lady *Answerall*, you have eaten nothing.

Lady Ans. Pray, my Lord, see all the Bones on my Plate. They say, a Carpenter's known by his Chips.

New. Miss, will you reach me that Glas of Jelly ?

Miss. (*Giving it to him.*) You see, 'tis but ask and have.

New. Miss, I would have a bigger Glas.

Miss. What, you don't know your own Mind ; you are neither well full nor fasting. I think that is enough.

New. Ay, one of the enough's : I am sure it is little enough.

Miss. Yes, but you know sweet Things are bad for the Teeth.

New.

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Nev. [To *Lady Answerall.*] Madam, I don't like this Part of the Veal you sent me.

Lady Ans. Well, Mr. *Newerout*, I find you are a true *English-Man*, you never know when you are well.

Col. Well, I have made my whole Dinner of Beef.

Lady Ans. Why, Colonel, a Belly full is a Belly full if it be but of Wheat-Straw.

Col. Well, after all, Kitchen Physick is the best Physick.

Lord Sm. And the best Doctors in the World, are Doctor *Diet*, Doctor *Quiet*, and Doctor *Merryman*.

Lord Sp. What do you think of a little House well fill'd?

Sir John. And a little Land well till'd?

Col. Ay, and a little Wife well will'd?

Nev. My Lady *Smart*, pray help me to some of the Breast of that Goose.

Lord Sm. Tom, I have heard, that Goose upon Goose is false Heraldry.

Miss. What! will you never have done stuffing?

Lord Sm. This Goose is quite raw. Well; God sends Meat, but the Devil sends Cooks.

Nev. Miss, can you tell which is the white Goose, or the grey Goose the Gander?

Miss. They say, a Fool will ask more Questions, than twenty wise Men can answer.

418 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Col. Indeed, Miss, *Tom Neverout* has posed you.

Miss. Why, Colonel, every Dog has his Day. But, I believe, I shall never see a Goose again, without thinking on Mr. *Neverout*.

Lord Sm. Well said Miss; i'faith Girl, thou hast brought thyself off cleverly. *Tom*, what say you to that?

Col. Faith, *Tom* is nonplust; he looks plaugily down in the Mouth.

Miss. Why, my Lord, you see he's the provokingest Creature in Life: I believe, there is not such another in the varsal World.

Lady Ans. Oh Miss, the World's a wide Place.

Nev. Well, Miss, I'll give you Leave to call me any Thing, so you don't call me Spade.

Lord Sm. Well, but after all, *Tom*, can you tell me what's *Latin* for a Goose?

Nev. O, my Lord, I know that; Why, Brandy is *Latin* for a Goose; and *Tace* is *Latin* for a Candle.

Miss. Is that Manners, to shew your Larning before Ladies? Methinks you are grown very brisk of a sudden. I think, the Man's glad he's alive.

Sir John. The Devil take your Wit, if this be Wit; for it spoils Company. Pray,
Mr.

Mr. Butler, bring me a Dram after my Goose; 'tis very good for the Wholesoms.

Lord Sm. Come, bring me the Loaf; I sometimes love to cut my own Bread.

Miss. I suppose, my Lord, you lay longest a-Bed to-Day.

Lord Sm. Miss, if I had said so, I should have told a Fib: I warrant you lay a-Bed 'till the Cows came home. But, Miss, shall I cut you a little Crust, now my Hand is in?

Miss. If you please, my Lord; a Bit of under Crust.

Nev. [*Whispering Miss.*] I find you love to lye under.

Miss. [*Aloud; pushing him from her.*] What does the Man mean? Sir, I don't understand you at all.

Nev. Come, all Quarrels laid aside: Here, Miss, may you live a thousand Years. [*He drinks to her.*]

Miss. Pray Sir, don't stint me.

Lord Sm. Sir John, will you taste my October? I think it is very good; but, I believe, not equal to yours in *Derbyshire*.

Sir John. My Lord, I beg your Pardon; but they say, the Devil made Askers.

Lord Sm. [*To the Butler.*] Here, bring up the great Tankard full of *October*, for Sir John.

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Col. [*Drinking to Miss.*] Miss, your Health; may you live all the Days of your Life.

Lady Ans. Well, Miss, you'll certainly be soon married: Here's two Bachelors drinking to you at once.

Lady Sm. Indeed, Miss, I believe you were wrapt in your Mother's Smock, you are so well beloved.

Miss. Where's my Knife, sure I han't eaten it? O, here it is.

Sir John. No, Miss, but your Maiden-head hangs in your Light.

Miss. Pray, Sir *John*, is that a *Derbyshire* Compliment? Here, Mr. *Neverout*, will you take this Piece of Rabbit, that you bid me carve for you?

Nev. I don't know.

Miss. Why, why, take it, or let it alone.

Nev. I will.

Miss. What will you?

Nev. Why, take it, or let it alone.

Miss. Well, you're a provoking Creature.

Sir John. [*Talking with a Glass of Wine in his Hand.*] I remember a Farmer in our Country.

Lord Sm. [*Interrupting him.*] Pray, Sir *John*, did you ever hear of Parson *Palmer*?

Sir John. No, my Lord; what of him?

Lord Sm. Why, he used to preach over his Liquor.

Sir

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Sir John. I beg your Pardon. Here's your Lordship's Health ; I'll drink it up, if it were a Mile to the Bottom.

Lady Sm. Mr. *Neverout*, have you been at the new Play.

Nev. Yes, Madam, I went the first Night.

Lady Sm. Well, and how did it take ?

Nev. Why, Madam, the Poet is *damn'd*.

Sir John. God forgive you ; that's very uncharitable ; you ought not to judge so rashly of any Christian.

Nev. [*Whispers Lady Smart.*] Was ever such a Dunce ? How well he knows the Town ! See how he stares like a stuck Pig ! Well, but *Sir John*, are you acquainted with any of our fine Ladies yet ? Any of our famous Toasts ?

Sir John. No, damn your Fireships ; I have a Wife of my own.

Lady Sm. Pray, my Lady *Answerall*, how do you like these preserved Oranges ?

Lady Ans. Indeed, Madam, the only Fault I find, is, that they are too good.

Lady Sm. O, Madam, I have heard 'em say, that too good, is stark nought.

[*Miss drinking Part of a Glass of Wine.*]

Nev. Pray, let me drink your Snuff.

Miss. No, indeed, you shan't drink after me ; for you'll know my Thoughts.

Nev. I know them already ; you are thinking of a good Husband. Besides, I can tell your Meaning by your Mumping.

Lady Sm. Pray, my Lord, did not you order the Butler to bring up a Tankard of our *October* to *Sir John* ? I believe, they stay to brew it.

[*The Butler brings the Tankard to Sir John.*]

Sir John. Won't your Lordship please to drink first ?

Lord Sm. No, *Sir John*, 'tis in a very good Hand : I'll pledge you.

Col. [*To Lord Smart.*] My Lord, I love *October* as well as *Sir John* ; and I hope, you won't make Fish of one, and Flesh of another.

Lord Sm. Colonel, you're heartily welcome : Come, *Sir John*, take it by Word of Mouth, and then give it the Colonel.

[*Sir John drinks.*]

Lord Sm. Well, *Sir John*, how do you like it ?

Sir John. Not as well as my own in *Derbyshire*. 'Tis plaguy small.

Lady Sm. I never taste Malt Liquor ; but they say, 'tis well Hopp'd,

Sir

POLITE CONVERSATION. 423

Sir John. Hopp'd ! Why if it had hopp'd a little further, it would have hopp'd into the River. O, my Lord ; my Ale is Meat, Drink, and Cloth. It will make a Cat speak, and a wise Man dumb.

Lady Sm. I was told ours was very strong.

Sir John. Ay, Madam, strong of the Water : I believe, the Brewer forgot the Malt, or the River was too near him. Faith, it is mere Whip-belly-vengeance : He that drinks most has the worst Share.

Col. I believe, *Sir John*, Ale is as plenty as Water, at your House.

Sir John. Why, Faith, at *Christmas* we have many Comers and Goers ; and they must not be sent away without a Cup of good *Christmas* Ale, for fear they should p—s behind the Door.

Lady Sm. I hear, *Sir John* has the nicest Garden in *England* ; they say, 'tis kept so clean, that you can't find a Place where to spit.

Sir John. O, Madam, you are pleas'd to say so.

Lady Sm. But, *Sir John*, your Ale is terrible strong and heady in *Derbyshire* ; and will soon make one drunk and sick, what do you then ?

Sir John. Why, indeed, it is apt to Fox one ; but our Way is, to take a Hair of the same Dog next Morning. I take a new laid

Egg for Breakfast; and Faith, one should drink as much after an Egg, as after an Ox.

Lord Sm. Tom Neverout, will you taste a Glass of the *October*?

Nev. No, Faith, my Lord, I like your Wine; and I won't put a Churl upon a Gentleman: Your Honour's Claret is good enough for me.

Lady Sm. What? Is this Pigeon left for Manners? Colonel, shall I send you the Legs and Rump?

Col. Madam, I could not eat a Bit more, if the House was full.

Lord Sm. [*Carving a Partridge.*] Well, one may ride to *Rumford* upon this Knife, it is so blunt.

Lady Ans. My Lord, I beg your Pardon; but they say, an ill Workman never had good Tools.

Lord Sm. Will your Lordship have a Wing of it?

Lord Sp. No, my Lord, I love the Wing of an Ox a great deal better.

Lord Sm. I'm always cold after eating.

Col. My Lord, they say, that's a Sign of long Life.

Lord Sm. Ay, I believe I shall live 'till all my Friends are weary of me.

Col. Pray, does any Body here hate Cheese? I would be glad of a Bit.

Lord

POLITE CONVERSATION. 425

Lord Sm. An odd kind of Fellow dined with me t'other Day ; and when the Cheefe came upon the Table, he pretended to faint. So, some Body said, pray take away the Cheefe : No, said I, pray take away the Fool : Said I well ? [*Here a long and loud Laugh.*]

Col. Faith, my Lord, you served the Coxcomb right enough : And therefore, I wish we had a Bit of your Lordship's *Oxfordshire* Cheefe.

Lord Sm. Come, hang saving, bring us a Halfporth of Cheefe.

Lady Ans. They say, Cheefe digests every Thing but itself.

[*Footman brings in a great whole Cheefe.*]

Lerd Sp. Ay, this would look handsome, if any Body should come in.

Sir John. Well, I'm weily brosten, as they sayn in *Lancashire*.

Lady Sm. Oh, *Sir John*, I wou'd I had something to brost you withal.

Lord Sm. Come, they say, 'tis merry in Hall, when Beards wag all.

Lady Sm. Miss, shall I help you to some Cheefe ? Or, will you carve for yourself ?

Nev. I'll hold fifty Pound, Miss won't cut the Cheefe.

Miss. Pray, why so, Mr. *Neverout* ?

Nev.

426 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Nev. O, there is a Reason, and you know it well enough.

Miss. I can't, for my Life, understand what the Gentleman means.

Lord Sm. Pray, *Tom*, change the Discourse, in troth you are too bad.

[*Colonel* whispers *Neverout.*]

Col. Smoak, *Miss*, you have made her fret like Gum taffety.

Lady Sm. Well; but *Miss*, (hold your Tongue, *Mr. Neverout*) shall I cut you a Bit of Cheese?

Miss. No really, *Madam*, I have dined this half Hour.

Lady Sm. What? quick at Meat, quick at Work, they say.

[*Sir John* nods.]

Lord Sm. What, you are sleepy *Sir John*. Do you sleep after Dinner.

Sir John. Yes, Faith, I sometimes take a Nap after my Pipe; for when the Belly's full, the Bones will be at rest.

Lord Sm. Come, *Colonel*, help yourself, and your Friends will love you the better.

[*To Lady* Answerall.]

Madam, your Ladyship eats nothing.

Lady

POLITE CONVERSATION. 427

Lady Ans. Lord, Madam, I have fed like a Farmer; I shall grow as fat as a Porpoise; I swear, my Jaws are weary with chawing.

Col. I have a Mind to eat a Piece of that Sturgeon, but I fear it will make me sick.

New. A rare Soldier indeed; let it alone, and I warrant, it won't hurt you.

Col. Well, but it would vex a Dog to see a Pudden creep.

[*Sir John rises.*]

Lord Sm. Sir *John*, what are you doing?

Sir John. Swolks, I must be going, by'r Lady; I have earnest Business; I must do, as the Beggars do, go away when I have got enough.

Lord Sm. Well, but stay 'till this Bottle's out: You know, the Man was hanged that left his Liquor behind him; besides, a Cup in the Pate, is a Mile in the Gate; and, a Spur in the Head, is worth two in the Heel.

Sir John. Come then, one Brimmer to all your Healths.

[*The Footman gives him a Glass half full.*]

Pray, Friend, what was the rest of this Glass made for? An Inch at the Top, Friend, is worth two at the Bottom.

[*He*

[*He gets a Brimmer, and drinks it off.*]

Well; there's no Deceit in a Brimmer; and there's no false Latin in this, your Wine is excellent good, so I thank you for the next; for, I am sure of this. Madam, has your Ladyship any Commands in *Derbyshire*? I must go fifteen Miles To-Night.

Lady Sm. None, Sir *John*, but to take Care of yourself; and my most humble Service to your Lady unknown?

Sir John. Well, Madam, I can but love and thank you.

Lady Sm. Here, bring Water to wash; though really you have all eaten so little, that you have no Need to wash your Mouths.

Lord Sm. But prithee, Sir *John*, stay a while longer.

Sir John. No, my Lord, I am to smoak a Pipe with a Friend, before I leave the Town.

Col. Why, Sir *John*, had not you better set out To-morrow?

Sir John. Colonel, you forget, To-morrow is *Sunday*.

Col. Now, I always love to begin a Journey on Sundays, because I shall have the Prayers of the Church, to preserve all that Travel by Land or by Water.

Sir John. Well, Colonel, thou art a mad Fellow to make a Priest of.

Nov.

POLITE CONVERSATION. 429

Nev. Fye, Sir John, do you take Tobacco? How can you make a Chimney of your Mouth?

Sir John. [*To Neverout.*] What? you don't smoak, I warrant you, but you smock. (*Ladies, I beg your Pardon.*) Colonel, do you never smoak?

Col. No, *Sir John,* but I take a Pipe sometimes.

Sir John. I Faith, one of your finical *London Blades* dined with me last Year in *Derbyshire*: So, after Dinner, I took a Pipe: So, my Gentleman turn'd away his Head: So, said I, what Sir, do you never smoak? So, he answered as you do, Colonel, no; but I sometimes take a Pipe: So, he took a Pipe in his Hand, and fiddled with it, 'till he broke it: So, said I, pray, Sir, can you make a Pipe? So, he said no: So, said I, why then, Sir, if you can't make a Pipe, you should not break a Pipe. So we all laught.

Lord Sm. Well, but *Sir John,* they say, that the Corruption of Pipes, is the Generation of Stoppers.

Sir John. Colonel, I hear you go sometimes to *Derbyshire*, I wish you would come and foul a Plate with me.

Col. I hope, you'll give me a Soldier's Bottle.

Sir John. Come, and try.

Sir

Sir John. Mr. *Neverout*, you are a Town-Wit, can you tell me what Kind of Herb is Tobacco?

Nev. Why, an *Indian* Herb, *Sir John*.

Sir John. No, 'tis a Pot-Herb; and so here's t'ye in a Pot of my Lord's *October*.

Lady Sm. I hear, *Sir John*, since you are married, you have forsworn the Town.

Sir John. No, Madam, I never forswore any Thing but building of Churches.

Lady Sm. Well, but *Sir John*, when may we hope to see you again in *London*?

Sir John. Why, Madam, not 'till the Ducks have eat up the Dirt, as the Children say.

Nev. Come, *Sir John*, I foresee it will rain terribly.

Lord Sm. Come, *Sir John*, do nothing rashly, let us drink first.

Lord Sp. Nay, I know *Sir John* will go, though he was sure it would rain Cats and Dogs. But, pray stay, *Sir John*, you'll be Time enough to go to Bed by Candle-light.

Lord Sm. Why, *Sir John*, if you must needs go, while you stay, make good Use of your Time. Here's my Service to you. A Health to our Friends in *Derbyshire*.

Sir John. Not a Drop more.

Col. Why, *Sir John*, you used to love a Glas of good Wine in former Times.

Sir

POLITE CONVERSATION. 431

Sir John. Why, so I do still, Colonel; but a Man may love his House very well, without riding on the Ridge; besides, I must be with my Wife on *Tuesday*, or there will be the Devil and all to pay.

Col. Well, if you go *To-Day*, I wish you may be wet to the Skin.

Sir John. Ay, but they say, the Prayers of the Wicked won't prevail.

[*Sir John takes his Leave, and goes away.*]

Lord Sm. Well, Miss, how do you like *Sir John*?

Miss. Why, I think, he's a little upon the Silly, or so; I believe he has not all the Wit in the World; but I don't pretend to be a Judge.

New. Faith, I believe he was bred at *Hogsnorton*, where the Pigs play upon the Organs.

Lord Sp. Why, *Tom*, I thought you and he had been Hand and Glove.

New. Faith, he shall have a clean Tresh-old for me, I never darkned his Door in my Life, neither in Town, nor Country; but, he's a queer old Duke, by my Conscience; and yet, after all, I take him to be more Knave than Fool.

Lord Sm. Well, come, a Man's a Man, if he has but a Hose on his Head.

Col.

Col. I was once with him, and some other Company, over a Bottle; and I gad, he fell asleep, and snored so loud, that we thought he was driving his Hogs to Market.

New. Why, what? You can have no more of a Cat than her Skin. You can't make a Silk Purse out of a Sow's Ear.

Lord Sp. Well, since he's gone, the Devil go with him, and Sixpence; and there's Money and Company too.

New. Pray, Miss, let me ask you a Question?

Miss. Well, but don't ask Questions with a dirty Face. I warrant, what you have to say, will keep cold.

Col. Come, my Lord, against you are disposed. Here's to all that love and honour you.

Lord Sp. Ay, that was always *Dick Nimble's* Health, I'm sure you know he is dead.

Col. Dead! Well, my Lord, you love to be a Messenger of ill News, I'm heartily sorry; but, my Lord, we must all dye.

New. I knew him very well; but pray, how came he to dye?

Miss. There's a Question! You talk like a Potticary. Why, he dyed, because he could live no longer.

New. Well; rest his Soul; we must live by the Living, and not by the Dead.

Lord

POLITE CONVERSATION. 433

Lord Sp. You know his House was burnt down to the Ground.

Col. Yes, it was in the News. Why; Fire and Water are good Servants, but they are very bad Masters.

Lord Sm. Here, take away, and set down a Bottle of Burgundy. Ladies, you'll stay and drink a Glass of Wine before you go to your Tea.

[*All's taken away, and the Wine set down.*]

[*Miss gives Neverout a smart Pinch.*]

Nev. Lord, Miss, what d'ye mean? D'ye think I have no feeling?

Miss. I'm forced to pinch, for the Times are hard.

Nev. [*Giving Miss a Pinch.*] Take that, Miss: What's Sawce for a Goose, is Sawce for a Gander.

Miss. [*screaming.*] Well, Mr. Neverout, if I live, that shall neither go to Heaven nor Hell with you.

Nev. [*takes Miss's Hand.*] Come, Miss, let us lay all Quarrels aside, and be Friends.

Miss. Don't be mauming and gauming a Body so. Can't you keep your filthy Hands to yourself?

Nev. Pray, Miss, where did you get that Pick-Tooth Case.

434 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Miss. I came honestly by it.

Nev. I'm sure it was mine, for I lost just such a one. Nay, I don't tell you a Lye.

Miss. No, if you Lye, 'tis much.

Nev. Well, I'm sure 'tis mine.

Miss. What, you think every Thing is yours; but a little the King has.

Nev. Colonel, you have seen my fine Pick-Tooth Case : Don't you think this is the very same ?

Col. Indeed, Miss, it is very like it.

Miss. Ay, what he says, you'll swear.

Nev. Well; but I'll prove it to be mine.

Miss. Ay, do if you can.

Nev. Why; what's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own.

Miss. Well, run on 'till you're weary, no Body holds you.

[*Neverout gapes.*]

Col. What, Mr. *Neverout*, do you gape for Preferment ?

Nev. Faith, I may gape long enough before it falls into my Mouth.

Lady Sm. Mr. *Neverout*, I hear you live high.

Nev. Yes, Faith, Madam, live high, and lodge in a Garret.

Col. But, Miss, I forgot to tell you, that Mr. *Neverout* got the devilishest Fall in the Park To-Day.

Miss.

POLITE CONVERSATION. 435

Miss. I hope he did not hurt the Ground. But how was it Mr. *Neverout*? I wish I had been there to laugh.

Nev. Why, Madam, it was a Place where a Cuckold had been bury'd, and one of his Horns sticking out, I happened to stumble against it. That was all.

Lady Sm. Ladies, let us leave the Gentlemen to themselves; I think it is Time to go to our Tea.

Lady Ans. and *Miss.* My Lords, and Gentlemen, your most humble Servant.

Lord Sm. Well, Ladies, we'll wait on you an Hour hence.

[*The Gentlemen alone.*]

Lord Sm. Come, *John*, bring us a fresh Bottle.

Col. Ay, my Lord; and pray let him carry off the dead Men, (as we say in the Army.) [*Meaning the empty Bottles.*]

Lord Sp. Mr. *Neverout*, pray is not that Bottle full.

Nev. Yes, my Lord, full of Emptiness.

Lord Sm. And, d'ye hear, *John*, bring clean Glasses.

Col. I'll keep mine, for I think the Wine is the best Liquor to wash the Glasses in.

Third CONVERSATION.

[*The Ladies at their Tea.*]

Lady Sm. WELL, Ladies, now let us have a Cup of Discourse to ourselves.

Lady Ans. What do you think of your Friend, Sir *John Spendall*?

Lady Sm. Why, Madam, 'tis happy for him that his Father was born before him.

Miss. They say, he makes a very ill Husband to my Lady.

Lady Ans. Well, but he must be allowed to be the fondest Father in the World.

Lady Sm. Ay, Madam, that's true; for they say, the Devil is kind to his own.

Miss. I am told, my Lady manages him to Admiration.

Lady Sm. That I believe, for she's as cunning as a dead Pig; but not half so honest.

Lady Ans. They say, she's quite a Stranger to all his Gallantries.

Lady Sm. Not at all; but you know, there's none so blind, as they that won't see.

Miss

POLITE CONVERSATION. 437

Miss. Oh, Madam, I am told she watches him as a Cat would watch a Mouse.

Lady Ans. Well, if she ben't foully belly'd ; she pays him in his own Coin.

Lady Sm. Madam, I fancy, I know your Thoughts, as well, as if I were within you.

Lady Ans. Madam, I was t'other Day in Company with Mrs. *Clatter* ; I find she gives herself Airs of being acquainted with your Ladyship.

Miss. O, the hideous Creature ! Did you observe her Nails. They were long enough to scratch her Grannum out of her Grave.

Lady Sm. Well, she and *Tom Goslin* were banging Compliments backwards and forwards. It look'd like two Asses scrubbing one another.

Miss. Ay, claw me, and I'll claw thee ; But, pray Madam, who were the Company ?

Lady Sm. Why ; there was all the World, and his Wife. There was Mrs. *Clatter*, Lady *Singular*, the Countess of *Talkham*, (I should have named her first) *Tom Goslin*, and some others, whom I have forgot.

Lady Ans. I think the Countess is very sickly.

Lady Sm. Yes, Madam, she'll never scratch a grey Head, I promise her.

Miss. And pray, what was your Conversation ?

438 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Lady Sm. Why, Mrs. Clatter had all the Talk to herself, and was perpetually complaining of her Misfortunes.

Lady Ans. She brought her Husband ten thousand Pounds; she has a Town-House, and Country-House; would the Woman have her — hung with Points?

Lady Sm. She would fain be at the Top of the House before the Stairs are built.

Miss. Well, Comparisons are odious; but she's as like her Husband, as if she were spit out of his Mouth; as like as one Egg is to another. Pray, how was she drest?

Lady Sm. Why, she was as fine as Five-pence; but truly, I thought there was more Cost than Worship.

Lady Ans. I don't know her Husband; pray what is he?

Lady Sm. Why, he's a Concealer of the Law; you must know, he came to us as drunk as David's Sow.

Miss. What kind of Creature is he?

Lady Sm. You must know the Man and his Wife are coupled like Rabbits; a Fat and a Lean. He's as fat as a Porpoise, and she's one of Pharoah's lean Kine. The Ladies, and Tom Goslin, were proposing a Party at Quadrille, but he refused to make one; damn your Cards, said he, they are the Devil's Books.

Lady

POLITE CONVERSATION. 439

Lady Ans. A dull, unmannerly Brute! Well, God send him more Wit, and me more Money.

Miss. Lord, Madam, I would not keep such Company for the World.

Lady Sm. O, Miss, 'tis nothing when you are used to it. Besides you know; for Want of Company, welcome Trumpery.

Miss. Did your Ladyship play?

Lady Sm. Yes, and won; so I came off with Fidler's Fare, Meat, Drink, and Money.

Lady Ans. Ay, what says Pluck?

Miss. Well, my Elbow itches, I shall change my Bed-fellow.

Lady Sm. And my Left-Hand itches, I shall receive Money.

Lady Ans. And my Right-Eye itches, I shall cry.

Neu. Miss, I hear your Friend, Mrs. Giddy, has discarded *Dick Shuttle*; pray, has she got another Lover?

Miss. I hear of none.

Neu. Why, the Fellow's rich, and I think, she was a Fool, to throw out her dirty Water, before she got clean.

Lady Sm. Miss, that's a very handsome Gown of yours, and finely made, very genteel.

Miss. I'm glad your Ladyship likes it.

Lady Ans. Your Lover will be in Raptures, it becomes you admirably.

Miss. Ay, I assure you, I won't take it as I have done, if this won't fetch him, the Devil fetch him, say I.

Lady Sm. [To *Lady Answerall.*] Pray, Madam, when did you see Sir *Peter Muck-worm*?

Lady Ans. Not this Fortnight: I hear, he's laid up with the Gout.

Lady Sm. What does he do for it?

Lady Ans. Why, I hear he's weary of doctoring it, and now makes Use of nothing but Patience, and Flannel.

Miss. Pray, how does he and my Lady agree.

Lady Ans. You know he loves her. —

Miss. They say, she plays deep with Sharpers, that cheat her of her Money.

Lady Ans. Upon my Word, they must rise early that would cheat her of her Money. Sharp's the Word with her: Diamonds cut Diamonds.

Miss. Well, but I was assured from a good Hand, that she lost at one Sitting, to the Tune of a hundred Guineas. Make Money of that.

Lady Sm. Well, but do you hear, that Mrs. *Plump* is brought to Bed at last?

Miss. And pray, what has God sent her?

Lady Sm. Why, guess if you can?

Miss.

POLITE CONVERSATION. 441

Miss. A Boy, I suppose.

Lady Sm. No, you are out, guess again.

Miss. A Girl then.

Lady Sm. You have hit it; I believe you are a Witch.

Miss. O, Madam, the Gentlemen say, all fine Ladies are Witches; but I pretend to no such Thing.

Lady Ans. Well she had good Luck to draw *Tom Plump* into Wedlock; she rises with her — upwards.

Miss. Fye, Madam, what do you mean?

Lady Sm. O, *Miss*, 'tis nothing what we say among ourselves.

Miss. Ay, Madam, but they say, Hedges have Eyes, and Walls have Ears.

Lady Ans. Well, *Miss*, I can't help it, you know I am an old Tell-Truth, I love to call a Spade, a Spade.

[*Lady Smart mistakes the Tea-Tongs for a Spoon.*]

Lady Sm. What, I think my Wits are a Wool-gathering To-Day.

Miss. Why, Madam, there was but a Right, and a Wrong.

Lady Sm. *Miss*, I hear that you and *Lady Couplers*, are as great as Cup and Can.

Lady Ans. Ay, as great as the Devil, and the Earl of *Kent*.

Lady

442 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Lady Sm. Nay, I am told you meet together with as much Love, as there is between the old Cow and the Hay-Stack.

Miss. I own, I love her very well; but there's Difference betwixt staring and stark mad.

Lady Sm. They say, she begins to grow fat.

Miss. Fat, ay, fat as a Hen in the Fore-head.

Lady Sm. Indeed, *Lady Answerall*, (pray forgive me) I think your Ladyship looks a little thinner, than when I saw you last.

Miss. Indeed, Madam, I think not; but your Ladyship is one of *Job's* Comforters.

Lady Ans. Well, no Matter how I look; I am bought and sold. But really, *Miss*, you are so very obliging, that I wish I were a handsome young Lord for your Sake.

Miss. O, Madam, your Love's a Million.

Lady Sm. [*To Lady Answerall.*] Madam, will your Ladyship let me wait on you to the Play To-morrow.

Lady Ans. Madam, it becomes me to wait on your Ladyship.

Miss. What, then I'm turn'd out for a Wrangler.

[*The Gentlemen come in to the Ladies to drink Tea.*]

Miss.

POLITE CONVERSATION. 443

Miss. Mr. *Neverout*, we wanted you sadly; you are always out of the Way, when you should be hang'd.

New. You wanted me? Pray, *Miss*, how do you look when you lye?

Miss. Better than you when you cry, Manners indeed. I find, you mend like sower Ale in Summer.

New. I beg your Pardon, *Miss*; I only meant, when you lye alone.

Miss. That's well turn'd; one Turn more would have turn'd you down Stairs.

New. *Miss*, come be kind for once, and order me a Dish of Coffee.

Miss. Pray go yourself; let us wear out the oldest first. Besides, I can't go, for I have a Bone in my Leg.

Col. They say, a Woman need but once look on her Apron Strings to find an Excuse.

New. Why, *Miss*, you are grown so peevish, a Dog would not live with you.

Miss. Mr. *Neverout*, no Offence I hope; but, truly, I think, in a little Time, you intend to make the Colonel as bad as yourself; and that's as bad as bad can be.

New. My Lord; don't you think *Miss* improves wonderfully of late? Why, *Miss*, if I spoil the Colonel, I hope you will use him as you do me; for you know, love me, love my Dog.

Col.

Col. How's that, *Tom*? say that again. Why, if I am a Dog, shake Hands Brother.

[*Here a great, loud and long Laugh.*]

Lord Sm. But, pray Gentlemen, why always so severe upon poor *Miss*. On my Conscience, Colonel, and *Tom Neverout*, one of you two are both Knaves.

Col. My Lady *Answerall*, I intend to do myself the Honour of dining with your Ladyship To-morrow.

Lady Ans. Ay, Colonel, do if you can.

Miss. I'm sure you'll be glad to be welcome.

Col. *Miss*, I thank you; and to reward you, I'll come and drink Tea with you in the Morning.

Miss. Colonel, there's two Words to that Bargain.

Col. [*To Lady Smart.*] Your Ladyship has a very fine Watch; well may you wear it.

Lady Sm. It is none of mine, Colonel.

Col. Pray, whose is it then?

Lady Sm. Why, 'tis my Lord's; for, they say, a marry'd Woman has nothing of her own, but her Wedding-Ring and her Hair-Lace. But if Women had been the Law-Makers, it would have been better.

Col. This Watch seems to be quite new.

Lady

POLITE CONVERSATION. 445

Lady Sm. No, Sir, it has been twenty Years in my Lord's Family, but *Quare* lately put a new Case and Dial-Plate to it.

New. Why, that's for all the World like the Man, who swore he kept the same Knife for forty Years, only he sometimes changed the Haft, and sometimes the Blade.

Lord Sm. Well, *Tom*, to give the Devil his Due, thou art a right Woman's Man.

Col. Od so, I have broke the Hinge of my Snuff-Box, I'm undone, besides the Loss.

Miss. A-lack-a-Day, Colonel, I vow I had rather have found forty Shillings.

New. Why, Colonel; all I can say, to comfort you, is, that you must mend it with a new one.

[*Miss laughs.*]

Col. What, *Miss*, you can't laugh, but you must shew your Teeth.

Miss. I'm sure, you shew your Teeth, when you can't bite. Well, thus it must be, if we sell Ale.

New. *Miss*, you smell very sweet: I hope you don't carry Perfumes.

Miss. Perfumes! No, Sir, I'd have you to know, it is nothing but the Grain of my Skin.

Lord

Lord Sp. So, Ladies, and Gentlemen, methinks you are very witty upon one another: Come, box it about, 'twill come to my Father at last.

Col. Why, my Lord, you see Miss has no Mercy, I wish she were marry'd; but I doubt, the grey Mare would prove the better Horse.

Miss. Well, God forgive you for that Wish.

Lord Sp. Never fear him, Miss.

Lord Sm. What have you to say to that, Colonel?

New. O, my Lord, my Friend, the Colonel, scorns to set his Wit against a Child.

Miss. Scornful Dogs will eat dirty Puddens.

Col. Well, Miss, they say, a Woman's Tongue is the last Thing about her that dyes: Therefore, let's kifs and Friends.

Miss. Hands off.

Lord Sp. Faith, Colonel, you are in for Ale and Cakes. But, after all, Miss, you are too severe; you would not meddle with your Match?

Miss. All they can say, goes in at one Ear, and out at t'other for me, I can assure you; only, I wish they would be quiet, and let me drink my Tea.

New. What, I warrant you think all is lost that goes beside your own Mouth.

Miss.

POLITE CONVERSATION. 447

Miss. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, hold your Tongue for once, if it be possible. Women! One would think you were a Woman in Men's Cloaths, by your prating.

New. No, Miss, it is not handsome to see one hold one's Tongue; besides, I should flobber my Fingers.

Col. Miss, did you never hear, that three Women and a Goose, are enough to make a Market.

Miss. I'm sure, if Mr. *Neverout*, or you, were among them, it would make a Fair.

[Footman comes in.]

Lady Sm. Here, take away the Tea-Table, and bring up Candles.

Lady Ans. O, Madam, no Candles yet, I beseech you; don't let us burn Day-Light.

New. I dare swear; Miss, for her Part, will never burn Day-Light, if she can help it.

Miss. Lord, Mr. *Neverout*, one can't hear ones own Ears for you.

Lady Sm. Indeed, Madam, it is blind Man's Holiday, we shall soon be all of a Colour.

New. Why then, Miss, we may kiss where we like best.

Miss. Fogh, these Men talk of nothing but kissing. [She spits.]

New.

448 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Nev. What, Miss, does it make your Mouth water ?

Lady Sm. It is as good to be in the Dark, as without Light ; therefore, pray bring in Candles. They say, Women, and Linen, shew best by Candle-Light. Come, Gentlemen, are you for a Party at *Quadrille* ?

Col. I'll make one with you three Ladies.

Lady Ans. I'll sit down, and be a Stander-by.

Lord Sm. [*To Lady Answerall.*] Madam, does your Ladyship never play ?

Col. Yes, I suppose her Ladyship plays sometimes for an Egg at *Easter*.

Nev. Ay, and a Kifs at *Christmas*.

Lady Ans. Come, Mr. *Neverout*, hold your Tongue, and mind your Knitting.

Nev. With all my Heart. Kifs my Wife, and welcome.

[*The Colonel, Mr. Neverout, Lady Smart, and Miss, go to Quadrille, and sit 'till Three in the Morning. [They rise from Cards.]*

Lady Sm. Well, Miss, you'll have a sad Husband, you have such good Luck at Cards.

Nev. Indeed, Miss, you have dealt me sad Cards ; if you deal so ill by your Friends, what will you do with your Enemies ?

Nev.

POLITE CONVERSATION. 449

Lady Ans. I'm sure, 'tis Time for all honest Folks to go to Bed.

Miss. Indeed, my Eyes draw Straws.
[*she's almost asleep.*]

Nev. Why, Miss, if you fall asleep, some Body may get a Pair of Gloves.

Col. I'm going to the Land of Nod.

Nev. Faith, I'm for *Bedfordshire*.

Lady Sm. I'm sure, I shall sleep without rocking.

Nev. Miss, I hope you'll dream of your Sweet-heart.

Miss. O, no doubt of it : I believe, I shan't be able to sleep for dreaming of him.

Col. [*To Miss.*] Madam, I shall have the Honour to escorte you.

Miss. No, Colonel, I thank you. My Mama, has sent her Chair, and Footmen. Well, my Lady *Smart*, I'll give you Revenge whenever you please. [*Footman comes in.*]

Footman. Madam, the Chairs are waiting.

[*They all take their Chairs, and go off.*]

POURTE CONVERSATION.

Lady. I'm sure, 'tis time for all honest folks to go to Bed.

Mrs. Indeed, my Eyes draw shewers.

[Lies down asleep.]

Mrs. Why, Mrs. W. you fall asleep.

Some Body may get a Pair of Gloves.

Col. I'm going to the Land of Nod.

Mrs. Faith, I'm for Bed too.

Lady. I'm sure, I shall sleep without

troubling.

Mrs. I hope you'll dream of your

sweet-heart.

Mrs. O, no doubt of it: I believe, I

shan't be able to sleep for dreaming of him.

Col. [To Mrs.] Madam, I shall have the

Honour to escort you.

Mrs. No, Colonel, I thank you. My

Maids, has lent her Chair, and Footmen.

Well, my Lady Smart, I'll give you Revenge whenever you please. [Footmen comes

in.]

Footman. Madam, the Chairs are waiting.

[They all take their Chairs, and go off.]

[Lies down asleep.]

[Lies down asleep.]

[Lies down asleep.]

[Lies down asleep.]

SOME
REMARKS
ON THE
Barrier Treaty,
BETWEEN
HER MAJESTY
AND THE
States-General.

To which are added,

The said BARRIER-TREATY,
with the two seperate Articles ; Part of
the Counter-Project ; The Sentiments of
Prince EUGENE and Count SINZENDORF,
upon the said Treaty : And a Represen-
tation of the *English* Merchants at
Bruges.

Written in the Year 1712.

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T H E

P R E F A C E.

WHEN I published the Discourse called, *The Conduct of the Allies*, I had Thoughts either of inserting or annexing the Barrier-Treaty at length, with such Observations, as I conceived might be useful for publick Information: But that Discourse taking up more Room than I designed, after my utmost Endeavours to abbreviate it, I contented myself only with making some few Reflections upon that famous Treaty; sufficient, as I thought, to answer the Design of my Book. I have since heard, that my Readers in general, seemed to wish I had been more particular, and have discovered an Impatience to have that Treaty made publick, especially since it hath been laid before the House of Commons.

That I may give some Light to the Reader, who is not well versed in these Affairs, he may

The PREFACE.

please to know, that a Project for a Treaty of Barrier with the States, was transmitted hither from Holland; but being disapproved of by our Court in several Parts, a new Project, or Scheme of a Treaty, was drawn up here, with many Additions and Alterations. This last was called the Counter-Project; and was the Measure whereby the Duke of Marlborough and my Lord Townshend were commanded and instructed to proceed, in negotiating a Treaty of Barrier with the States. I have added a Translation of this Counter-Project, in those Articles where it differs from the Barrier-Treaty, that the Reader, by comparing them together, may judge how punctually those Negotiators observed their Instructions. I have likewise subjoined the Sentiments of Prince Eugene of Savoy, and the Count de Sinzendorf, relating to this Treaty, written (I suppose) while it was negotiating. And lastly, I have added a Copy of the Representation of the British Merchants at Bruges, signifying what Inconveniences they already felt, and further apprehended from this Barrier-Treaty.

SOME

SOME
REMARKS
ON THE
Barrier Treaty.

IMAGINE a reasonable Person in *Ghina*, were reading the following Treaty, and one who was ignorant of our Affairs, or our Geography: He would conceive their High Mightinesses the States General, to be some vast powerful Commonwealth, like that of *Rome*, and her Majesty to be a petty Prince, like one of those to whom that Republick would sometimes send a Diadem for a Present, when they behaved themselves well; otherwise could depose at Pleasure, and place whom they thought fit in his Stead. Such a Man would think, that the States had taken our Prince and Us into their *Protection*; and in Return, honoured us so far, as to make Use of our Troops as some small

Assistance in their Conquests, and the En-
 largement of their Empire ; or to prevent
 the Incurfions of *Barbarians* upon some of
 their out-lying Provinces. But how must
 it sound in an *European* Ear, that *Great-Bri-*
tain, after maintaining a War for so many
 Years, with so much Glory and Success, and
 such prodigious Expence ; after saving the
 Empire, *Holland*, and *Portugal*, and almost
 recovering *Spain*, should, towards the Close
 of a War, enter into a Treaty with seven
Dutch Provinces, to secure to them a Do-
 minion larger than their own, which she
 had conquered for them ; to undertake for
 a great deal more, without stipulating the
 least Advantage for herself ; and accept as
 an Equivalent, the mean Condition of those
 States assisting to preserve her Queen on the
 Throne, whom, by God's Assistance, she
 is able to defend against all her Majesty's
Enemies and *Allies* put together ?

Such a wild Bargain could never have
 been made for us, if the States had not
 found it their Interest to use very powerful
 Motives with the chief Advisers, (I say no-
 thing of the Person immediately employed ;)
 and if a Party here at home had not been
 resolved, for Ends and Purposes very well
 known, to continue the War as long as they
 had any Occasion for it.

The

The *Counter-Project* of this Treaty, made here in *London* was bad enough in all Conscience: I have said something of it in the *Preface*: Her Majesty's Ministers were instructed to proceed by it in their Negotiation. There was one Point in that Project, which would have been of Consequence to *Britain*, and one or two more, where the Advantages of the States were not so very exorbitant, and where some Care was taken of the House of *Austria*. Is it possible that *our good Allies and Friends* could not be brought to any Terms with us, unless by striking out every Particular that might do Us any good, and adding still more to Them, where so much was already granted? For Instance, the Article about demolishing of *Dunkirk*, surely might have remained; which was of some Benefit to the States, as well as of mighty Advantage to Us; and which the *French King* hath lately yielded in one of his Preliminaries, although clogged with the Demand of an Equivalent, which will owe its Difficulty only to this Treaty.

But, let me now consider the Treaty itself: Among the one and twenty Articles of which it consists, only two have any Relation to Us, importing, that the *Dutch* are
to

to be Guarantees of our Succession, and are not to enter into any Treaty until the Queen is acknowledged by *France*. We know very well, that it is in Consequence the Interest of the States, as much as ours, that *Britain* should be governed by a Protestant Prince. Besides, what is there more in this Guarantee, than in all common Leagues Offensive and Defensive between two Powers, where each is obliged to defend the other against any Invader with all their Strength? Such was the Grand Alliance between the Emperor, *Britain*, and *Holland*, which was, or ought to have been, as good a Guarantee of our Succession, to all Intents and Purposes, as this in the Barrier-Treaty; and the mutual Engagements in such Alliances have been always reckoned sufficient, without any separate Benefit to either Party.

It is, no doubt, for the Interest of *Britain*, that the States should have a sufficient Barrier against *France*: But their High Mightinesses, for some few Years past, have put a different Meaning upon the Word Barrier, from what it formerly used to bear, when applied to them. When the late King was Prince of *Orange*, and commanded their Armies against *France*, it was never once imagined that any of the Towns taken, should belong to the *Dutch*; they were all
immediately

immediately delivered up to their lawful Monarch; and *Flanders* was only a Barrier to *Holland*, as it was in the Hands of *Spain* rather than *France*. So in the Grand Alliance of 1701, the several Powers promising to endeavour to recover *Flanders* for a Barrier, was understood to be the recovering those Provinces to the King of *Spain*. But in this Treaty, the Style is wholly changed: Here are about twenty Towns and Forts of great Importance, with their Chatellanies and Dependencies (which Dependencies are likewise to be enlarged as much as possible) and the whole Revenues of them, to be under the perpetual Military Government of the *Dutch*, by which that Republick will be entirely Masters of the richest Part of all *Flanders*: And upon any Appearance of War, they may put their Garrisons into any other Place of the *Low-Countries*; and further, the King of *Spain* is to give them a Revenue of four hundred thousand Crowns a Year, to enable them to maintain those Garrisons.

Why should we wonder, that the *Dutch* are inclined to perpetuate the War, when, by an Article in this Treaty, the King of *Spain* is not to possess one single Town in the *Low-Countries*, until a Peace be made. The Duke of *Anjou* at the Beginning of
this

this War, maintained fix and thirty thousand Men out of those *Spanish* Provinces he then possessed; To which if we add the many Towns since taken, which were not in the late King of *Spain's* Possession at the Time of his Death, with all their Territories and Dependencies; it is visible what Forces the States may be able to keep, even without any Charge to their peculiar Dominions.

The Towns and Chatellanies of this Barrier, always maintained their Garrisons when they were in the Hands of *France*; and, as it is reported, returned a considerable Sum of Money into the King's Coffers; yet the King of *Spain* is obliged by this Treaty (as we have already observed) to add, over and above, a Revenue of four hundred thousand Crowns a Year. We know likewise, that a great Part of the Revenue of the *Spanish Netherlands* is already pawned to the States; so, that after a Peace, nothing will be left to the Sovereign, nor will the People be much eased of the Taxes they at present labour under.

Thus the States, by Virtue of this Barrier-Treaty, will, in Effect, be absolute Sovereigns of all *Flanders*, and of the whole Revenues in the utmost Extent.

And

And here I cannot, without some Contempt, take Notice of a Sort of Reasoning offered by several People ; that the many Towns we have taken for the *Dutch* are of no Advantage, because the whole Revenues of those Towns are spent in maintaining them. For first, The Fact is manifestly false, particularly as to *Lisle*, and some others : Secondly, the States, after a Peace, are to have four hundred thousand Crowns a Year out of the Remainder of *Flanders*, which is then to be left to *Spain* : And lastly, Suppose all these acquired Dominions will not bring a Penny into their Treasury ; what can be of greater Consequence, than to be able to maintain a mighty Army out of their new Conquests ; which before, they always did by taxing their natural Subjects ?

How shall we be able to answer it to King *Charles III.* that while we pretend to endeavour restoring him to the entire Monarchy of *Spain*, we join at the same Time with the *Dutch*, to deprive him of his natural Right to the *Low-Countries* ?

But suppose, by a *Dutch* Barrier, must now be understood, only what is to be in Possession of the States ; yet even under this
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Acceptation of the Word, nothing was originally meant except a Barrier against *France*; whereas several Towns demanded by the *Dutch* in this Treaty, can be of no Use at all in such a Barrier. And this is the Sentiment even of Prince *Eugene* himself (the present Oracle and Idol of the Party here) who says, That *Dendermond*, *Ostend*, and the Castle of *Grand*, do in no Sort belong to the Barrier, nor can be of other Use than to make the States-General Masters of the *Low-Countries*, and hinder their Trade with *England*. And further, That those who are acquainted with the Country, know very well, that *Lier* and *Hale* to fortifie, can give no Security to the States as a Barrier, but only raise a Jealousy in the People; that these Places are only fortified in order to block up *Brussels*, and the other great Towns of *Brabant*.

In those Towns of *Flanders* where the *Dutch* are to have Garrisons, but the Ecclesiastical and Civil Power to remain to the King of *Spain* after a Peace; the States have Power to send Arms, Ammunition, and Victuals, without paying Customs; under which Pretence, they will engross the whole Trade of those Towns, exclusive to all other Nations.

This,

This, Prince *Eugene* likewise foresaw, and in his Observations upon this Treaty here annexed, proposed a Remedy for it.

And if the *Dutch* shall please to think, that the whole *Spanish Netherlands* are not a sufficient Barrier for them, I know no Remedy from the Words of this Treaty, but that we must still go on, and Conquer for them as long as they please. For the QUEEN is obliged whenever a Peace is treated, to procure for them whatever shall be thought necessary besides; and where their Necessity will terminate, is not very easy to foresee.

Could any of her Majesty's Subjects conceive, that in the Towns we have taken for the *Dutch*, and given into their Possession as a Barrier, either the States should demand, or our Ministers allow, that the Subjects of *Britain* should, in Respect to their Trade, be used worse in those very Towns, than they were under the late King of *Spain*? Yet this is the Fact, as monstrous as it appears: All Goods going to, or coming from *Newport* or *Ostend*, are to pay the same Duties as those that pass by the *Scheld* under the *Dutch* Forts: And this, in Effect, is to shut out all other Nations from trading
to

to *Flanders*. The *English* Merchants at *Bruges* complain, That after they have paid the King of *Spain's* Duty for Goods imported at *Ostend*, the same Goods are made liable to further Duties, when they are carried from thence into the Towns of the *Dutch* new Conquests, and desire only the same Privileges of Trade they had before the Death of the late King of *Spain*, *Charles II.* And in Consequence of this Treaty, the *Dutch* have already taken off eight *per Cent.* from all Goods they send to the *Spanish Flanders*, but left it still upon us.

But what is very surprizing; in the very same Article where our good Friends and Allies are wholly shutting us out from trading in those Towns we have conquered for them with so much Blood and Treasure; the QUEEN is obliged to procure, that the States shall be used as favourably in their Trade over all the King of *Spain's* Dominions, as her own Subjects, or as the People most favoured. This I humbly conceive to be perfect Boys Play; Crose I win, and Pile you lose; or, What's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own. Now if it should happen, that in a Treaty of Peace, some Ports or Towns should be yielded us for the Security of our Trade in any Part of the *Spanish* Dominions, at how great a Distance soever;

soever; I suppose, the *Dutch* would go on with their Boys Play, and challenge Half by Virtue of that Article: Or, would they be content with the Military Government and the Revenues, and reckon them among what shall be thought necessary for their Barrier?

This prodigious Article is introduced, as subsequent to the Treaty of *Munster*, made about the Year 1648, at a Time when *England* was in the utmost Confusion, and very much to our Disadvantage. Those Parts in that Treaty, so unjust in themselves, and so prejudicial to our Trade, ought in Reason, to have been remitted, rather than confirmed upon us for the Time to come: But this is *Dutch* Partnership, to share in all our beneficial Bargains, and exclude us wholly from theirs, even from those which we have got for them.

In one Part of *The Conduct of the Allies*, &c. among other Remarks upon this Treaty, I make it a Question, whether it were right in Point of Policy or Prudence, to call in a Foreign Power to be Guarantee to our Succession; because by that Means, we put it out of the Power of our Legislature to alter the Succession, how much soever the Necessity of the Kingdom may require

it? To comply with the Customs of some People, I explained my Meaning in the following Editions. I was assured, that my L—d C—f J—ce affirmed that Passage was Treason; one of my Answerers, I think, decides as favourably; and I am told, that Paragraph was read very lately during a Debate, with a Comment in very injurious Terms, which, perhaps, might have been spared. That the Legislature should have Power to change the Succession, whenever the Necessities of the Kingdom require, is so very useful towards preserving our Religion and Liberty, that I know not how to recant. The worst of this Opinion is, that that at first Sight it appears to be Whiggish; but the Distinction is thus, The Whigs are for changing the Succession when they think fit, although the entire Legislature do not consent; I think it ought never to be done but upon great Necessity, and that with the Sanction of the whole Legislature. Do these Gentlemen of Revolution-Principles think it impossible, that we should ever have Occasion again to change our Succession? And, if such an Accident should fall out, must we have no Remedy, until the seven Provinces will give their Consent? Suppose that this virulent Party among us were as able, as some are willing, to raise a Rebellion for reinstating them in Power, and would apply them-

themselves to the *Dutch*, as Guarantees of our Succession, to assist them with all their Force, under Pretence that the QUEEN and Ministry, a great Majority of both Houses, and the Bulk of the People were for bringing over *France*, Popery, and the Pretender? Their High Mightinesses would, as I take it, be sole Judges of the Controversy, and probably decide it so well, that in some Time we might have the Happiness of becoming a Province to *Holland*. I am humbly of Opinion, that there are two Qualities necessary to a Reader, before his Judgment should be allowed; these are, common Honesty, and common Sense; and that no Man could have misrepresented that Paragraph in my Discourse, unless he were utterly destitute of one or both.

The Presumptive Successor, and her immediate Heirs, have so established a Reputation in the World, for their Piety, Wisdom, and Humanity, that no Necessity of this Kind, is like to appear in their Days; but I must still insist, that it is a Diminution to the Independency of the Imperial Crown of *Great-Britain*, to call at every Door for Help to put our Laws in Execution: And we ought to consider, that if in Ages to come, such a Prince should happen to be in Succession to our Throne, who should be

entirely unable to govern ; that very Motive might incline our Guarantees to support him, the more effectually to bring the Rivals of their Trade into Confusion and Disorder.

But to return : The QUEEN is here put under the unreasonable Obligation of being Guarantee of the whole Barrier Treaty, of the *Dutch* having Possession of the said Barrier, and the Revenues thereof, before a Peace ; of the Payment of four hundred thousand Crowns by the King of *Spain* ; that the States shall possess their Barrier, even before King *Charles* is in Possession of the *Spanish* Netherlands : Although by the fifth Article of the Grand Alliance, her Majesty is under no Obligation to do any Thing of this Nature, except in a general Treaty.

All Kings, Princes, and States, are invited to enter into this Treaty, and to be Guarantees of its Execution. This Article, although very frequent in Treaties, seems to look very oddly in that of the Barrier : Popish Princes are here invited among others, to become Guarantees of our Protestant Succession : Every petty Prince in *Germany* must be intreated to preserve the QUEEN of *Great-Britain* upon her Throne :

Throne: The King of *Spain* is invited particularly and by Name, to become Guarantee of the Execution of a Treaty, by which his Allies, who pretend to fight his Battles, and recover his Dominions, strip him in Effect of all his ten Provinces: A clear Reason why they never sent any Forces to *Spain*, and why the Obligation not to enter into a Treaty of Peace with *France*, until that entire Monarchy were yielded as a Preliminary, was struck out of the Counter Project by the *Dutch*. They fought only in *Flanders*, because there they only fought for themselves. King *Charles* must needs accept this Invitation very kindly, and stand by with great Satisfaction, while the *Belgick* Lyon divides the Prey, and assigns it all to himself. I remember there was a Parcel of Soldiers who robbed a Farmer of his Poultry, and then made him wait at Table while they devoured his Victuals, without giving him a Morfel; and upon his Expostulating, had only for Answer, Why, Sirrah, are we not come here to protect you? And thus much for this generous Invitation to all Kings and Princes, to lend their Assistance, and become Guarantees, out of pure good Nature, for securing *Flanders* to the *Dutch*.

In the Treaty of *Ryswick*, no Care was taken to oblige the *French* King to acknow-

ledge the Right of Succession in her present Majesty; for Want of which Point being then settled, *France* refused to acknowledge her for Queen of *Great-Britain*, after the late King's Death. This unaccountable Neglect (if it were a Neglect) is here called an Omission, and Care is taken to supply it in the next General Treaty of Peace. I mention this occasionally, because I have some stubborn Doubts within me, whether it were a wilful Omission or no. Neither do I herein reflect in the least upon the Memory of his late Majesty, whom I entirely acquit of any Imputation upon this Matter. But when I recollect the Behaviour, the Language, and the Principles of some certain Persons in those Days, and compare them with that Omission; I am tempted to draw some Conclusions which a certain Party would be more ready to call false and malicious, than to prove them so.

I must here take Leave (because it will not otherwise fall in my Way) to say a few Words in return to a Gentleman, I know not of what Character or Calling, who hath done me the Honour to write three Discourses against that Treatise of *The Conduct of the Allies*, &c. and promises, for my Comfort, to conclude all in a fourth. I pity Answerers with all my Heart, for the many

many Disadvantages they lie under. My Book did a World of Mischief (as he calls it) before his first Part could possibly come out; and so went on through the Kingdom, while his limped slowly after; and if it arrived at all, it was too late; for Peoples Opinions were already fixed. His Manner of answering me is thus: Of those Facts which he pretends to examine, some he resolutely denies, others he endeavours to extenuate, and the rest he distorts with such unnatural Turns, that I would engage by the same Method, to disprove any History, either antient or modern. Then the Whole is interlarded with a thousand injurious Epithets and Appellations, which heavy Writers are forced to make Use of, as a Supply for that want of Spirit and Genius they are not born to: Yet, after all, he allows a very great Point for which I contend, confessing in plain Words, that the Burthen of the War hath chiefly lain upon us; and think it sufficient for the *Dutch*, that, next to *England*, they have born the greatest Share. And is not this the great Grievance of which the whole Kingdom complains? I am inclined to think, that my Intelligence was at least as good as his; and some of it, I can assure him, came from Persons of his own Party, although perhaps not altogether so inflamed. Hitherto therefore, the Mat-

ter is pretty equal, and the World may believe him or me as they please. But, I think, the great Point of Controversy between us, is, whether the Effects and Consequences of Things follow better from his Premises or mine : And there I will not be satisfied, unless he will allow the whole Advantage to be on my Side. Here is a flourishing Kingdom brought to the Brink of Ruin, by a most successful and glorious War of ten Years, under an able, diligent, and loyal Ministry ; a most faithful, just, and generous Commander ; and in Conjunction with the most hearty, reasonable, and sincere Allies : This is the Case, as that Author represents it. I have heard a Story, I think it was of the Duke of **, who playing at Hazard at the Groom-Porters in much Company, held in a great many Hands together, and drew a huge Heap of Gold ; but in the Heat of Play, never observed a Sharper, who came once or twice under his Arm, and swept a great deal of it into his Hat : The Company thought it had been one of his Servants : When the Duke's Hand was out, they were talking how much he had won : Yes, said he, I held in very long ; yet, methinks, I have won but very little : They told him, his SERVANT had got the rest in his Hat ; and then he found he was cheated.

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It hath been my good Fortune to see the most important Facts that I have advanced, justified by the publick Voice; which let this Author do what he can, will incline the World to believe, that I may be right in the rest: And I solemnly declare, that I have not wilfully committed the least Mistake. I stopt the second Edition, and made all possible Enquiries among those who I thought could best inform me, in order to correct any Error I could hear of: I did the same to the third and fourth Editions, and then left the Printer to his Liberty. 'This I take for a more effectual Answer to all Cavils, than an hundred Pages of Controversy.

But what disgusts me from having any Thing to do with this Race of Answer-Jobbers, is, that they have no Sort of Conscience in their Dealings; To give one Instance in this Gentleman's third Part, which I have been lately looking into. When I talk of the most petty Princes, he says, I mean crowned Heads: When I say, the Soldiers of those petty Princes are ready to rob or starve at Home: He says, I call Kings and crowned Heads Robbers and Highwaymen. This is what the Whigs call answering a Book.

I cannot

I cannot omit one Particular concerning this Author, who is so positive in asserting his own Facts, and contradicting mine; he affirms, that the Business of *Thoulon* was discovered by the Clerk of a certain great Man, who was then Secretary of State. It is neither wise, nor for the Credit of his Party, to put us in Mind either of that Secretary, or of that Clerk; however, so it happens, that nothing relating to the Affair of *Thoulon*, did ever pass through that Secretary's Office: Which I here affirm, with great Phlegm, leaving the Epithets of false, scandalous, villainous, and the rest, to the Author and his Fellow.

But to leave this Author; let us consider the Consequence of our Triumphs, upon which some set so great a Value, as to think that nothing less than the Crown can be a sufficient Reward for the Merit of the General. We have not enlarged our Dominions by one Foot of Land: Our Trade, which made us considerable in the World, is either given up by Treaties, or clogged with Duties, which interrupt and daily lessen it: We see the whole Nation groaning under excessive Taxes of all Sorts, to raise three Millions of Money for Payment of the Interest of those Debts we have contracted

tracted. Let us look upon the Reverse of the Medal, we shall see our Neighbours, who in their utmost Distress, called for our Assistance, become, by this Treaty, even in Time of Peace, Masters of a more considerable Country than their own; in a Condition to strike Terror into us, with fifty thousand Veterans ready to invade us, from that Country which we have conquered for them; and to commit insolent Hostilities upon us, in all other Parts, as they have lately done in the *East-Indies*.

The BARRIER-TREATY between her Majesty and the States-General.

HER Majesty the Queen of Great-Britain, and the Lords the States-General of the United Provinces, having considered how much it concerns the Quiet and Security of their Kingdoms, and States, and the publick Tranquillity, to maintain and to secure on one Side the Succession to the Crown of Great-Britain, in such Manner as it is now established by the Laws of the Kingdom; and on the other Side, That the States-General of the United Provinces, should have a strong and sufficient Barrier against France, and others, who would surprize or attack them: And her Majesty, and the said States-General apprehending, with just Reason, the Troubles and
the

the Mischiefs which may happen, in relation to this Succession, if at any Time there should be any Person or any Power who should call it in Question; and that the Countries and States of the said Lords the States-General were not furnished with such a Barrier. For these said Reasons, her said Majesty the Queen of Great-Britain, although in the Vigour of her Age, and enjoying perfect Health, (which may God preserve her in many Years) out of an Effect of her usual Prudence and Piety, has thought fit to enter, with the Lords the States-General of the United Provinces, into a particular Alliance and Confederacy; the principal End, and only Aim of which, shall be the publick Quiet and Tranquillity; and to prevent, by Measures taken in Time, all the Events which might one Day excite new War. It is with this View, that her British Majesty has given her full Power to agree upon some Articles of a Treaty, in Addition to the Treaties and Alliances that she hath already with the Lords the States-General of the United Provinces, to her Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, Charles Viscount Townshend, Baron of Lynn-Regis, Privy-Counsellor to her British Majesty, Captain of her said Majesty's Yeomen of the Guard, and her Lieutenant in the County of Norfolk: And the Lords the States-General of the United Provinces, the Sieurs John de Welderen, Lord of Valburgh,
Great

Great Bayliff of the Lower Betuwe, of the Body of the Nobility of the Province of Guelder; Frederick Baron of Reede, Lord of Lier, St. Anthony, and T'er Lee, of the Order of the Nobility of the Province of Holland and West Friezeland; Anthony Heinfius, Counsellor Pensionary of the Province of Holland and West-Friezeland, Keeper of the Great-Seal, and Super-Intendant of the Fiefs of the same Province; Cornelius Van Gheet, Lord of Spranbock, Bulkeysteyn, &c. Gedeon Hoeuft, Canon of the Chapter of the Church of St. Peter at Utrecht; and elected Counsellor in the States of the Province of Utrecht; Hassel Van Sminia, Secretary of the Chamber of the Accounts of the Province of Friezeland; Ernest Ittersum, Lord of Osterbos, of the Body of the Nobility of the Province of Overysse; and Wicher Wichers, Senator of the City of Groningen; all Deputies to the Assembly of the said Lords the States-General on the one Part, respectively of the Provinces of Guelder, Holland, West-Friezeland, Zeeland, Utrecht, Friezeland, Overysse, and Groningen, and Ommelands, who, by Virtue of their full Powers, are agreed upon the following Articles.

ARTICLE I.

THE Treaties of Peace, Friendship, Alliance and Confederacy between
her

her *Britannick* Majesty and the States-General of the United Provinces, shall be approved and confirmed by the present Treaty, and shall remain in their former Force and Vigour, as if they were inserted Word for Word.

II. The Succession to the Crown of *England* having been settled by an Act of Parliament, passed the twelfth Year of the Reign of his late Majesty King *William III.* the Title of which is, *An Act for the further Limitation of the Crown, and better securing the Rights and Liberties of the Subject*: And lately, in the sixth Year of the Reign of her present Majesty, this Succession having been again established and confirmed by another Act made for the greater Security of her Majesty's Person and Government, and the Succession to the Crown of *Great-Britain*, in the Line of the most serene House of *Hanover*, and in the Person of the Princess *Sophia*, and of her Heirs, Successors, and Descendants, Male and Female, already born or to be born: And although no Power hath any Right to oppose the Laws made upon this Subject, by the Crown and Parliament of *Great-Britain*; if it shall happen, nevertheless, that under any Pretence, or by any Cause whatever, any Person, or any Power or State may pretend

tend to dispute the Establishment which the Parliament hath made of the aforesaid Succession, in the most serene House of *Hanover*, to oppose the said Succession, to assist or favour those who may oppose it, whether directly or indirectly, by open War, or by fomenting Seditions and Conspiracies against her, or him, to whom the Crown of *Great-Britain* shall descend, according to the Acts aforesaid; the States-General engage, and promise to assist and maintain, in the said Succession, her, or him, to whom it shall belong, by Virtue of the said Acts of Parliament, to assist them in taking Possession, if they should not be in actual Possession, and to oppose those who would disturb them in the taking such Possession, or in the actual Possession of the aforesaid Succession.

III. Her said Majesty and the States-General, in Consequence of the fifth Article of the Alliance concluded between the Emperor, the late King of *Great-Britain*, and the States-General, the 7th of *September* 1701, will employ all their Force to recover the rest of the *Spanish* Low-Countries.

IV. And further, they will endeavour to conquer as many Towns and Forts as they can, in order to their being a Barrier and Security to the said States.

V. And

V. And whereas, according to the ninth Article of the said Alliance, it is to be agreed, amongst other Matters, how, and in what Manner the States shall be made safe by Means of this Barrier, the QUEEN of *Great-Britain* will use her Endeavours to procure, that in the Treaty of Peace it may be agreed, that all the *Spanish* Low-Countries, and what else may be found necessary, whether conquered or unconquered Places, shall serve as a Barrier to the States.

VI. That to this End, their High Mightinesses shall have the Liberty to put and keep Garrison, to change, augment and diminish it as they shall judge proper, in the Places following: Namely, *Newport*, *Furnes*, with the Fort of *Knocke*, *Ipres*, *Menin*, the Town and Citadel of *Lisle*, *Tourney* and its Citadel, *Conde*, *Valenciennes*, and the Places which shall from henceforward be conquered from *France*, *Maubeuge*, *Charleroy*, *Namur*, and its Citadel, *Lire*, *Hale to Fortifie*, the Ports of *Perle*, *Philippe*, *Damme*, the Castle of *Gand*, and *Dendermonde*; the Fort of *St. Donas* being joined to the Fortifications of the *Sluce*, and being entirely incorporated with it, shall remain and be yielded in Property to the States. The Fort of *Rodenhuysen*, on this Side *Gand*, shall be demolished.

VII. The

VII. The said States-General may, in Case of an apparent Attack, or War, put as many Troops as they shall think necessary, in all the Towns, Places, and Forts in the *Spanish* Low-Countries, where the Reason of War shall require it.

VIII. They may likewise send into the Towns, Forts and Places, where they shall have their Garrisons, without any Hindrance, and without paying any Duties, Provisions, Ammunitions of War, Arms and Artillery, Materials for the Fortifications, and all that shall be found convenient and necessary for the said Garrisons and Fortifications.

IX. The said States-General shall also have Liberty to appoint in the Towns, Forts, and Places of their Barrier, mentioned in the foregoing sixth Article, where they may have Garrisons, such Governors and Commanders, Majors and other Officers, as they shall find proper, who shall not be subject to any other Orders, whatsoever they may be, or from whencesoever they may come, relating to the Security and Military Government of the said Places, but only to those of their High Mightinesses (exclusive of all others;) still preserving the Rights and Privileges, as well Ecclesiastical as Political, of King *Charles III.*

X. That, besides, the States shall have Liberty to fortifie the said Towns, Places, and Forts which belong to them, and repair the Fortifications of them, in such Manner as they shall judge necessary; and further, to do whatever shall be useful for their Defence.

XI. It is agreed, that the States-General shall have all the Revenues of the Towns, Places, Jurisdictions, and their Dependencies, which they shall have for their Barrier from *France*, which were not in the Possession of the Crown of *Spain*, at the Time of the Death of the late King *Charles II.* and besides, a Million of Livres shall be settled for the Payment of one hundred thousand Crowns every three Months, out of the clearest Revenues of the *Spanish* Low-Countries, which the said King was then in Possession of; both which are for maintaining the Garaisons of the States, and for supplying the Fortifications, as also the Magazines, and other necessary Expences, in the Towns and Places above-mentioned. And that the said Revenues may be sufficient to support these Expences, Endeavours shall be used for enlarging the Dependencies and Jurisdictions aforesaid, as much as possible; and particularly for including with the Jurisdiction

jurisdiction of *Ipres*, that of *Cassel*, and the Forest of *Niepe*; and with the Jurisdiction of *Lisse*, the Jurisdiction of *Douay*, both having been so joined before the present War.

XII. That no Town, Fort, Place, or Country of the *Spanish* Low-Countries, shall be granted, transferred or given, or descend to the Crown of *France*, or any of the Line of *France*, neither by Virtue of any Gift, Sale, Exchange, Marriage, Agreement, Inheritance, Succession by Will, or through Want of Will, from no Title whatsoever, nor in any other Manner whatever, nor be put into the Power, or under the Authority of the most Christian King, or any one of the Line of *France*.

XIII. And whereas, the said States-General, in Consequence of the ninth Article of the said Alliance, are to make a Convention or Treaty with King *Charles* III. for putting the States in a Condition of Safety, by Means of the said Barrier, the Queen of *Great-Britain* will do what depends upon her, that all the foregoing Particulars, relating to the Barrier of the States, may be inserted in the aforesaid Treaty or Convention; and that her said Majesty will continue her good Offices, until the above-mentioned

Convention between the States and the said King *Charles* III. be concluded, agreeably to what is before-mentioned; and that her Majesty will be Guarantee of the said Treaty or Convention.

XIV. And that the said States may enjoy from henceforward, as much as possible, a Barrier for the *Spanish* Low-Countries, they shall be permitted to put their Garrisons in the Towns already taken, and which may hereafter be so, before the Peace be concluded and ratified. And in the mean Time, the said King *Charles* III. shall not be allowed to enter into Possession of the said *Spanish* Low-Countries, neither entirely nor in Part; and during that Time, the QUEEN shall assist their High Mightinesses to maintain them in the Enjoyment of the Revenues, and to find the Million of Livres a Year, above-mentioned.

XV. And whereas, their High Mightinesses have stipulated by the Treaty of *Munster*, in the fourteenth Article, That the River *Scheld*, as also the Canals of *Sas*, *Swan*, and other Mouths of the Sea bordering thereupon, should be kept shut on the Side of the States.

And in the fifteenth Article, That the Ships and Commodities going in and coming
out

out of the Harbours of *Flanders*, shall be and remain charged with all such Imposts and other Duties, as are raised upon Commodities going and coming along the *Scheld*, and the other Canals above-mentioned.

The QUEEN of *Great-Britain* promises and engages, That their High Mightinesses shall never be disturbed in their Right and Possession, in that Respect, neither directly nor indirectly; as also that the Commerce shall not, in Prejudice to the said Treaty, be made more easy by the Seaports than by the Rivers, Canals and Mouths of the Sea, on the Side of the States of the United Provinces, neither directly or indirectly.

And whereas, by the 16th and 17th Articles of the same Treaty of *Munster*, his Majesty the King of *Spain*, is obliged to treat the Subjects of their High Mightinesses as favourably as the Subjects of *Great-Britain*, and the *Hans* Towns, who were then the People most favourably treated: Her *Britannick* Majesty and their High Mightinesses promise likewise, to take Care that the Subjects of *Great-Britain*, and of their High Mightinesses, shall be treated in the *Spanish* Low-Countries, as well as in *Spain*, the Kingdoms and States belonging to it, equally, and as well the one as the other, as the People most favoured.

XVI. The said QUEEN and States-General oblige themselves to furnish, by Sea and Land, the Succours and Assistance necessary to maintain, by Force, her said Majesty in the quiet Possessions of her Kingdoms; and the most serene House of *Hanover* in the said Succession, in the Manner it is settled by the Acts of Parliament before-mentioned; and to maintain the said States-General in the Possession of the said Barrier.

XVII. After the Ratifications of the Treaty, a particular Convention shall be made of the Conditions by which the said QUEEN, and the said Lords, the States-General, will engage themselves to furnish the Succours, which shall be thought necessary, as well by Sea as by Land.

XVIII. If her *British* Majesty, or the States-General of the United Provinces, be attacked by any Body whatsoever, by Reason of this Convention, they shall mutually assist one another with all their Forces, and become Guarantees of the Execution of the said Convention.

XIX. There shall be invited and admitted into the present Treaty as soon as possible,

sible, all the Kings, Princes and States, who shall be willing to enter into the same, particularly his Imperial Majesty, the Kings of *Spain* and *Prussia*, and the Elector of *Hanover*. And her *British* Majesty, and the States-General of the United Provinces, and each of them in particular, shall be permitted to require and invite those whom they shall think fit to require and invite, to enter into this Treaty, and to be Guarantees of its Execution.

XX. And as Time hath shewn the Omision which was made in the Treaty signed at *Ryswick* in the Year 1697, between *England* and *France*, in respect of the Right of the Succession of *England*, in the Person of her Majesty the QUEEN of *Great-Britain*, now reigning; and that for want of having settled in that Treaty, this indisputable Right of her Majesty, *France* refused to acknowledge her for QUEEN of *Great-Britain*, after the Death of the late King *William III.* of Glorious Memory: Her Majesty, the QUEEN of *Great-Britain*, and the Lords, the States-General of the United Provinces, do agree and engage themselves likewise, not to enter into any Negotiation or Treaty of Peace with *France*, before the Title of her Majesty to the

Crown of *Great-Britain*, as also the Right of Succession of the most serene House of *Hanover* to the aforesaid Crown, in the Manner it is settled and established by the before-mentioned Acts of Parliament, be fully acknowledged, as a Preliminary by *France*, and that *France* hath promised at the same Time, to remove out of its Dominions, the Person who pretends to be King of *Great-Britain*; and that no Negotiation or formal Discussion of the Articles of the said Treaty of Peace shall be entered into, but jointly and at the same Time with the said QUEEN, or with her Ministers.

XXI. Her *British* Majesty, and the Lords the States-General General of the United Provinces, shall ratifie and confirm all that is contained in the present Treaty, within the Space of four Weeks, to be reckoned from the Day of the Signing. In Testimony whereof, the underwritten Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of her *British* Majesty, and the Deputies of the Lords the States-General have signed this present Treaty, and have affixed their Seals thereunto.

At
below the Title of her Majesty to the
Crown

At the Hague, the 29th of Oct. in the Year 1709.

(L. S.) *Townshend.*

(L. S.) *J. B. Van Reede.*

(L. S.) *G. Hoeuft.*

(L. S.) *E. V. Ittersum.*

(L. S.) *J. V. Welderen.*

(L. S.) *A. Heinsius.*

(L. S.) *H. Sminia.*

(L. S.) *W. Wichers.*

The seperate ARTICLE.

AS in the Preliminary Articles signed here at the Hague the 28th of May 1709, by the Plenipotentiaries of his Imperial Majesty, of her Majesty the QUEEN of Great-Britain, and of the Lords, the States-General of the United Provinces, it is stipulated, amongst other Things, that the Lords the States-General shall have, with entire Property and Sovereignty, the Upper Quarter of Guelder, according to the fifty second Article of the Treaty of Munster, of the Year 1648; as also, that the Garrisons which are, or shall hereafter be, on the Part of the Lords, the States-General, in the Town of Huy, the Citadel of Liege, and in the Town of Bonne, shall remain there, until it shall be otherwise agreed upon

upon with his Imperial Majesty and the Empire. And, as the Barrier which is this Day agreed upon in the principal Treaty, for the mutual Guaranty between her British Majesty and the Lords, the States-General, cannot give to the United Provinces the Safety for which it is established, unless it be well secured from one End to the other, and that the Communication of it be well joined together; for which the upper Quarter of Guelder, and the Garrisons in the Citadel of Liege, Huy and Bonne are absolutely necessary: Experience having thrice shewn, that France having a Design to attack the United Provinces, has made Use of the Places above-mentioned, in order to come at them, and to penetrate into the said Provinces. That further, in respect to the Equivalent for which the upper Quarter of Guelder is to be yielded to the United Provinces, according to the fifty second Article of the Treaty of Munster above-mentioned, his Majesty King Charles III. will be much more gratified and advantaged in other Places, than that Equivalent can avail. So, that to the End, the Lords, the States-General may have the upper Quarter of Guelder, with entire Property and Sovereignty; and that the said upper Quarter of Guelder may be yielded in this Manner to the said Lords the States-General, in the Convention, or the Treaty that they are to make with his Majesty King Charles III. according to the
thirteenth

thirteenth Article of the Treaty concluded this Day; as also that their Garrisons in the Citadel of Liege, in that of Huy, and in Bonne may remain there, until it be otherwise agreed upon with his Imperial Majesty, and the Empire: Her Majesty the QUEEN of Great-Britain, engages herself, and promises by this separate Article, which shall have the same Force as if it were inserted in the principal Treaty, to make the same Efforts for all this, as she hath engaged herself to make, for their obtaining the Barrier in the Spanish Low-Countries. In Testimony whereof, the underwritten Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of her British Majesty, and Deputies of the Lords, the States-General, have signed the present separate Article, and have affixed their Seals thereunto.

At the Hague, the 29th of October, 1709.

(L. S.) Townshend.

(L. S.) J. B. Van Reede.

(L. S.) G. Hoeuft.

(L. S.) E. V. Itterfum.

(L. S.) J. V. Welderen.

(L. S.) A. Heinfius.

(L. S.) H. Sminia.

(L. S.) W. Wichers.

The

The second separate Article

AS the Lords the States-General have represented, That in Flanders, the Limits between Spanish Flanders and that of the States, are settled in such a Manner, as that the Land belonging to the States is extremely narrow there; so that in some Places the Territory of Spanish Flanders extends itself to the Fortifications, and under the Cannon of the Places, Towns, and Forts of the States, which occasions many Inconveniences, as hath been seen by an Example a little before the Beginning of the present War, when a Fort was designed to have been built under the Cannon of the Sas Van Gand, under Pretence, that it was upon the Territory of Spain: And, as it is necessary for avoiding these and other Sorts of Inconveniences, that the Land of the States, upon the Confines of Flanders should be enlarged, and that the Places, Towns and Forts should, by that Means, be better covered: Her British Majesty, entering into the just Motives of the said Lords, the States-General in this Respect, promises and engages herself by this separate Article, That in the Convention that the said Lords, the States-General are to make with his Majesty, King Charles III. she will assist them, as that it may be agreed, That by the Cession to the said Lords the States-General, of
the

the Property of an Extent of Land necessary to obviate such like and other Inconveniencies; their Limits in Flanders shall be enlarged more conveniently for their Security, and those of the Spanish Flanders removed farther from their Towns, Places and Forts, to the End, that these may not be so exposed any more. In Testimony whereof, the underwritten Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of her British Majesty, and Deputies of the Lords the States-General, have signed the present separate Article, and have affixed their Seals thereunto.

At the Hague, the 29th of October, 1709.

(L. S.) Townshend.

(L. S.) J. B. Van Reede.

(L. S.) A. Heinsius.

(L. S.) G. Hoefft.

(L. S.) H. Sminia.

(L. S.) E. V. Ittersum.

The

The Articles of the COUNTER-PROJECT, which were struck out or altered by the Dutch, in the BARRIER-TREATY: With some Remarks.

ARTICLE VI.

TO this End, their High Mightinesses shall have Power to put and keep Garrisons in the following Places, viz. *Newport, Knock, Menin, the Citadel of Lisle, Tournay, Conde, Valenciennes, Namur and its Citadel, Liere, Hale to fortifie, the Fort of Perle Damme, and the Castle of Gand.*

Remarks. In the Barrier Treaty, the States added the following Places to those mentioned in this Article, viz. *Furnes, Ipres, Towns of Lisle, Maubeuge, Charleroy, Philippe, Fort of St. Donas* (which is to be in Property to the States) and the Fort of *Rodenbuysen* to be demolished. To say nothing of the other Places, *Dendermond* is the Key of all *Brabant*; and the demolishing of the Fort of *Rodenbuysen*, situate between *Gand* and *Sas van Gand*, can only serve to defraud the King of *Spain* of the Duties upon Goods imported and exported there.

Article

Article VII. The said States may put into the said Towns, Forts and Places, and in Case of open War with *France*, into all the other Towns, Places and Forts, whatever Troops the Reason of War shall require.

Remarks. But in the Barrier-Treaty it is said, in Case of an apparent Attack or War, without specifying against *France* : Neither is the Number of Troops limited to what the Reason of War shall require, but what the States shall think necessary.

Article IX. Besides some smaller Differences, ends with a Salvo, not only for the Ecclesiastical and Civil Rights of the King of *Spain*, but likewise for his Revenues in the said Towns, which Revenues in the Barrier-Treaty are all given to the States.

Article XI. The Revenues of the Chateellanies and Dependencies of the Towns and Places, which the States shall have for their Barrier against *France*, and which were not in the Possession of the Crown of *Spain*, at the late King of *Spain*'s Death, shall be settled to be a Fund for maintaining Garrisons, and providing for the Fortifications and Magazines, and other necessary Charges of the said Towns of the Barrier.

Remarks.

Remarks. I desire the Reader to compare this with the eleventh Article of the Barrier Treaty, where he will see how prodigiously it is enlarged.

Article XIV. All this is to be without Prejudice to such other Treaties and Conventions as the QUEEN of *Great-Britain*, and their High Mightinesses, may think fit to make for the future with the said King *Charles III.* relating to the said *Spanish Netherlands*, or to the said Barrier.

Article XV. And to the End that the said States may enjoy at present, as much as it is possible a Barrier in the *Spanish Netherlands*, they shall be permitted to put their Garrisons in the chief Towns already taken, or that may be taken, before a Peace be made.

Remarks. These two Articles are not in the Barrier-Treaty, but two others in their Stead; to which I refer the Reader. And indeed, it was highly necessary for the *Dutch* to strike out the former of these Articles, when so great a Part of the Treaty is so highly and manifestly prejudicial to *Great-Britain*, as well as to the King of *Spain*; especially in the two Articles inserted

ed in the Place of these, which I desire the Reader will examine.

Article XX. And whereas by the fifth and ninth Articles of the Alliance between the Emperor, the late King of *Great-Britain*, and the States-General, concluded the 7th of *September*, 1701, it is agreed and stipulated, that the Kingdoms of *Naples* and *Sicily*, with all the Dependencies of the Crown of *Spain* in *Italy*, shall be recovered from the Possession of *France*, as being of the last Consequence to the Trade of both Nations, as well as the *Spanish* Netherlands, for a Barrier for the States-General; therefore the said QUEEN of *Great-Britain*, and the States-General, agree and oblige themselves, not to enter into any Negotiation or Treaty of Peace with *France*, before the Restitution of the said Kingdoms of *Naples* and *Sicily*, with all the Dependencies of the Crown of *Spain* and *Italy*, as well as the *Spanish* Low-Countries, with the other Towns and Places in the Possession of *France*, above-mentioned in this Treaty; and also after the Manner specified in this Treaty; as likewise all the rest of the entire Monarchy of *Spain*, be yielded by *France* as a Preliminary.

Article XXII. And whereas Experience hath shewn, of what Importance it is to

Great-Britain, and the United Provinces, that the Fortrefs and Port of *Dunkirk* should not be in the Possession of *France*, in the Condition they are at present; the Subjects of both Nations having undergone such great Losses, and suffered so much in their Trade by the Prizes taken from them by Privateers set out in that Port; insomuch that *France*, by her unmeasurable Ambition, may be always tempted to make some Enterprizes upon the Territories of the QUEEN of *Great-Britain* and their High Mightinesses, and interrupt the publick Repose and Tranquillity; for the Preservation of which, and the Balance of *Europe* against the exorbitant Power of *France*, the Allies engaged themselves in this long and burthensome War; therefore the said QUEEN of *Great-Britain*, and their High Mightinesses, agree and oblige themselves, not to enter into any Negotiation or Treaty of Peace with *France*, before it shall be yielded and stipulated by *France* as a Preliminary, that all the Fortifications of the said Town of *Dunkirk*, and the Forts that depend upon it, be entirely demolished, and razed, and that the Port be entirely ruined, and rendered impracticable.

Remarks. These two Articles are likewise omitted in the Barrier-Treaty; whereof the first

first regards particularly the Interests of the House of *Austria*; and the other about demolishing *Dunkirk*, those of *Great-Britain*. It is something strange, that the late Ministry, whose Advocates raise such a Clamour about the Necessity of recovering *Spain* from the House of *Bourbon*, should suffer the *Dutch* to strike out this Article; which, I think, clearly shews, the Reason why the States never troubled themselves with the Thoughts of reducing *Spain*, or even recovering *Milan*, *Naples*, and *Sicily*, to the Emperor; but were wholly fixed upon the Conquest of *Flanders*, because they had determined those Provinces as a Property for themselves.

As for the Article about demolishing of *Dunkirk*, I am not at all surprized to find it struck out; the Destruction of that Place, although it would be useful to the States, doth more nearly import *Britain*, and was therefore a Point, that such Ministers could more easily get over.

The Sentiments of Prince EUGENE of Savoy, and of the Count de SINZENDORF, relating to the Barrier of the States-General, to the upper Quarter of Guelder, and to the Towns of the Electorate of Cologne, and of the Bishoprick of Liege.

ALTHOUGH the Orders and Instructions of the Courts of *Vienna* and *Barcelona*, upon the Matters above-mentioned, do not go so far, as to give Directions for what follows; notwithstanding, the Prince and Count above-mentioned, considering the present State of Affairs, are of the following Opinion.

First, That the Counter-Project of *England*, relating to the Places where the States-General may put and keep Garrisons ought to be followed, except *Lier*, *Halle to Fortifie*, and the Castle of *Gand*. Provided likewise, that the Sentiments of *England* be particularly conformed to, relating to *Dendermond* and *Ostend*, as Places in no wise belonging to the Barrier; and which, as well as the Castle of *Gand*, can only serve to make the States-General Masters of the Low-Countries, and hinder Trade with *England*. And as to *Lier* and *Halle*, those who are acquainted with the Country, know, that

that these Towns cannot give any Security to the States-General, but can only make People believe that these Places being fortified, would rather serve to block up *Brussels*, and the other great Cities of *Brabant*.

Secondly, as to what is said in the seventh Article of the Counter-Project of *England*, relating to the Augmentation of Garrisons, in the Towns of the Barrier, in Case of an open War; this is agreeable to the Opinions of the said Prince and Count; who think likewise, that there ought to be added to the eighth Article, That no Goods or Merchandize should be sent into the Towns where the States-General shall have Garrisons, nor be comprehended under the Names of such Things, as the said Garrisons and Fortifications shall have need of. And that to this End, the said Things shall be inspected in those Places where they are to pass; as likewise, the Quantity shall be settled that the Garrisons may want.

Thirdly, As to the ninth Article, relating to the Governors and Commanders of those Towns, Forts, and Places where the States-General shall have their Garrisons; the said Prince and Count are of Opinion, that the said Governors and Commanders, ought to take an Oath, as well to the King of *Spain*,

as to the States General : But they may take a particular Oath to the latter, That they will not admit Foreign Troops without their Consent ; and that they will depend exclusively upon the said States, in whatever regards the Military Power. But at the same Time they ought exclusively to promise the King of *Spain*, That they will not intermeddle in the Affairs of Law, civil Power, Revenues, or any other Matters, Ecclesiastical or Civil, unless at the Desire of the King's Officers, to assist them in the Execution : In which Case, the said Commanders should be obliged not to refuse them.

Fourthly, as to the tenth Article, there is nothing to be added, unless that the States-General may repair and encrease the Fortifications of the Towns, Places, and Forts where they shall have their Garrisons ; but this at their own Expence. Otherwise, under that Pretext, they might seize all the Revenues of the Country.

Fifthly, As to the eleventh Article, they think the States ought not to have the Revenues of the Chatellanies and Dependencies of these Towns and Places which are to be their Barrier against *France* ; this being a Sort of Sovereignty, and very prejudicial to the

the Ecclesiastical and Civil Oeconomy of the Country. But the said Prince and Count are of Opinion, that the States-General ought to have, for the Maintenance of their Garrisons and Fortifications, a Sum of Moneys of a Million and a Half, or two Millions of Florins, which they ought to receive from the King's Officers, who shall be ordered to pay that Sum before any other Payment.

Sixthly, And the Convention which shall be made on this Affair, between his Catholick Majesty, and the States-General, shall be for a limited Time.

These are the utmost Conditions to which the said Prince and Count think it possible for his Catholick Majesty to be brought; and they declare at the same Time, that their Imperial and Catholick Majesties will sooner abandon the Low-Countries, than take them upon other Conditions, which would be equally expensive, shameful and unacceptable to them.

On the other Side, the said Prince and Count are persuaded, that the Advantages at this Time yielded to the States-General, may hereafter be very prejudicial to themselves, forasmuch as they may put the

People of the *Spanish* Netherlands to some dangerous Extremity, considering the Antipathy between the two Nations; and, that extending of Frontiers, is entirely contrary to the Maxims of their Government.

As to the upper Quarter of *Guelder*, the said Prince and Count are of Opinion, that the States-General may be allowed the Power of putting in Garrisons into *Venlo*, *Ruremond*, and *Steffenswaert*, with Orders to furnish the said States, with the Revenues of the Country; which amount to one hundred thousand Florins.

As to *Bonn*, belonging to the Electorate of *Cologne*, *Liege*, and *Huy*, to the Bishoprick of *Liege*; it is to be understood that these being Imperial Towns, it doth not depend upon the Emperor to consent, that Foreign Garrisons should be placed in them upon any Pretence whatsoever. But whereas, the States-General demand them only for their Security, it is proposed to place in those Towns a Garrison of Imperial Troops, of whom the States may be in no Suspicion, as they might be of a Garrison of an Elector, who might possibly have Views opposite to their Interests. But this is proposed only in Case that it shall not be thought more proper to raze one or other of the said Towns.

The

*The Representation of the English Merchants
at Bruges, relating to the Barrier-Treaty.*

DAVID WHITE, and other Merchants, her
Majesty's Subjects residing at Bruges, and
other Towns in Flanders, crave Leave
humbly to represent,

THAT whereas the Cities of *Lisle*,
Tournay, *Menin*, *Douay*, and other
new Conquests in *Flanders* and *Artois*, taken
from the *French* this War, by the united
Forces of her Majesty, and her Allies, are
now become entirely under the Government
of the States-General; and that we her
Majesty's Subjects may be made liable to
such Duties and Impositions on Trade, as
the said States-General shall think fit to im-
pose on us: We humbly hope and conceive,
that it is her Majesty's Intention and Design,
that the Trade of her Dominions and Sub-
jects which is carried on with these new Con-
quests, may be on an equal Foot with that
of the Subjects and Dominions of the States-
General, and not be liable to any new Duty,
when transported from the *Spanish* Nether-
lands, to the said new Conquests; as, to our
great Surprise, is exacted from us on the
following Goods, viz. Butter, Tallow,
Salmon,

Salmon, Hides, Beef, and all other Product of her Majesty's Dominions, which we import at *Ostend*, and there pay the Duty of Entry to the King of *Spain*, and consequently ought not to be liable to any new Duty, when they carry the same Goods, and all others from their Dominions, by a free Pass or Transire, to the said new Conquests: And we are under Apprehensions, that if the said new Conquests be settled, or given entirely into the Possession of the States-General for their Barrier, (as we are made believe by a Treaty lately made by her Majesty's Ambassador, the Lord Viscount *Townshend*, at the *Hague*) that the said States-General may also soon declare all Goods and Merchandizes which are contraband in their Provinces, to be also contraband or prohibited in these new Conquests, or new Barrier, by which her Majesty's Subjects will be deprived of the Sale and Consumption of the following Products of her Majesty's Dominions, which are, and have long been, declared contraband in the United Provinces, such as *English* and *Scotch* Salt, Malt Spirits, or Corn Brandy, and all other Sorts of distilled *English* Spirits, Whale and Rape Oil, &c.

It is therefore humbly conceived, that her Majesty, out of her great Care and gracious Concern

Concern for the Benefit of her Subjects and Dominions, may be pleased to direct, by a Treaty of Commerce, or some other Way, that their Trade may be put on an equal Foot in all the *Spanish* Netherlands, and the new Conquests of Barrier, with the Subjects of *Holland*, by paying no other Duty than that of Importation to the King of *Spain*; and by a Provision, that no Product of her Majesty's Dominions shall ever be declared contraband in these new Conquests, except such Goods as were esteemed contraband before the Death of *Charles II.* King of *Spain*. And it is also humbly prayed, that the Product and Manufactures of the new Conquests may also be exported without paying any new Duty, besides that of Exportation at *Ostend*, which was always paid to the King of *Spain*; it being impossible for any Nation in *Europe* to assort an entire Cargoe for the *Spanish* West-Indies, without a considerable Quantity of several of the Manufactures of *Lisle*, such as Caradoros, Cajant, Picoses, Boratten, and many other Goods, &c.

The chief Things to be demanded of *France* are, to be exempted from Tonnage, to have a Liberty of importing Herrings, and all other Fish to *France*, on the same
Terms

Terms as the *Dutch* do, and as was agreed by them at the Treaty of Commerce immediately after the Treaty of Peace at *Ryswick*. The enlarging her Majesty's Plantations in *America*, &c. is naturally recommended.



The End of the Sixth Volume.

